# GOLDEN ROAD



ISSUE 26

1992 ANNUAL




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# *Seems like I've been here before...*

Hello again. Has it really been a year since we put out an issue? Why, it seems like only yesterday that we were trucking Issue 25 down to the Oakland post office. Time flies when you're having fun — or changing diapers, for that matter. A thousand thanks for all of the nice notes about how much you missed reading *The Golden Road*. We missed doing it!

Frankly, we were completely overwhelemed by the literally *hundreds* of wonderful missives we received in response to our plea for letters for the "Feedback" column of this comeback issue. I'm not exaggerating when I say we could have filled this entire magazine with your thoughtful and articulate stories and opinions on the current state of the Dead and the various GD-related music releases in 1991. Needless to say, it was a tough task choosing a representative sample. (Apologies to our foreign subscribers, who didn't get a chance to send in their thoughts or tape trader ads because of a clerical screw-up on our end. Getting the wheels of this machine going was a little harder than we expected!)

Dozens of letters offered opinions on Bruce and Vince; the overwhelming majority were positive about both players. The most common criticisms of the two-keyboardists arrangement were that the band's overall sound often seems cluttered, and that Vince either gets buried by Bruce in the mix or is forced to play unappealing timbres in order to be heard above the dominant midrange wash. There were those who believe that one or the other should be the sole keyboardist, and even a few who said that neither is the right man for the Grateful Dead. *Many* readers also mentioned that they still miss Brent.

I feel torn on the keyboardist question. Hornsby may be the most versatile rock 'n' roll pianist I've ever seen, plus he plays jazz with tremendous authority. He's easily the most *assertive* keyboardist the Dead have ever had, and I love his playfulness — the way he'll quote little riffs from "Dark Star," "Dixie Chicken," "Shenandoah" or even "The Girl From Ipanema" when you least expect it. But I can't shake the feeling when I see the seven-man lineup that it's "The Grateful Dead with Guest Star Bruce Hornsby." And there's no question that the arrangements are more cluttered, in part because Bruce is such an ornamental colorist.

The learning curve for Vince has obviously been steeper, but I believe he shows tremendous potential. He's been somewhat limited in his growth by having to stay out of Bruce's way, musically speaking — too bad, since Vince is strongest on piano, too. His synth textures, which were a bit on the cheesy side at first, have become richer over time, and he applies them more appropriately. I think the music is a little freer without Bruce; it seems more like the Good Ol' Grateful Dead to me. Actually, I like it both ways, and I hope Hornsby will be involved in the Dead's next album.

But hey, nobody asked any of us anyway. I'm happy to see the Grateful Dead in *any* form. And that's the spirit we try to communicate in this magazine. We'll try to keep the positive energy flowing on our end, and we hope you enjoy reading this issue as much as we enjoyed putting it together. I'm sure you'll join Regan and me in giving a warm welcome to our new designer/art director, Michael Zipkin, who did such a bang-up job on this issue. Michael's been a dear friend of ours for many years, and it was a treat to be able to work so closely with him on this. And finally, cheers to our cover artist, L.A.-based Nancy Nimoy, whom many of you know from her work on Mickey Hart's two book covers! Everybody's dancin'!

Have a great year and keep in touch! We'll keep you informed of our future plans. —*BJ*


The Golden Road

Editors: Blair Jackson and Regan McMahon

Written by: Blair

Design: Michael Zipkin

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Circulation Czars: Mary Eisenhart, Steve Brown

Mail Guru: John Leopold/ Santa Cruz Mail and Data Service

Chief Photographer: Jay Blakesberg

Help on the Way: Carol Gould, Jon and Deb Hoffman, Steve Silberman, John Larmer, Alyssa DiFilippo, Quilley Miller, Cynthia Johnston, David Gans, Glenn Howard, Dave Leopold, T'res Buika, Barry and Freddy, Michael Dolgushkin, Stu Nixon, Bobby Fiesel, Edward Guthmann, Tom Kenny, Linda Gough, Michael Vosse

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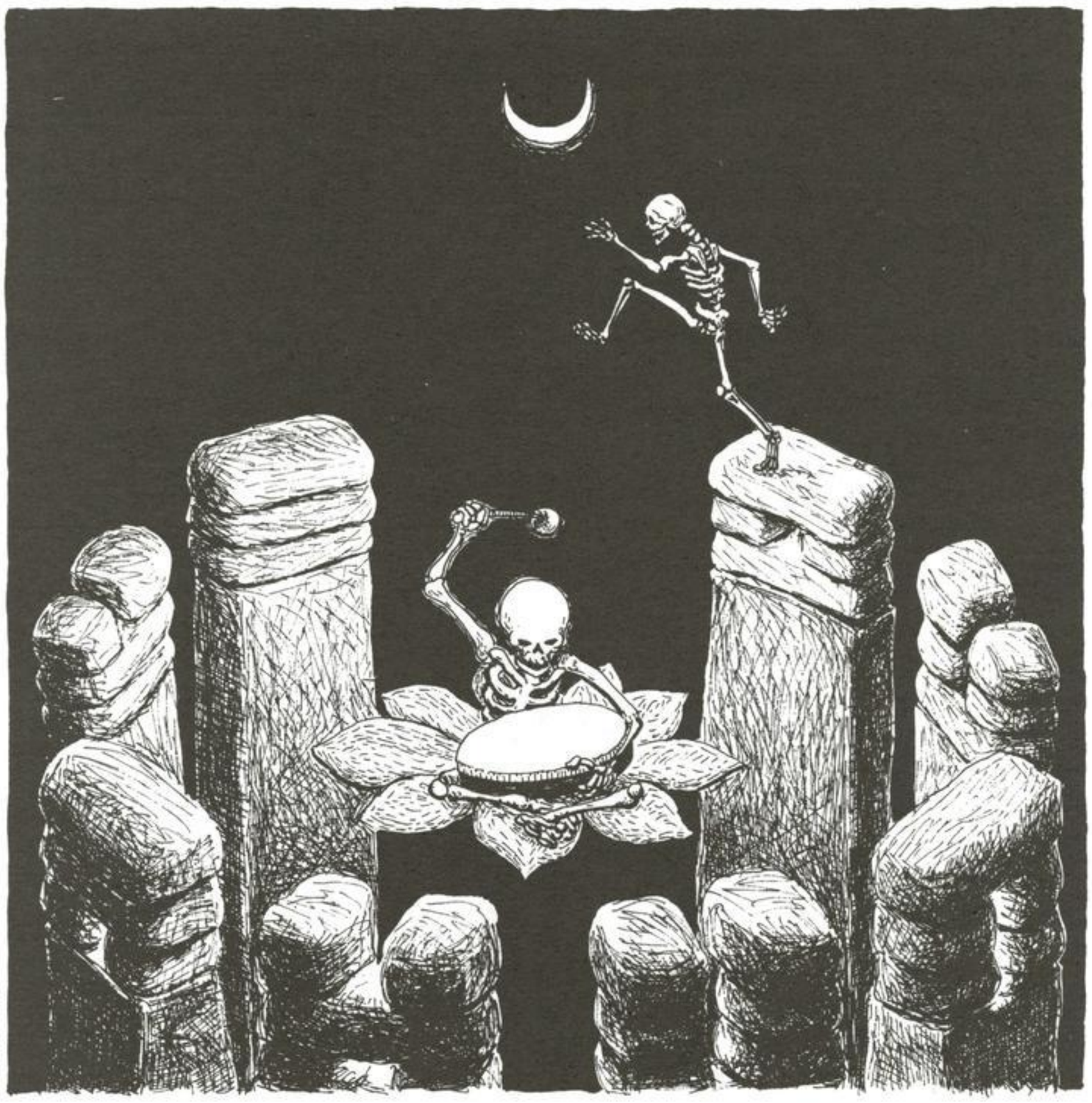


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In Kyle We Trust

# FEEDBACK



DAMIEN STRAHL

### When the Music Plays the Band

The Dead's playing this past year evoked sounds of 1974-75, a period during which the band's playing displayed extraordinary sensitivity. The addition of Vince and Bruce has added texture to the Dead's sound that seemed to be lacking throughout much of 1987-89. Playing with Branford seems to have enriched the band even in his absence. At its best shows these days, the band truly plays through the beautiful pieces of music with which it is blessed. The enchanting chords of "Help on the Way" that opened the second set at RFK Stadium last summer were as powerful as those that opened the Great American Music Hall show we all cherish.

*Brian Browdie*
Washington, DC

### High Renaissance

My feeling about the band is simple: The period of late '89 to now has been a GD renaissance. The freshness of the playing, the excitement of having new players (Bruce Hornsby is probably the best keyboard player the band's ever had, and best singer. I can't tell much about Vince's playing because I can rarely hear him) all have come together beautifully. The shows haven't been this consistently hot since '77! Playing with Branford has been a big plus — let's hope to see more jazz players in the future, including (an incredible long shot but stranger things have happened) Ornette.

*Ethan Franzel*
Emeryville, CA

### Them Voices Tell Me So

Never before have the Dead had at their disposal such vocal versatility and prowess — five strong voices making hitherto unheard and untried harmonies and arrangements. Why not showcase this vocal virtuosity by reviving vocal masterpieces from the catalog? "Attics" has been wonderful, but how about such gems as "He Was a Friend of Mine," "Doin' That Rag," "Mason's Children" or "Sing Me Back Home," to name but a few? Nothing is more alive than crisp harmonies!

The pieces are really in place for many years of greatness, let's run with it, Boys!

*John Unger*
Cleveland, OH

### The Way It Is

There is no question that Bruce and Vince have changed the sound of the band, I believe for the better. The texture added by a piano player of Bruce's caliber is something I thought they always needed. Keith showed flashes of this in his early years, but wilted away under the pressure of being in the band. Brent was a great organ player, but I wanted the piano sound. Ironically, the ultimate keyboard combination might have been Brent and Bruce, but we'll never know if that would have worked. Musically, Bruce has become a main ingredient in the band's sound, and his piano playing is featured. However, the absence of his material in their shows is mind-boggling to me. Here is a guy who has written around 30 fabulous songs, over half of which would fit the Dead's style and sound, and they never play any of them! This in a band that has been complaining they're tired of the same old material and need a break to develop some new stuff! Wouldn't you rather hear the Dead try some of Bruce's tunes instead of hearing some of the overplayed covers such as "Me & My Uncle"? I know I would, and I know I'm not alone on this.

*Alan Feldstein*
Burbank, CA

### Too Much Monkey Business

I'd personally like to thank Bruce Hornsby for the job he has done with the Dead. Hornsby is an incredible musician and his contribution to the '90-91 Grateful Dead have been vast and quite memorable. He helped them out (although I'm sure he's having a blast!) when they really needed to regain their confidence and have some fun in spite of the unfortunate passing of Brent.

That said, I think it is time they went their separate ways. Bruce as a surprise guest would be nice a few times a year. At this point, I think the Dead are more exciting without him. The grandeur of Bruce's piano and the brilliance of his playing (usually) seem to bring a false sense of greatness to the band's music. When the Dead put in a hot show without Bruce, it takes some effort and more communication between the three guitarists. Also, although I love the grand piano sound, there is simply too much to listen to in their music with Bruce. I like to be able to hear each instrument and the subtle communication between players, and with two keyboardists in the mix it becomes difficult to get that kind of subtlety. Finally, although Vince has said that he enjoys playing with him, Bruce's presence definitely undermines Vince's ability.

*Victor D'Amato*
Chapel Hill, NC

### Two More Cents

Let me put in my two cents' worth re Bruce and Vince. Both of them are excellent musicians (I would say that technically both are superior to Brent, although Vince has wisely avoided inviting comparisons on the Hammond organ). Bruce's voice is so good that it can sound almost absurd sometimes in the context of the Dead, but overall it is always a welcome addition. Nevertheless, Bruce could disappear tomorrow and it wouldn't significantly affect the band. Vince is, on the other hand, clearly well-integrated into the band already, and he seems ready, willing and able to go with the rest of the band into whatever musical spaces await.

I think Bruce's status really needs to be defined, and if he's not willing to commit to becoming a full member, maybe he could voluntarily agree to sit out on more shows to allow the "real" Dead to jell. This would also allow the non-listening buttheads who complain about Vince to see how talented he really is (since they obviously have never listened to 9/8/90, 9/10/90 or 5/5/91, three prime examples of excellent Bruceless shows).

And speaking of non-listening buttheads, I'm really tired of people whose assessment of a show depends entirely on how much they wanted to see the particular songs played. If the show consisted entirely of standards (Horrors! another "Playin'-Uncle John's"!), well, write it off as a mediocre show and hope for "Dark Star" next time. I'm really happy that none of these people were seeing the Dead in 1966 (boy, would they have gotten sick of "Dark Star-St. Stephen-etc.") or 1972 (when they played "Dark Star" or "The Other One" at virtually every single show). They would have been really miserable.

*Art Cohen*
Cambridge, MA

### Be Here Now

There is only one Grateful Dead. They can only be in one place at one time. Comparing today's show to past shows is futile, as today's show is the only live Dead you can get today. The next time you find yourself beginning to say, "But the version at ... was better, etc.," ask yourself, "Would I rather be home listening to a tape?" Rock, smile and dance. Today's show is the best Grateful Dead there is anywhere today.

A friend cured me of my bitching when he said, "Let's hear you play it."

*Ted Carlson*
Sutherlin, OR

### R.I.P.

The July 10, 1988, Garcia Band show at the Greek was special for a number of reasons, not the least of which was my opportunity to meet Bill Graham. I had traveled from my home in New Jersey for my first West Coast Dead and Garcia shows and was impressed as I watched Bill do everyday things like empty trash barrels and encircle the Greek, personally checking the venue from every angle. When I noticed him alone at a back wall I approached him and thanked him for his immense contribution. He extended his hand, shook mine, and said simply, "You got it."

His recent passing leaves a void for us all. Certainly anyone whose life and ideals have been shaped by the rock music scene knows his legacy is greater than most of the bands that have come and gone. He will be remembered in everything from Fillmore poster artwork to memories of the shows he produced. He gave more than he took. Rest in peace, Bill.

*Russ Reischer*
Lithonia, GA

### Try a Little Tenderness

One of the highlights of 1991 was the great, underrated, egoless performance at the Bill Graham memorial concert in Golden Gate Park. What other band in the world, especially one so popular, assumes the role of house band without making any fuss? Another day it made you proud...

Graham was the only consumer advocate who was also a promoter. The New York rock scene has not been the same since he left town, and I am sure that the rock world in general will be a far less humane place. Yes, he could be obnoxious, but no one gave as much back


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*ALL I KNOW SHE SANG A LITTLE WHILE AND THEN FLEW OFF*

Seized by a back-to-nature obsession developed during our year off, our crack circulation staff (shown here) decided it would be more down-home to contact each subscriber by carrier pigeon.

That might have worked, if a rival faction — the animal rights activists in accounting — hadn't liberated our fast, feathered friend before her first run. So we went the conventional route and used the post office.



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# FEEDBACK

as he did. In fact, the thing that all the promoters ought to be embarrassed about— and this includes John Scher and virtually everyone else who promotes the Dead on the East Coast— is that no one one even tries to emulate Graham's concern for the fans.

*Gabe Miller*
New York, NY

### Warriors in the Chaos

I never saw a show in the original Fillmore, but I went to several at the Carousel Ballroom beginning in 1968-69. Since those early days, I have always been amazed and grateful that someone could have the balls (chutzpah) to take the attitude that Bill Graham took: "I take full responsibility for this weird shit, so go ahead and enjoy yourselves." Despite the chaos, I've always felt safe at any Graham concert. Ironically, two days after his death, my car was stolen outside the Oakland Coliseum. I realize the two events are not connected in any tangible sense; merely more chaos.

As I bump along from day to day, I'm heartened to remember there are warriors walking this planet like Bill, the Dead family and friends.

*Bill Fell*
Davis, CA

### The Bottom Line

Bill Graham's death came like a jolt of ice water down my back. He may not have been everyone's favorite, but he was the charter member Deadhead. The bottom line is that he really cared. He cared about the comfort and satisfaction of the audience, the musicians and the environment (what other promoter have you seen after a show carting a garbage bag and cleaning up the site?). And most of all he cared about helping people. So many benefit shows for so many causes. He'll be missed by all of us.

*Ray Riescher*
Winfield, NJ

### Drums Along the Potomac

The Planet Drum tour was probably the musical highlight of my year. It didn't take much to see that that band was high and getting higher. Almost every sequence was astounding, beginning with Mickey's getting the entire hall to vibrate to his gong-a-din rhythm; Vikku on the clay pot was practically a religious experience; and *how* does Airto get a tambourine to sound that way? Here in D.C., we had the added attraction of having most of Planet Drum show up at a local record store for a brief jam session/book signing/photo op. This intimate little gathering featured some high-spirited (if low-volume) banging, and a few good stories and anecdotes from Mickey ("This band gets together about once ever 400 years"), and really set the stage for the concert. (A voice in the audience: "I saw you last week in Berkeley, and the show changed my life." Mickey: "It changed our lives, too.") All in all, thanks for a real good time!

*Joe Olivenbaum*
Alexandria, VA



### The World's Most Lucrative Part-Time Job

I hear a lot of talk about members of the Dead wanting to take a break from the band. I don't understand. They play about 70 shows a year. They play from one to nine shows in a city and about two to five cities a tour. This does not sound like much of a grind to me. It seems to me they are taking a break from the Dead most of the time.

*Mark Milkes*
Chicago, IL

### You Deserve a Break Today

I remember getting the Dead Head Newsletter back in 1974, talking about the first "retirement." All the reasons the band cited for a rest back then are even more pressing today. I really hope they can take some time to compose, rest and put the *fun* back into the scene for themselves. I'm sure the pressure from their numerous employees and fans to continue is great, but we shouldn't love them to death. Besides, after a year or so, maybe those folks in the scene leeching off the Dead will have gotten a life — which could lead to in a wider choice of venues. (The Kaiser again, wouldn't that be nice?) And for those folks who didn't experience the first retirement, believe me, Dead goes on. Not Fade Away, right? Let's give them some breathing (and composing) room.

Let's also try some other ways of keeping the spirit alive besides Dead shows. One good way is to go to the 20th Anniversary Rainbow Family Gathering in Colorado. I've been to 16 New Year's shows and 15 Gatherings, and it makes for a nice solstice-to-solstice balance. See you there!

*Jay Kerley*
Scotts Valley, CA

### Recession Strategy

My wife, Janet, says that the possible upcoming six-month break for the Dead is just the government's way of trying to decrease unemployment.

*David Meiers*
Charlotte, NC

### Gone Are the Days

I didn't see the Dead at all in 1991. As a 40-year-old Deadhead who celebrated his 20th anniversary of seeing the Dead in '91, I just couldn't bring myself to see them in a football stadium. I know the days of shows at the Auditorium and the Uptown theaters here in Chicago are long and forever gone, but I was spoiled by the intimacy of those small halls. No matter what anyone says, there is no way to recapture that in a football stadium. As cynical as that may sound, let me add that I will see the Dead this year regardless of the venue. Their music is still great and I don't want to skip another year, but gone are the days!

*Sam Gorla*
Elk Grove, IL

### Teach Your Children

I'd like to thank all of the Deadheads who attended the June 1, 1991, Dead show at the Los Angeles Coliseum. For the last year, my 5-year-old daughter, Sarah, has taken a great interest in my Deadheadness and begged to go with me to my next show. June 1 was that show, and each of you made it a day she will not forget.

JUDIT TORN ALLEN

From the people on the freeway who honked and waved in acknowledgement of our Dead decals to the young Heads in front of us who shared their water with her as the afternoon heat began to soar, as well as all the folks who stopped us to wish her good tidings and compliment her on her taste in music, everyone demonstrated the humor, generosity and positive spirit that I had told her led me to become a Deadhead in the first place. Even the people who kept rushing the guards to get down on the field and those we saw passed out or throwing up in the parking lot provided object lessons on manners and moderation for Sarah and me to discuss on the ride home.

Although I didn't get to see most of the second set because my hot and tired little trooper finally gave out, I do remember the smile on her sun-pinkened face, the wonder in her eyes, and the closeness we shared that day. For those memories, and for giving my daughter a very positive taste of what the rest of the world *should* be like, I thank you.

*Rob Conaway*
Norwalk, CA

### No Rewind

I hate to sound like an old fart and say it was better in the old days, but people who talk all through the show ruin my night! I've witnessed this at the movies, so it is not unique to the Dead. But I don't understand: once you've paid your hard-earned $25 and/or traveled many miles to the show, why would you want to talk all through it? "...blah blah blah, then I says...then he says..." I don't want to hear this shit! The VCR may have ruined the live event/concert experience, for if you are in your living room you can rewind. But there is no rewind or pause button at a Dead show — only play! Tapes are not the same.

*Pete La Verghetta*
Philadelphia, PA

### Hot Platters

The release of the live Garcia Band disc, *Garcia-Grisman*, *Infrared Roses*, and *One From the Vault* were overwhelming. I remember going *years* without new product from the Dead, much less material this strong. The JGB album was so hot I was sure the mainstream rock press would hail it. You can imagine how shocked I was to read, in an otherwise favorable review, that the band had given "Dear Prudence" the "snooze treatment." Well, there's no accounting for taste.

*Tom Freeman*
Los Angeles, CA

### Slo-Mo Mojo

I haven't seen the Garcia Band in at least a decade, so I rushed out to buy the double live set. At first I was bitterly disappointed, but it's grown on me over time. I still think it's mostly too lethargic, the other players aren't particularly inspiring to me (or Jerry), and the pacing is too damn funereal on most tracks. (I've heard that the *Daily News* review of the November Madison Square Garden show by the JGB included something to the effect of "During 'The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down' it looked as if emergency medical technicians would be needed to revive Garcia between notes.")

On the plus side, once I got used to the *way* laid-back approach, I had to admit that some of Jerry's solos are very impressively crafted in an architectural sense. His playing really is still maturing, rather than refining into a mannerist approach, as I've often feared.

*Michael Goldfarb*
Peekskill, NY

### Destination: Space

*Infrared Roses* is a great idea! It's about time, really, considering that the Drums/Space segment is the central part of every show and not much time has been given to it on other albums. I get the feeling that not everyone appreciates Space the way I do, judging from all the talking that goes on — including complaints of the awful "noise." I guess some people don't understand it and don't want to try.

For me, if everything goes right, a show can be an incredible mental journey with the destination being where the Dead take you dur-


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# FEEDBACK

ing Space. I spend the first part of the show getting in the right state of mind to experience Space. Getting there and being there involves concentration and imagination, letting go of your ego and becoming one with the music. "Till the chains of your dreams are broken, no place in this world you can be."

*Christine Burns*
Valparaiso, IN

### The Album I Was Waiting For

I understand that a lot of people don't like Space. I can dig that; everyone has their own movie. Some get off on a purring V-8, some on crickets, birds and frogs. For us, all sound is potential music, and Space can be as interesting as any jam, as physical as any dance tune, as soulful as any blues or ballad. As potentially boring, too. *Infrared Roses* is the Grateful Dead album I've been waiting for for 20 years. Someone finally had the balls to do it. Well done! (Let's hope it sells.)

As I write this, Jerry is being awarded a *Parents' Choice* award on ABC-TV [for the live Garcia Band album]. *Parents' Choice*? I thought we were the people our parents warned us about!

*Larry and Vanessa Franklin*
Ellwood City, PA

### And Now for Something Completely Different

*Infrared Roses* is an instrumental masterpiece that rivals Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* as the ultimate headphone album. I could not believe how great the sound is. I have been able to turn on several non-Dead people to *Infrared Roses* because they were looking for something a little different and strange.

*Rob Weiner*
Lubbock, TX

### Random Note

I love *Infrared Roses*; they could have made it a six-CD box set as far as I'm concerned. For the past few months, I've had *Infrared Roses* and Mickey Hart's *Planet Drum* almost constantly in "random" mode on my CD changer.

*Paul Goldberg*
Lincolnshire, IL

### Book 'Em, Danno

Speaking of GD discs, at the rate Dan Healy is releasing the Vault recordings, I might just be able to enjoy and purchase the third or fourth release when my Social Security payments kick in. Hey, Danno—pick up the pace while we're still young enough to bend over and crank up the volume a bit!

Is the TV "Pay-Per-View" concept for live Dead concerts lucrative enough to be considered marketable by the Dead, or are they not interested in commercializing their product over the satellite? I can't think of too many other shows I'd rather watch if Jerry and the Boys showed up three or four times a year on a cable pay-per-view channel. Just be careful to not run it against any of those fabulous "America's Funniest Videos" reruns.

*Tom Gasper*
Bethel Park, PA



### From Somebody Else's Vault

Why hasn't anyone released *Vintage Dead* and *Historic Dead* on CD? These fabled non-bootleg records came out on Sunflower Records (an MGM subsidiary) and consisted of some really great live stuff from late '66 or so. They are a valuable and highly entertaining example of the early Dead's sound. Can you guys shed any light on this subject?

*Mitch Silverman*
Evanston, IL

*(BJ replies: Even when those records were released in the very early '70s, they were mired in controversy. The Dead claimed they never signed releases for the material, while the man who helped set up the deal with MGM, Bob Cohen, maintains they did, but without their managers' knowledge. There was a financial mess between MGM and the owners of the tapes that resulted in some bad blood there, and basically no one seemed to get what he wanted from the project. Cohen says he has no idea when and if someone will release the records on CD, but he still has the masters. I'm with you, Mitch — let's get that stuff on CD ... or maybe the Dead themselves could find something else from that era to release!)*

### In and Out of the Garden He Goes

I almost lost it during the Dead's last show at the Boston Garden (Thursday, 9/26) when in the middle of the second set, between "Dark Star" and "Attics of My Life," I thought I heard the Boys toying with "St. Stephen." I started screaming and carrying on, and I'm sure the people in my row were sure I had lost it. Anybody else out there think they heard this? This show was one of the best I've been to in a long time. I got the feeling that anything could happen — and almost did!

*Randy Schecter*
Greenbelt, MD

### Me & My Uncle

Non-believers always flash a skeptical yet sympathetic smile when I begin rambling about the magic of the Dead, about how if you go to a show with a need expressed only in a thought many times the Dead will send you a song for your moment. It happened again to me this past summer at Deer Creek.

In the winter of 1989 I lost the last of those who raised me. Dave was my uncle, and for all of his 71 years he loved me like a son. He was born June 6, so on June 7 at Deer Creek he was on my mind. During the first set came "Me & My Uncle." My cousin turned to me and said, "How appropriate." Indeed, but even more so was a powerful and stunning "Standing on the Moon." Dave was a man who abundantly enjoyed his simple life and fought not to give it up, so when Jerry sings, "A lovely view of heaven but I'd rather be with you," his voice always brings with it an image of Dave for me. As the music built thunderously and Jerry's voice soared and cried over and over, "Be with you ... be with you," I smiled a knowing smile for the non-believers because the Dead had again worked their magic for me.

*John S. Miller*
Nappanee, IN

### Vision Space

I guess each one of us has a certain frame of mind he or she likes to get into to experience a show. I had to give up psychedelics years ago, but find my inner experience to be as mind-expanding as ever: For me it is either closing my eyes, or kind of staring deeply unfocused into nowhereland — and moving, feeling the great god Music pouring through the band and through me and all of us.

Feeling all of my energy field, my aura, pulsing and vibrating intensely as the music builds; feeling my energy centers, the chakras:

KIEFER RELEAF

my heart, the top of of my head — drinking up the energy and expanding, opening and overflowing with a deeply compassionate eternal energy.

Feeling the rhythm as part of an eternal tribal dance, and feeling Jerry's piercing guitar tone singing like a some wounded angel guiding me to a peaceful union and wordless knowing. Both the lyrics and the music lifting my vision to a clearer way of seeing — seeing my own troubles as transitory steps on the path — seeing my life as an evolving dance that has its own momentum, its own purpose and reason, a part of a much bigger Wheel of Life.

The ancient vision space is available in the music, in the energy of a Dead show. The Dead have never been about performance or finesse— they have always been about magic, being a conduit for this amazing energy: wonderful, wise, sad, knowing, cleansing energy. It's like a great cosmic wind of light and sound, moving us and lifting into this sense that we're all dancing together in some timeless place, ancient yet now.

*Michael Slom*
Lawrenceville, NJ

### Don't Lock the Doors of Perception

I first smoked pot in 1967 (with *Sgt. Pepper* for a soundtrack) and first experienced LSD in the early '70s. My psychedelic experience went on to include other hallucinogens and the usual substances that became more widely available during that decade.

Now, I know it isn't nice to say so in the oh-so-politically-correct '90s, but I think there is a lot of positive potential in the use of drugs that's been overlooked in the current hysteria. My own experiences with most substances has been positive and affirming. I attribute this to the circumstances surrounding my introduction to and use of drugs, and to my attitude (influenced as it was by the culture I was part of). First, I was at least physiologically an adult when I began anything. I'm not in favor of adolescents (who have enough developmental shit to go through without adding to the mix) using substances. Second, the atmosphere in which I and my friends took drugs was one of love, growth and expansion. We were pioneers, each exploring our own inner space in search of new universes. And like any pioneers going on an expedition, we prepared ourselves as best we could before setting out. We learned what we could about what we were taking and what we could expect. We prepared both set and setting for optimum results. Our goal was to enhance reality, not obliterate it.

I also agree that psychedelics are keys to doorways that, once unlocked, do not require the use of the key every time. However, I still enjoy riding the merry-go-round at the carnival, even if I know it's not taking me anyplace new. But I believe on political, spiritual and philosophical grounds that my body, my mind and my life are mine to use as I choose: this is the most basic of freedoms.

*Pete Wigley*
Danville Jct., ME

### The Bongo Man Has Come

I live in the Denver area, which puts me in a position to hit shows on the West Coast, in the Southwest and Midwest (I still think West Coast shows are the best!). I have a friend who is my age (thirtysomething) but had never been to a Dead show until I bought him a ticket for one of the McNichols shows in December '90. He seemed to enjoy himself, but I still wasn't sure about him. A few months later I took him with me to the Las Vegas shows, where again he seemed to have a good time but was more concerned with gambling in the casinos. When I heard that Mile High Stadium was in the lineup for the summer tour I figured the third one's got to be the charm.

Before the show, I made sure to introduce him thoroughly to the parking lot scene. At one point in our travels, we found ourselves close to a group of drummers— you know, the congregations of people who just sort of come together with drums of various shapes, sizes and sounds and start a rhythm that just goes wherever. Anyway, I suddenly realized that my friend was missing and, after looking around I found him right in the middle of the drummers' circle, pounding away as if he had been a Deadhead his entire life. He came out



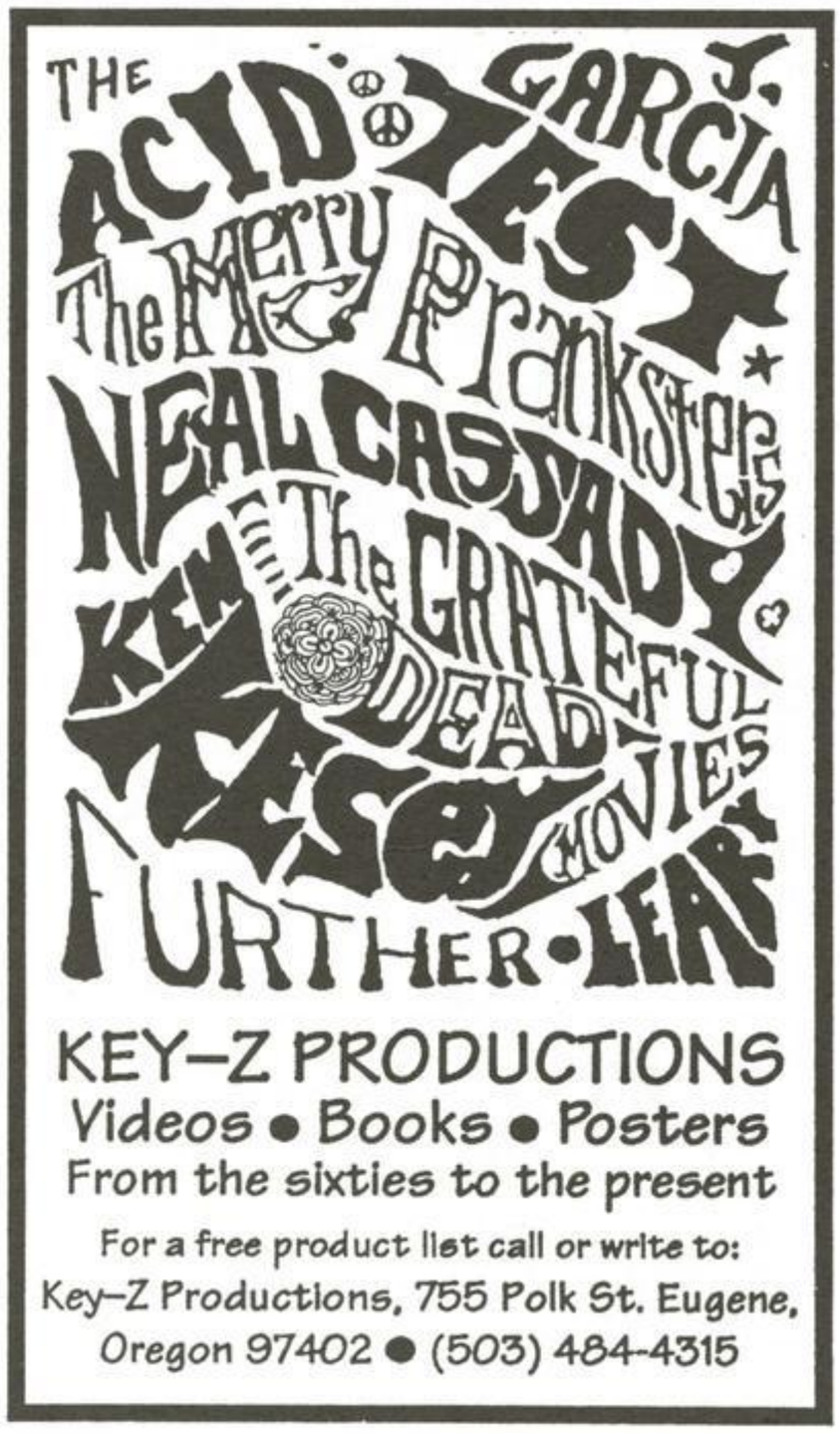


AWHILE back at the Kesey farm in Pleasant Hill, Oregon, my husband, Zane (Ken's son) and I, often had discussions about all of the great stuff stored around the place: boxes of out-of-print books, reel-to-reel audio tapes, posters, and of course, the infamous 16mm Bus footage, and...well, you get the idea.

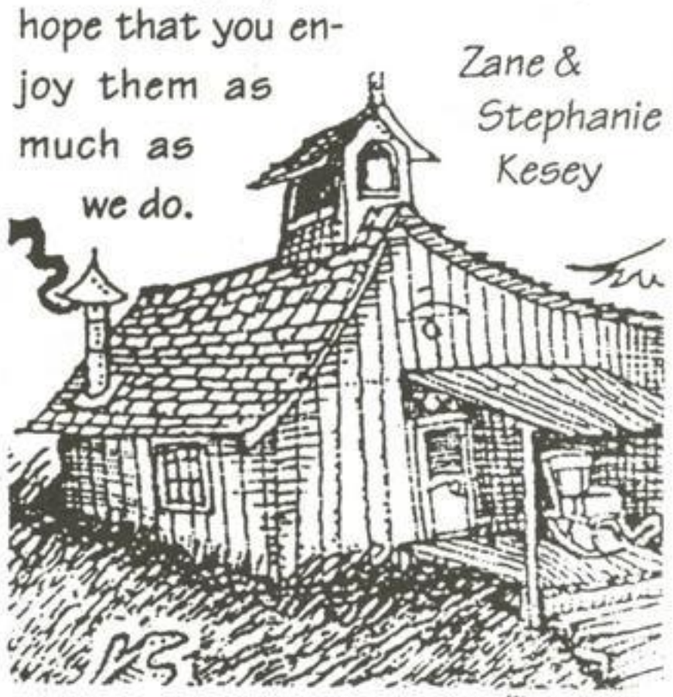
At this point we knew it was too good to keep to ourselves any longer. We wanted to share it with our friends, both present and future, with those who have been following the adventures of Ken and his Merry Band of Pranksters and the whole '60s experience – how it still effects our lives! Fortunately, Ken has a great attitude about the years of accumulated projects, memorabilia and works of art. So, with best wishes from both Ken and Faye we began our little company, Key-Z Productions (Ken came up with the name).

We've grown a bit since then and have moved to a studio in Eugene. There is one thing that will never change; no matter how big or small we become we will continue to release the tasty morsels of history along with the current projects of today (if we can keep up with Ken that is). We hope that you enjoy them as much as we do.

Zane & Stephanie Kesey




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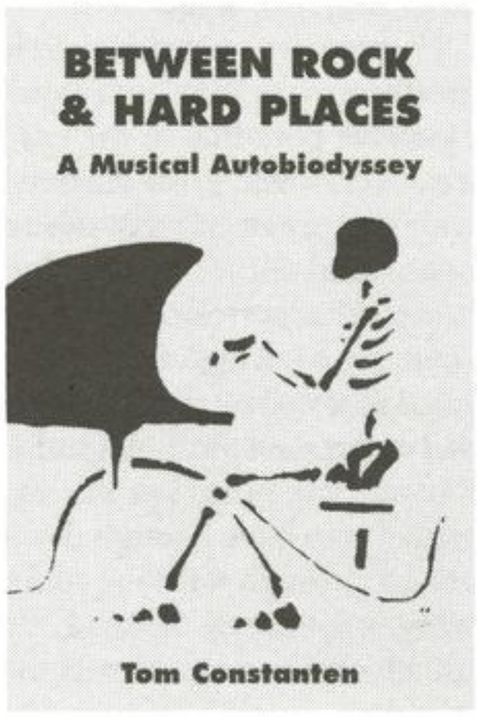


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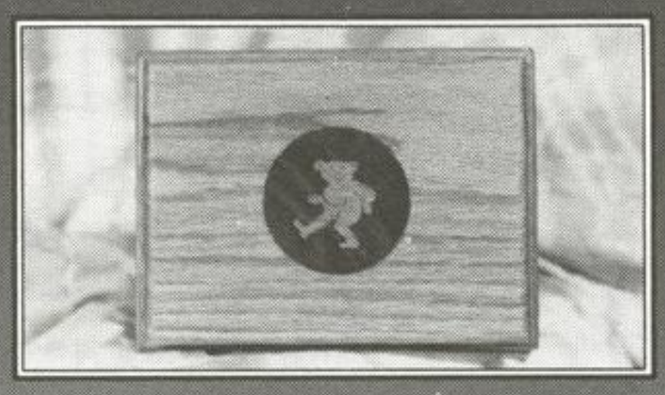
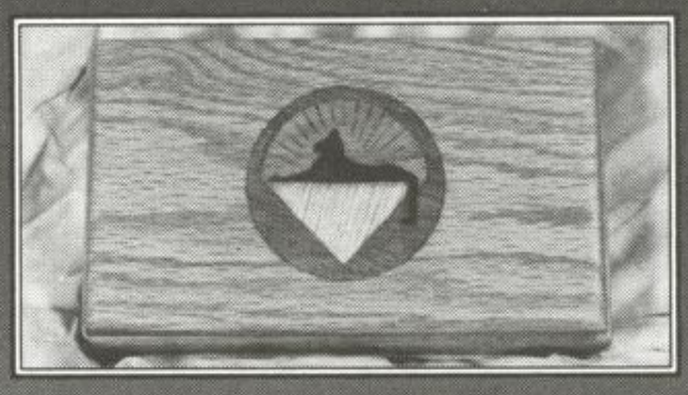
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of that circle beaming and we went into the show ready for a good time. The drumming must have been the catalyst that paved his path to the Dead, because he came out of the show with that sparkle in his eyes that told me he had just gotten on the Bus. All he could talk about for the rest of the night was how amazing Jerry's playing was.

Since that time he has become very interested in my tape collection, and he keeps calling to see when our next show will be. I have given him the Hotline number so he can keep tabs on the shows for himself. I guess we got us a convert!

*John Berg*
Littleton, CO

### It's a Far Gone Lullaby

In August, 1990, my wife, Susan, gave birth to our beautiful daughter, Emma. When Susan went back to work, and with me working nights, my days were filled with the routine of feeding, cleaning and amusing Emma, and I soon found the perfect solution to her restless times — the good ol' Grateful Dead. Emma used to love laying her head on my shoulder as I gently shuffled back and forth to the sounds of "Sugaree" or "Row Jimmy," a genuine Dead lullaby if I ever heard one. One day, while swaying to the Dead-Dylan album with Emma heading to la-la land as Jerry's guitar gently weeped, her head popped up and she screwed a look of concern on her face. Then I realized what was wrong: Dylan, a strange voice in her Dead experience, was singing.

These days Emma goes down with a bottle of warm milk and the stuffed animal du jour tucked under her arm. She dances on her own now, mostly to the *Sesame Street* theme song. But I'll tell you, when I put a Dead tape on, and her head starts boppin', and her feet start movin', I know she remembers. And I know I'll never forget.

*Emerson, Susan and*
*Emma Heffner*
Mountaintop, PA

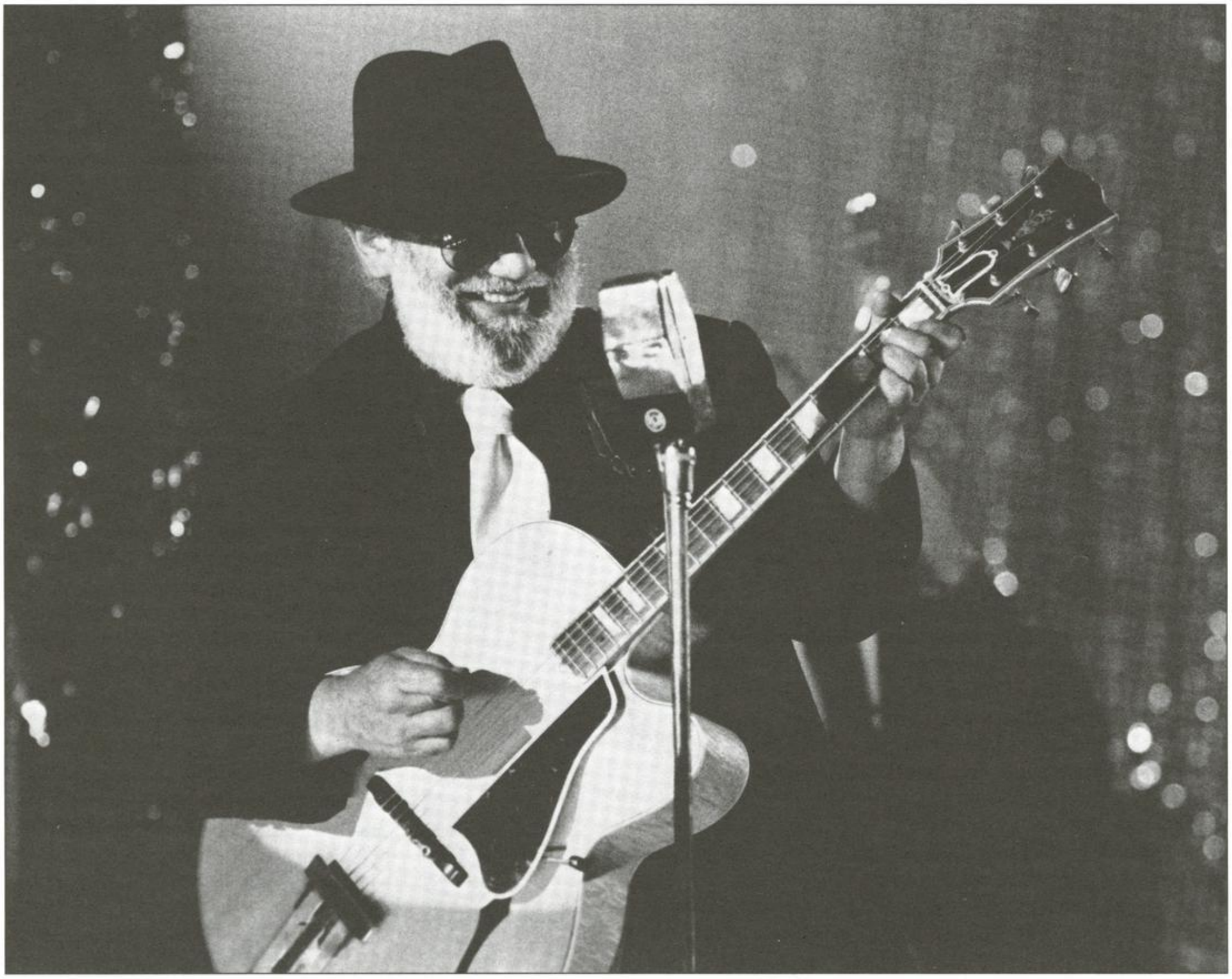
### Ham Head

I put an item in an amateur radio publication several months ago looking for other "hams" who are Deadheads. Response has been fairly decent and has ranged from New England to Hawaii. We'll all be getting together at a predetermined time, date and frequency. This type of operation is normally referred to as a "net." So the Dead are no longer "without a net"! Please help spread the word. If anyone wants to join us, they can write to Steve/AA7FL, PO Box 673, Marcola, OR 97454.

We have picked the last Wednesday of every month at 7 p.m. Eastern on 7.236 MHz and the last Saturday of every month at 12 noon on 14.285 MHz (licensed amateurs will know what that means).

*Steve Milewski*
Marcola, OR

# DEADLINE



ALICE G. PATTERSON

Garcia lookin' good in the video of "The Thrill Is Gone." Details on page 13

## What's New for '92?

Hiatus, hiatus, hiatus. Everybody's talking about whether and when the Dead are going to take some time off, as Garcia predicted in some interviews last summer. Well, it's looking like 1992 is going to be a lot like 1991 in terms of the band's touring schedule, and according to my best information, if there is any sort of break at all, it will likely be the period from late fall of '92 until spring of '93. Of course this could change, but that's the straight scoop as of February 1. Even New Year's '92 has not been ruled out at this point, but I certainly wouldn't make any long-range vacation plans based around that week. We should add that there is absolutely *no* truth to the rampant rumors that people in the Dead organization have been told they'll be unemployed at the end of next year (oh, that East Coast rumor mill!). So everybody relax and have a good time!

Unfortunately we went to press before the February Oakland shows, so we can't report on whether any new tunes were introduced, but we do know that several songs are in progress. Phil has been working up a pair of tunes, one written with Robert Hunter, the other with John Barlow. Garcia supposedly has a few Hunter lyrics he's hoping to set to music. (In a newspaper interview last summer Hunter specifically mentioned a tune called "So Many Roads.") Weir has co-written a song called "Eternity" with the late blues giant Willie Dixon, and also has a few others on the fire. Vince has allegedly been toying with a couple of songs, and even Mickey has gotten into the act, co-writing a song with Robert Hunter. Of course we have no way of knowing how many of these new tunes will actually make it to the performance stage, but it's at least encouraging to know that the bandmembers seem to be serious about writing for the first time in quite a while.

# DEADLINE

The end of March/beginning of April will see the release of *OneFrom the Vault, Vol.* 2, the second release from the Dead's private archives. This time 'round it's a double-CD set of the Dead's 8/24/68 show at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. In contrast to the first volume (the 8/13/75 show), the Shrine show is in very few tape collections — in fact, the "Morning Dew" encore isn't even listed in Deadbase! And man, this is *the stuff*! I felt the first Vault CD was an excellent recording of a good-but-not-great Dead show. This second disc set is a superb recording of a mind-bogglingly fantastic show! This is the absolute cream of Dead music from the late '60s; it is *not to be missed.*

It opens with a slice of vintage Pigpen leading the band through a fine workout on "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," marking the first time this song has appeared on an official Dead live album. Then we move on to the Holy Trinity of '60s Dead: "Dark Star" ➢ "St. Stephen" ➢ "The Eleven." The first two are faster and not quite as developed as the versions on *Live Dead* (which are *perfect* in my view) — not surprising since this show is about six months before the ones that yielded *Live Dead.* But this "Eleven" goes even farther than the one on *Live Dead*, and then falls very naturally into the raw, searing blues of "Death Don't Have No Mercy." That's disc one. Phew!

Disc two opens with an extended version of the entire "That's It for the Other One" suite, which still sounded so fresh just a month or so after the release of *Anthem of the Sun* (and six months after the death of Neal Cassady). Wonderful! But the highlight of the whole package may be the 17-minute version of "New Potato Caboose" that follows. After the main song, it moves into a series of stunning jams that always manage to come back to a central theme somehow. Wait till you hear Phil's bass work on this one! An equally long "Lovelight," with both Pig and the band in rare form, closes out the set in stompin' *style.* The "Morning Dew" encore is fast, like most of the "Dew"s from that era, but very nicely rendered. And this one has an interesting twist I won't spoil for you.

All in all it's a spellbinding excursion into the center of a volcano, an amazing aural document of the Dead at their most psychedelic. This is Coltrane's electric children gone wild! We're talkin' some *serious* stuff here. Another fine job by Dan Healy in bringing old 8-track masters to CD quality!

What's next in the Vault series? Too early to tell, though we've heard rumblings about a '73 or '74 show getting the nod. Sounds good to us. Alas, it appears that Healy's early prediction of four releases a year was a tad optimistic, but with any luck the pace will quicken a little bit over the next year.

In my too-few free moments this winter I really enjoyed reading former GD keyboardist Tom Constanten's just-published memoirs, *Between Rock and Hard Places: A Musical Autobiodyssy* (published by Hulogosi Books). If you've ever seen T.C. perform, you already know he's as witty and erudite as they come. When I first interviewed him in '84 I came away from the experience sorry that I'd never taken Greek or philosophy in college—but only so I could figure out half of his puns. Happily, I can report that T.C.'s writing is similarly imbued with both humor and substance. He has a keen eye for detail and the facility to make that detail interesting. And most important of all, he's led a very interesting life.



Punderful pianist Tom Constanten

The reason most *Golden Road* readers would probably pick up this book is to read about T.C.'s brief tenure with the Dead in the late '60s. That chapter is loaded with nice observations and anecdotal material, though I sense that T.C. may have held back a bit in recalling his Dead experiences so they wouldn't take up a disproportionate amount of space in his life story—after all, he was in the band only a short time. Frankly, I would have enjoyed a few more Dead stories, and I was also disappointed that he chose to gloss over his former involvement in the Church of Scientology and how/if it affected his departure from the band.

Primarily, this book gave me a clearer understanding of the American avant-garde music movement — not just the names of composers and pieces (which though bountiful in the text, never become numbing), but its links with more mainstream modern classical music, and the sense of this loose community of musicians spread around the world, all dedicated to explorations of musical forms, commercialism be damned. I could feel T.C.'s excitement when he'd hear the latest new work by John Cage or Lukas Foss or a hundred other composers he cites whom I'd never heard of. T.C. seems to have remembered every concert he ever attended from childhood to the present. His anal retentive side evidently spills over to one of his other great passions, too: baseball, anecdotes about which are spread through the book.

Even with the plethora of names, places (which he describes with the skill of a seasoned travel writer), technical music information and obscure allusions, *Between Rock and Hard Places* is still a fun ride. Some may get bogged down in his essays on "History and the Composer's Dilemma" and "Pumping Ivory," but I learned a lot from both. And even when the going gets heavy, T.C. always has a nice joke or turn of phrase waiting around the corner. At his best, T.C. is like your favorite teacher or professor — hip, world-wise and intellectually turned-on.

A new long-form Dead video release is in the works, with a likely summer release through GD merchandising. Director Justin Kreutzmann (that's Billy's son) tells us this one will be a compilation of clips created especially for this video, including: a very trippy computer-animated piece based around a three-and-a-half minute sound collage from *Infrared Roses*, put together by Bob Bralove; a live

Brent Mydland song, pulled from multitracks and video shot in the spring of '90; Mickey and Billy in action in the studio; a still-to-be-shot acoustic song by Garcia, Lesh and Weir; and a couple of archival clips utilizing photos and never-before-seen home movies of Pigpen and other bandmembers, with music from the second Vault release as the soundtrack. (I've seen some of the Pigpen footage — terriffic!) The video will likely be around around an hour, so the price should be right. Sounds great!

Mickey Hart was ridiculously busy in '90 and '91, putting out and promoting two books, and touring with both the Dead and Planet Drum. It looks like '92 might be a little quieter for him, but there is at least one project on the horizon that should be very exciting indeed. *The Other Side of This* is the latest album by Airto; it was produced by Mickey and recorded mainly at his Sonoma County home. In fact, according to engineer Tom Flye, some of the sessions were recorded outside in a meadow on Hart's property instead of in the studio. Flye says the album (due in May on Rykodisc) is primarily healing chants accompanied by percussion.

Everybody keeps asking us, "When are Garcia and Grisman going to tour?" Unfortunately, there are no plans for a tour right now, but there is a possibility that they'll get together to make another album in 1992. (Maybe *this* time we'll get "So What"!) In addition, there's a chance that a Garcia-Grisman video may be released. It might include some live footage shot at the the group's December '91 Warfield Theater shows, and will definitely include the video clip of "The Thrill Is Gone," directed by Justin Kreutzmann.

I managed to see the artful, black-and-white clip last fall and was mighty impressed. It features the Garcia-Grisman group playing in a '30s nightclub setting, complete with couples decked out in their night-on-the-town finery, cigarette girls, dancers, etc. Justin says that Garcia and Grisman went for the concept immediately and were easy to work with during the day-long shoot last fall at San Francisco's On Broadway nightclub. "Jerry's quote to me was, 'I'd never do this for the Grateful Dead, never in a million years,'" Justin says with a laugh. "We cut his hair, put him a suit and tie and had him there for 12 hours. There were Deadheads lined up outside trying to get autographs. It was a real scene." Justin continues, "I wanted there to be a lot of stuff happening in the video besides Jerry and David just standing there playing. The pacing of the music is so deliberate I didn't want it to have too many cuts, even though there was a lot I wanted to get in, so I montaged a lot to not lose the flow of the song."

The Garcia-Grisman band and such guests as Tom Waits and Flecktones keyboardist/harmonica player Howard Levy are featured prominently on the recently released Grateful Dead Records CD *Devout Catalyst* by hipster poet/proto-rapper Ken Nordine. Though Nordine is probably best known these days as the deep, *deep* voice in a million radio ads, in the late '50s he helped popularize "word jazz," which is exactly what its name implies. In the late '60s and early '70s, when freeform FM radio still existed, some of Nordine's bits — such as "What Time Is It" and "The Sound Museum" — became late-night favorites. Here was a guy who was intent on opening minds with a verbal crowbar. His profound and/or stoned concepts were perfect mind food for the age of inward expansion.

Thirty-plus years after his first album, Nordine is still playing inventively with


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# DEADLINE

words, rhymes, meter and *our brains*. *Devout Catalyst*, which was produced by longtime Nordine admirer Dan Healy, won't appeal to everyone; its neo-Beat sensibility may be an acquired head space. But the adventurous listener will find wit and wisdom-from-experience in Nordine's richly etched aural portraits and serio-comic ruminations. Garcia, Grisman and Co. serve up some wild, jazzy musical meanderings to back Nordine's musings, sometimes hitting an easy groove, other times just casting about in free improvisation. It was recorded live at the Dead's studio last spring. If all this sounds like a night in a North Beach (or Greenwich Village) coffee house circa 1959, that's not too far off. There's something charmingly retro about the whole proposition, though Nordine's poetry is definitely rooted in contemporary angst. Break out the hash; I'll light the candle in the Chianti bottle! The 65-minute CD available through Grateful Dead Merchandising (415) 898-4453.

Ralph Sall, the happenin' cat who put together last year's *Deadicated* album, hints that there may be a second volume of Dead cover tunes to come later this year. When he made the first record, there were a number of artists who wanted to participate but couldn't because of previous commitments, and, of course, other ideas have come up since the album came out. Here's my latest brainstorm on the matter: Don Henley, backed by Bruce Hornsby and Rob Wasserman, doing a soulful "Standing on the Moon."

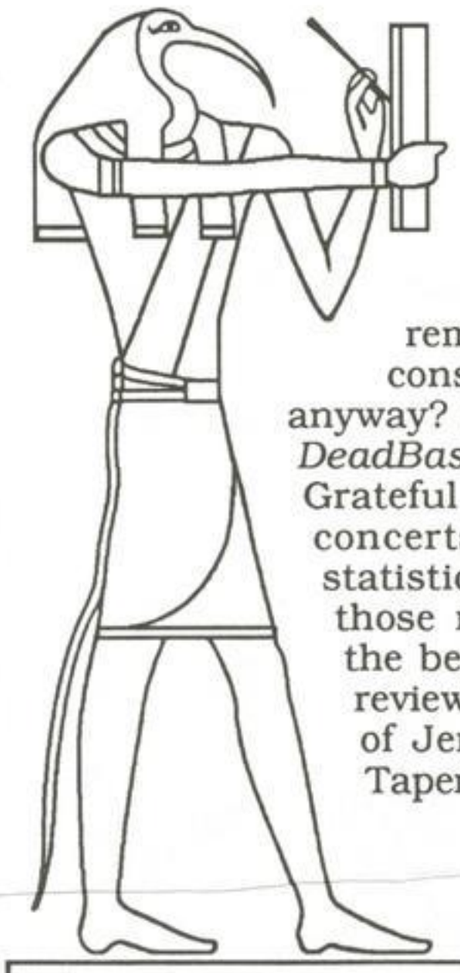
Other possible projects for '92 include: an album by Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman, to be produced by Don Was, who's done such a great job with everyone from Bob Dylan to Bonnie Raitt (for more on this see our interview with Bob); and a Garcia Band studio album featuring *new* material — dependent of course on Garcia's schedule and commitment to writing a few new tunes (the JGB bandmembers tell me they're psyched about it!). Frankly, I'll be surprised if we see either of those in '92.

Also new for '92: Bruce and Kathy Hornsby's twin boys — Russell Ives and Keith Randall — born January 30 in Richmond, Virginia. Congratulations!

Last, but certainly not least, this fall Harmony Books (a division of Random House) will be putting out *Goin' Down the Road*, a nice fat compendium of some of the finest articles from the first seven years of *The Golden Road*. In addition to our best interviews with bandmembers (including the Hunter-Garcia interview from the now-out-of-print Issue 25) and several historical features, the book will bring together most of our "Roots" columns in one alphabetized section, and offer an annotated tape collector's guide to the best shows of every year since 1965. Should be pretty cool. Look for *Goin' Down the Road* to start turning up in stores in September.

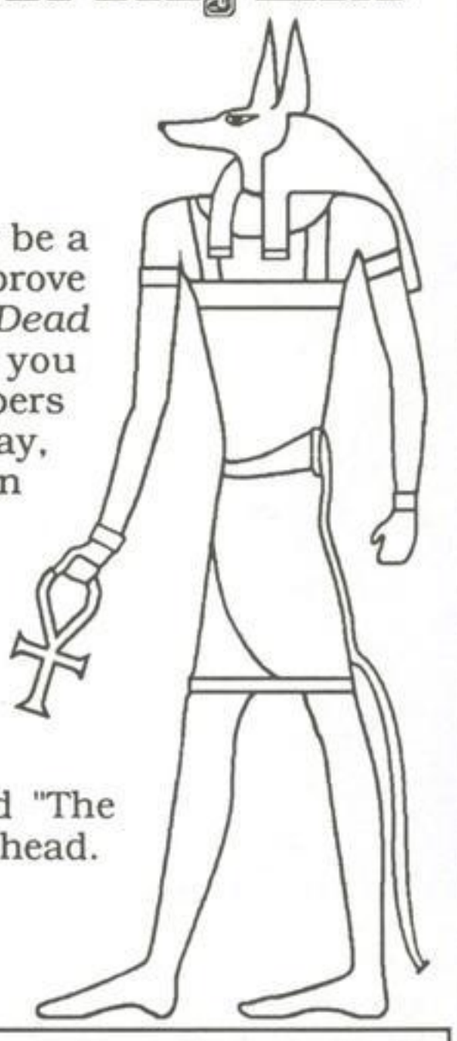

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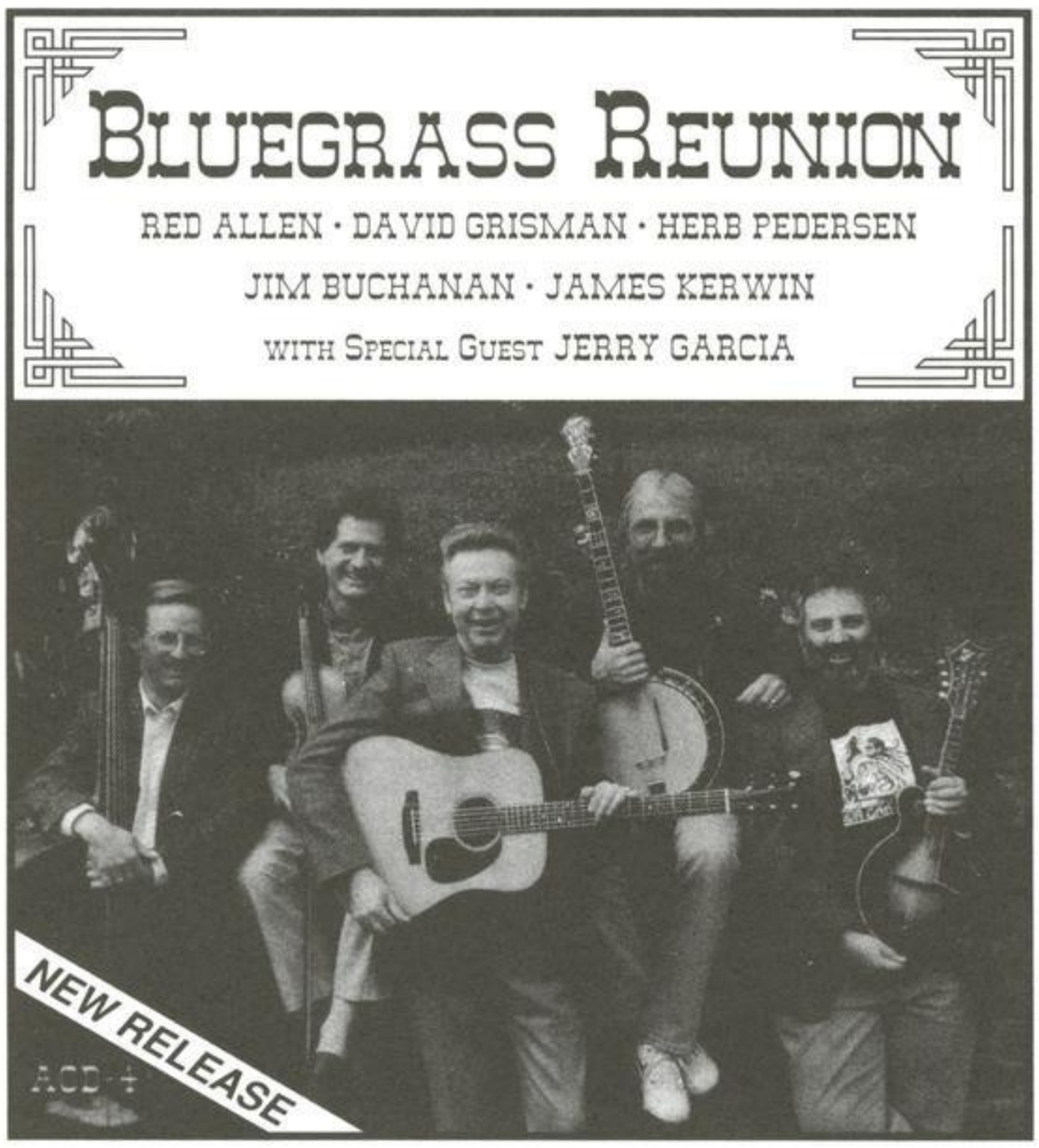
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*Thoth — the scribe god was responsible for restoring Horus' left eye which then became a symbol of protection and healing.*

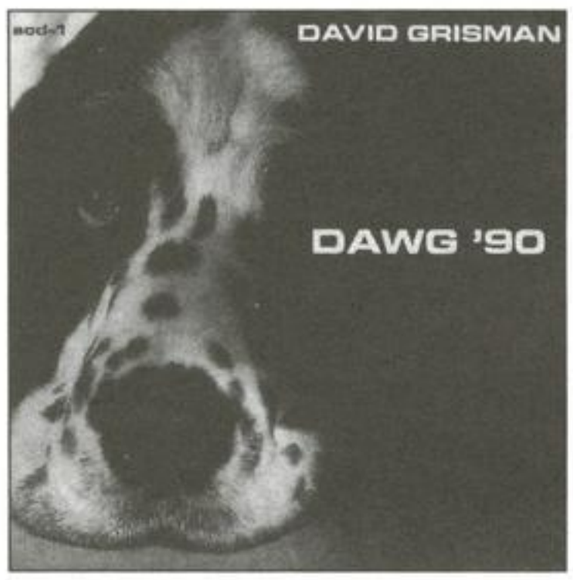
*Anubis — the funerary god preserved the body so the soul might live forever. The archivist of the Dead was also associated with clairvoyance and magic.*

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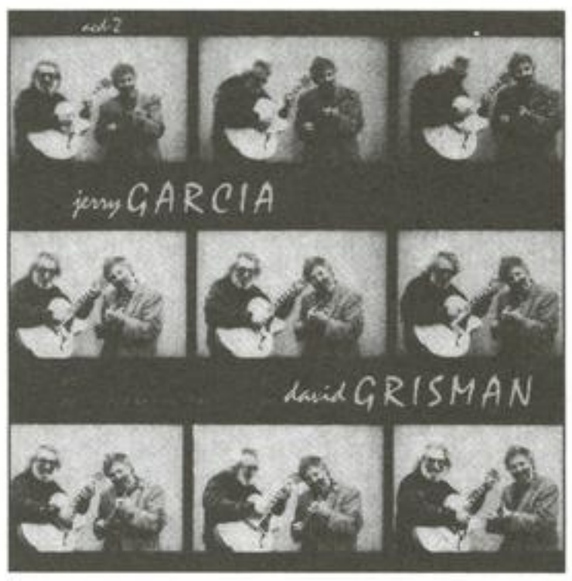



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**David Grisman**
**Dawg '90**

**1990 Grammy Nominee**




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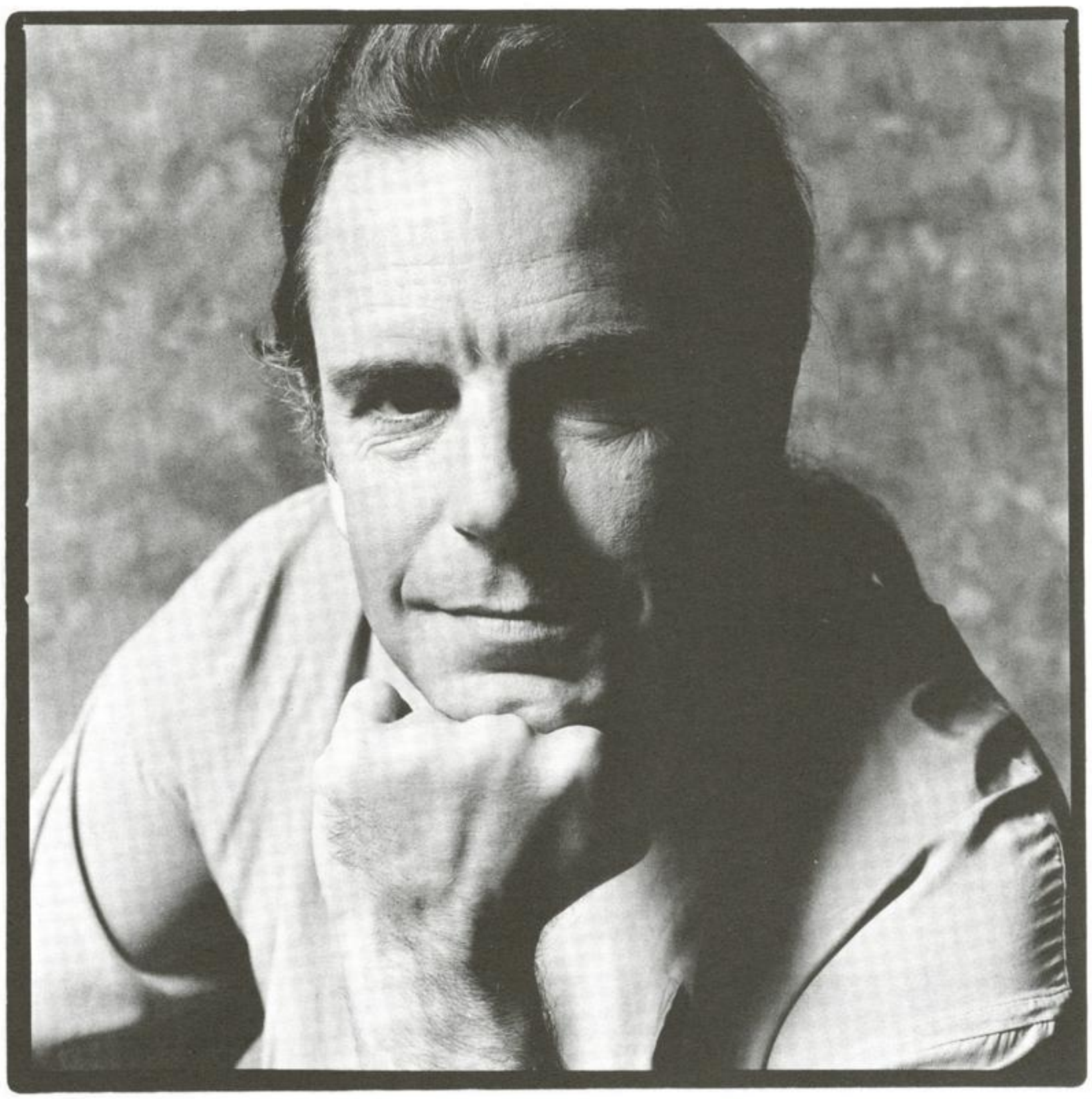



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# THE ONCE AND FUTURE BOB



JAY BLAKESBERG

# AN INTERVIEW WITH BOB WEIR

1/3/92

*No profound introductory comments are needed here — you all know our interview subject. Three days after the Dead's excellent series of New Year's shows, I met with Bob Weir at the Tiburon (Marin County) condo he's been living in while his sylvan Mill Valley home is being renovated. He was fighting a cold, but otherwise in good spirits. And why not — he was done with work for a couple of months and was set fly to Kauai in two days.* ✪ *I enjoy checking in with Bob every couple of years. Besides being a truly nice guy — he's the most even-tempered member of the Dead — he's always refreshingly candid and up for chatting about almost anything. As usual, our conversation flitted around like a hummingbird.*

**When you get to the end of the year, do you tend to reflect on what's gone on the previous 12 months, either personally or as a band?**

No, I see it more or less in terms of eras for us, and we're into a new era. We're in the post-Brent era, I guess. Things are starting to finally step solidly forward for me. There was a directionlessness that I think we experienced for a while, while we were regrouping and coming up with a new identity for the band. I think that period of that new era is over. I think now the band has something of a new identity, and now the challenge is what to do with it.

**What do you see as some of the possible directions?**

I think we'll probably explore any or all of the possible directions that are arriving with this new identity. We can do about anything. We can go all the way into R&B colors, or we can play blues in an authoritative way that we never could before.

**Yet I think of Brent as being a blues guy...**

Yeah, that's true, but in rediscovering ourselves and our own identity I think this stuff [blues] becomes a little more meaningful for us—these colorations—and then we bring that meaningfulness to the music.

**Is the ongoing search for the band's new identity going to be helped or hindered by Bruce's undetermined status in the band?**

Part of finding our new identity is learning to live with that situation; to live with the two faces — with Bruce and without Bruce. Therein we've had to look for our own strengths and having found some of them, we've also looked at everything we do as a little newer and a little fresher. That's good for us.

**What do you think Bruce and Vince add to the Dead's sound? What are each one's primary strengths?**

Well, Bruce is *spectacularly* colorful, and real playful. And Vince is finally becoming real solid. He's starting to become a real fixture. His influence on the music is subtler right now, but as pervasive as Bruce's. Vince is a little more integrated into what we're doing now than I see Bruce becoming. Bruce more or less imposes his personality on the band—which is not a bad thing at all. Vince has been endeavoring to become *one of us*, whereas Bruce is just playing *with* us.

**That's how I've always seen it, as an outsider.**

But also, in learning to play with the two of them, we've opened up to the point where we can play with other players now. It's taught us to be a little more responsive to sit-in guests.

**Though there haven't been a hell of a lot besides Branford. But what a guest he's turned out to be!**

Right. He's amazing.

**Obviously a lot of the songs you used to sing with Brent you now sing with Vince. Has it taken you much of a period of readjustment?**

Yeah, absolutely. In fact maybe that's the last aspect of his integration that we need to polish. His playing is starting to fit real well, to my way of thinking. His singing—he can cover the same parts as Brent, but we still have yet to get the same kind of blend that we had with Brent. Every now and again we start hinting at the new blend with Vince. But it took a long time to establish a blend with Brent, too. I guess the voice is the most personal instrument, and when you get trio singing or quartet singing, then us actually singing well is the cherry on the sundae for this group. It needs to be hammered and polished more, but it'll come in time. We just need to sing together a lot more and learn each other's moves, and not just do it in rehearsal, but live, because that's what counts. We can sing together in rehearsal and it sounds just fine. We sing together live and it just doesn't feel to me to be quite knit like it should be yet.

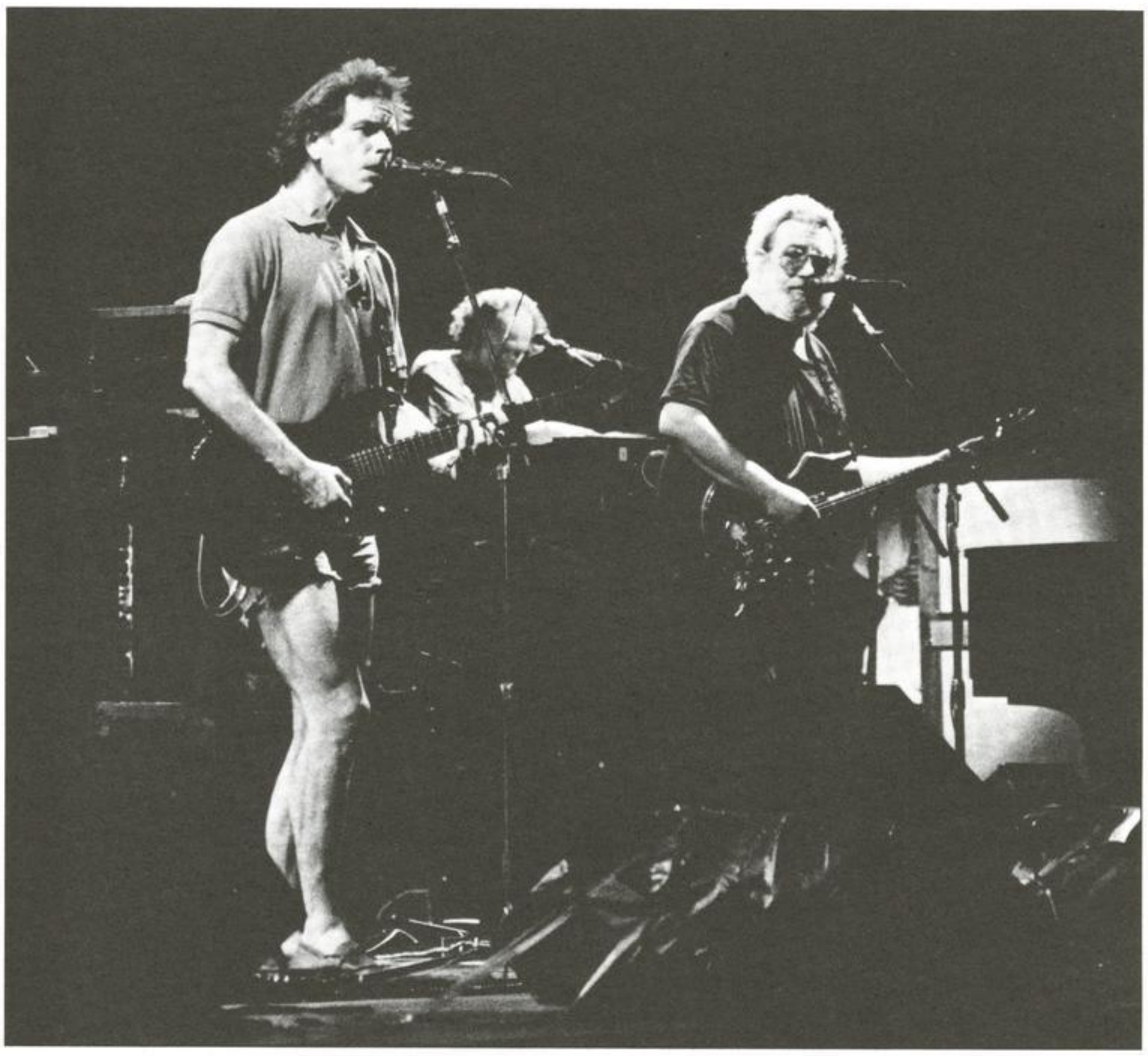
**Do you ever feel that with the two keyboardists it's almost too thick a sound?**

All the time!

**It seems that the piano, in particular, comes into your guitar range — that midrange.**

I spend a lot of time avoiding their registers, and when Bruce is playing ... Well, I've necessarily developed a timbre for my guitar that allows me to play in registers that other people are playing in, and not have it as cluttered as it might be. I'm using a less percussive timbre these days.

**Are you talking about that horn-like quality that seems to cut through everything?**



JOHN LAFORTUNE

Sandstone Amphitheater, 1991

Yeah. [Laughs] It can get pretty loud. I use MIDI and I use synth a fair bit, and I use my horn stops on the synth most of all. I was using a Marshall amplifier. Now I'm using a Saldano, which is more or less a grandaddy Marshall. It has that Marshall sound, only more so. It doesn't seem to conflict with, particularly, the piano as much. The piano, classically, is considered a percussion instrument. And the tones that Garcia uses are, by and large, fairly percussive as well. There's a lot of transient activity in his playing. And I'm trying to get the body of the notes — the sustain of the notes — to have more weight in my particular sound, so that I don't conflict with what Garcia and the keyboardists are doing.

**How was playing New Year's without Bill Graham for you?**

I had a job to do; I was real busy. So I didn't notice what was missing. Though Bill wasn't there; Bill was missing. In years to come, time will heal all our hearts and he won't be missed quite so much. Of course I'll *always* miss him.

**Whose idea was that to do "Not Fade Away" with the folks in Olatunji's band?**

I don't know who came up with that. Maybe someone in BGP [Bill Graham Presents].

**Is New Year's harder for you because it's on radio? How conscious of that are you?**

I'm just barely conscious of it. In years past, especially by the second set, many of us have been half in the bag. [Laughs] Just keeping the show going and the energy going that late gives us plenty to do, so, as I say, I had a job to do.

**How did "The Same Thing" materialize at the 12/28/91 show?**

Oh, it just came up. We were playing something that I knew that I could slip that into.

**At first it sounded like "Death Don't Have No Mercy" in a different key.**

Right. It was a different key and I decided I was going to see if it was the right key to sing "The Same Thing" in, and it was.

**Of course the statisticians were on it immedaitely. It'd been 20 years since you did it with Pigpen — New Year's '71.**

Really? [Laughs] I had no idea. It's a great tune. I guess I had been listening to the Muddy Waters collection. I don't know— It just came up on the spot. I had no notion of doing it or anything like that; it just happened.

**I thought it sounded pretty natural.**

Well, it didn't all show up. I didn't remember the verses as well as I thought I was gonna, and I completely spaced the bridge. There were great omissions that I made in that particular rendition of "The Same Thing." [Laughs] But I think it'll be back around.

**I've heard through the years that you're quite a blues aficionado, so the question naturally comes up, why don't you do more different blues tunes? You've been slogging through the same ones forever.**

Sheer laziness I guess. I am going to pick up a few new blues tunes. I wish Garcia would do that, too. I think Garcia is kind of hesitant to sing blues tunes because he doesn't feel qualified.

**You mean he doesn't feel he has the authority to sing them?**

Something like that. It's some peculiar neurosis he has, I think. That's my only guess; otherwise why doesn't he do some? I sing at least a few blues tunes; he doesn't do *any*.

**You were saying earlier that you think this is a strength that the band has rediscovered?**

Yeah. I've been kind of impressed listening back to tapes, or even at the moment, listening to us hammering out blues and sounding like a pack of steaming negroes. [He chuckles]

**Am I correct in assuming that you feel closest to the Chicago blues style? You've primarily been working the Willie Dixon mine the last few years.**

I'm a huge Willie Dixon fan. Actually, I've written a tune with him which we'll be seeing as soon as I work it up.

**What does writing a tune with Willie Dixon involve?**

It involves a lot of deferring to him. The guy is basically — I don't want to say idiot savant, because he's not an idiot [Laughs] —but I could show you the lyric sheet of this tune that we wrote, and he spells the word "through" three different ways; stuff like that. [Laughs] The song is called "Eternity."

**Hmmm. Tackling the big issues, eh?**

Right. He's an elder statesman and he wants to paint in broad strokes these days.

**Who are some of your other favorite blues people?**

My favorite of all time is Robert Johnson. He's certainly not a Chicago guy, but he and Willie Dixon were the two major influences on Chicago blues, as far as I can see. The rest of the guys were big, major players — Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Otis Spann, Little Walter — but I think Willie and Robert Johnson were the most *influential*.

**What is it about Robert Johnson that all these years after his death there's still such intense interest in him? What do you think separates him from other players of his era?**

Man, nobody else did it like him. He was a poet, as well as an amazing player. He wrote all those songs to this sort of one-man-band presentation. He was such a giant that all these people still do his songs 40 years later, and they sound contemporary. The fact that the guy is still contemporary... I can't imagine what it must have been like when it came out in the late '30s.

**Was it humbling to play on the same bill with people like Muddy Waters in the late '60s?**

## 'I think THE BAND HAS SOMETHING OF A NEW IDENTITY, AND NOW THE CHALLENGE IS WHAT TO DO WITH IT.'

Oh yeah. I felt real privileged any time I got the chance to sit at the feet of the masters, so to speak, and catch what it was they were doing. All I could do is hope that maybe some day I could amount to something like that.

**Why do you think more African Americans aren't into the Dead, since you have fairly substantive blues roots? Of course, not that many blacks are into blues, I suppose.**

Right. You go to a B.B. King show and it's mostly white people; at least the ones I've been to. I guess if you go to see him some places you get some turned-out black folks, but they're mostly older. Sadly, blues is sort of an embarrassment to a lot of black kids these days. It's just marketing. They get sold this bill of goods as kids that if it's not new, current, hip — which translates to rap these days — it's "old people's stuff." I'm not saying that rap music has no soul, or anything like that, but I sure do miss the melody. Even Hammer is good stuff — the music is good — but I miss the melody.

**How much of the way the Grateful Dead developed blues came directly from the lineage of people like Muddy Waters and Robert Johnson, and how much was translated from your exposure to the Stones and Yardbirds version of the blues?**

Way back early we developed a whole lot of our blues chops from listening to the Rolling Stones; those first couple of albums. Then, right on the heels of that, we started digging a little deeper and listening to Muddy Waters, Buddy Guy and Junior Wells — that little quartet they had — and Howlin' Wolf, and we started to develop some of those blues chops as well. Then, as we go through our different eras, and re-establish our various band identities, our interpretation of blues and R&B, jazz or classical influences, takes on a different sheen. These days to me it feels more direct; I don't know why. Maybe it's because we've been listening to and understanding better what those old blues greats were up to.

**It seems that part of what differentiates the Dead's approach to blues from some other bands' is the way you and Garcia play against each other, in a sense both playing lead lines much of the time.**

Right, it's almost a Dixieland style. But if you listen to a lot of those old Chicago Chess recordings, there's a fair amount of that going on in there.

**I don't think of those as having strong second guitarists.**

Sometimes they do. When you get somebody like Muddy Waters playing secondary support lines behind another guitarist you get those nice counter lines. That's a major influence on our little style of playing blues. Then also, something that's just starting to occur now with us is ... an integral part of any kind of blues performance that I've seen is a bit of showmanship; sort of showboating your licks and stuff like that. We don't go overboard doing it, but there is a little of that going on these days. That's falling a little more easily in hand these days. Blues is no longer such a technical thing for us; it's more a feel thing now.

**The same night you broke out "The Same Thing," you also split "Saturday Night," starting it in the first set and finishing at the end of the show. I assume that was pre-discussed?**

It was just a notion I took. You know this — we get together before the show and generally plot out the first two or three songs of each set. So I had this notion, "OK, we're going to parenthesize tonight's show. It's Saturday night; it's our chance to play 'Saturday Night' — we don't get the chance to do it that often — so tonight we're going to make it a little special." Garcia thought it was worth a try. It didn't go all that smoothly, but I think it worked. It was fun.

**I had a chance to hear the second "From the Vault" release recently— the**

**one from the Shrine Auditorium in L.A. in '68 — and I was pretty blown away. I was really struck by the uniqueness of that era of the Dead's music; it really doesn't sound much like anything you did before or after. Why is that? What was the band going through at that time? I think of it as the first days of you folks turning into songwriters.**

Right. We were also practicing *a lot* back then. We would practice seven days a week many hours a day at this old theater on Potrero Hill [in SF]. We spent a lot of time there and put a lot of work into the music, so the music was complex. That's one of the natural outcroppings of what happens when you take six or seven fairly bright young musicians and put them together for many hours a day for months on end. There's going to be a level of complexity you're not going to see from other kinds of groups.

**And of course Mickey was being integrated into the band at that time, so you get this intense polyrhtyhmic attack...**

We were all listening to a lot of North Indian classical music at the time, so we were borrowing from their rhythmic structures a lot; or the drums would follow the lead line and we did a lot of odd time signatures, placing them against each other. It was really heavy mental stuff.

I can't say I'm altogether sad that that era ended because it was really complicated, and that complicated music didn't come off more often than not. Usually it was sort of, "Nice try, guys." [Laughs] It wasn't the kind of stuff that was easy to play and easy to lean into.

**I'm always surprised when I listen to tapes from that era at how similar the performances of some of that material are from night to night. The music has the illusion of being very free, when actually it's fairly precise.**

Oh, it was real precise and real structured. That's part of what made it ultimately kind of limiting. It wasn't as open as it appeared.

**Did you start writing songs out of inspiration or necessity?**

We were writing because that's what one does— that's the way you get music that fills the bill for you. That's still the reason any of us writes anymore. To get the kind of music you want to play, you sometimes have to write it.

## 'Playing with Rob is basically my vacation time, so I like to keep it as different for me as I can.'

**Do you remember how you wrote "New Potato Caboose," which is one of the songs on the new Vault release?**

That was a collaborative effort; I worked on it with Phil and Garcia. The lyric was done by Bobby Peterson — he just handed us a lyric. I needed a song to sing — "Weir, take this lyric. We're going to make a song, and you're going to sing it." We hammered on it for a couple of days and came up with it. We oughta work it up again. In fact, I think we actually are going to work it up again for spring. That's one of the ones on the bill.

It's precise. It's heavily arranged. And in general the precise, heavily arranged stuff has sort of tended to dry up and blow away in our repertoire, but this one I think we'll be able to loosen up somehow and make it a little more playable; leave a little more room in it.

**How would you do that?**

Well, we have more facility as players. That in itself will give us a little more freedom to loosen it up. Back then we could barely play it. Now we can probably play it with relative facility and get around all the corners and still find room for a little freedom for extemporaneous expression.

**That period is generally considered the band's most "psychedelic," yet isn't it true that you personally weren't taking psychedelics then and were instead on a heavy macrobiotic trip?**

That's true. I took psychedelics for about a year, from '65 to '66 and I was starting to get a little psychotic behind them — you know, hearing voices and stuff like that — so I figured it was time to back off. So, in typical hippie fashion, and wanting to do something dramatic, because the thinking went that if it wasn't dramatic nobody would even notice it, I went entirely the other way and became a very strict macrobiotic guy for a while.

**How could you avoid getting dosed?**

I didn't altogether. [Laughs] It became something of a quest for a lot of folks. But I stopped taking the stuff myself.

**Is it true that at one point in mid-'68 you and Pigpen were actually fired from the band?**

Oh yeah, for a few months. We were the junior musicians in the band and Jerry and Phil in particular thought that we were sort of holding things back. The music wasn't able to get as free because it was hog-tied by our playing abilities, which was kind of true. I guess that what they were headed towards was fusion jazz, though that hadn't actually happened yet.

**This is still a year or more before [Miles Davis'] Bitches Brew.**

Right. It wasn't exactly *that* that they were headed for, but it was complicated and required a great deal of facility on the instruments. So they played without us for a couple of months ...

**This is the Mickey & the Hartbeats stuff at the Matrix?**

Yeah. I don't remember exactly how we were eventually invited back into the band.

**What did you do during that period you weren't in the band?**

Not a whole lot. I worked on playing, because that's still what I envisioned doing with my life. It wasn't the best time of my life. I kept working on guitar and singing.

**Did you ever look at joining another band?**

I was thinking about that, but I figured first things first— I oughta woodshed a bunch. I spent the time doing that and more or less not thinking about what I was going to do next until I had woodshedded enough that I felt I had something fairly powerful to bring to whatever I was going to move into next. I never did get to that plateau. I found myself back in the band; like I said, I don't remember how.

After a while of playing without us, I guess they decided maybe it wasn't as full without us; I don't know — you'd get a better reading of that from Garcia or Phil or Billy.

**What eventually turned the music around from that highly arranged, complex music to the simpler sort of material that pops up in mid-'69?**

When they incorporated Pigpen and me back into the band, I think maybe they'd had enough of the insane complication. Or maybe they just felt their way into a more straightforward approach to the music with the two of us back.

**Were you on shaky ground in the band after you came back?**

I don't remember. [Pauses] Let's see... what was it like? I was into living it day to day at that point anyway, so it didn't much matter to me— hired or fired. Being back in the band I more or less had nothing to lose. They could fire me again, but I'd seen that elephant, and it wasn't unthinkable for me.

**When you play a tune now like "Dark Star," which you played quite a bit in '91, does it feel like revisiting that time at all, or is it just another musical space?**

There is a continuum that I feel when we're playing it that I've felt all along. There's a sort of deep, dark-planets-and-spirits-moving-through-space feel to it that I've always felt about that song.

**It's amazing how simple it is — just a couple of chords really.**

Two or three chords. Basically we state the theme and then the wheels come off.

**Was there a conscious decision to play it more last year?**

We just worked up the head, more or less. I think we listened to it once in rehearsal and then went and played it. We weren't real fastidious about learning exactly how we played it way back when. It was more like, "Close enough is close enough."

**Actually "Dark Star" sounds like it was one of the heavily rehearsed songs in the late '60s — there were certain places most of the '69 "Dark Star"s inevitably went.**

That's true. You know, in '69 we stayed in basically a 7/9 blues mode in "Dark Star" all the way through it. We would push it to maybe a couple of new tonalities, but these days that 7/9 blues mode sometimes only lasts for about 16 bars and then we go elsewhere. Like I said, the wheels come off. The antennae go up. It's a fun tune to play. Obviously it's totally different every time we do it, which is part of what keeps it interesting. Each version, particularly the way we've been playing it, has its own character.

**There were a lot of good versions of "Saint of Circumstance" last year.**

That's another one that's a lot of fun to play. That's our R&B mode. I wrote it as a sort of straight-ahead R&B tune, not so much in a style—not like a Motown tune or a Stax tune, exactly—but it's got sort of a Motown beat to it and I borrowed from the Stax genre and Motown genre to do it.

**There are a few unusual chords in there that you won't find in Motown songs.**

Actually, you find ususual chords in a lot of the Motown stuff, too. But you're right, there are a couple of real Chinese chords in "Saint of Circumstance" that I didn't borrow from anywhere; I just sort of threw them in because they came up.

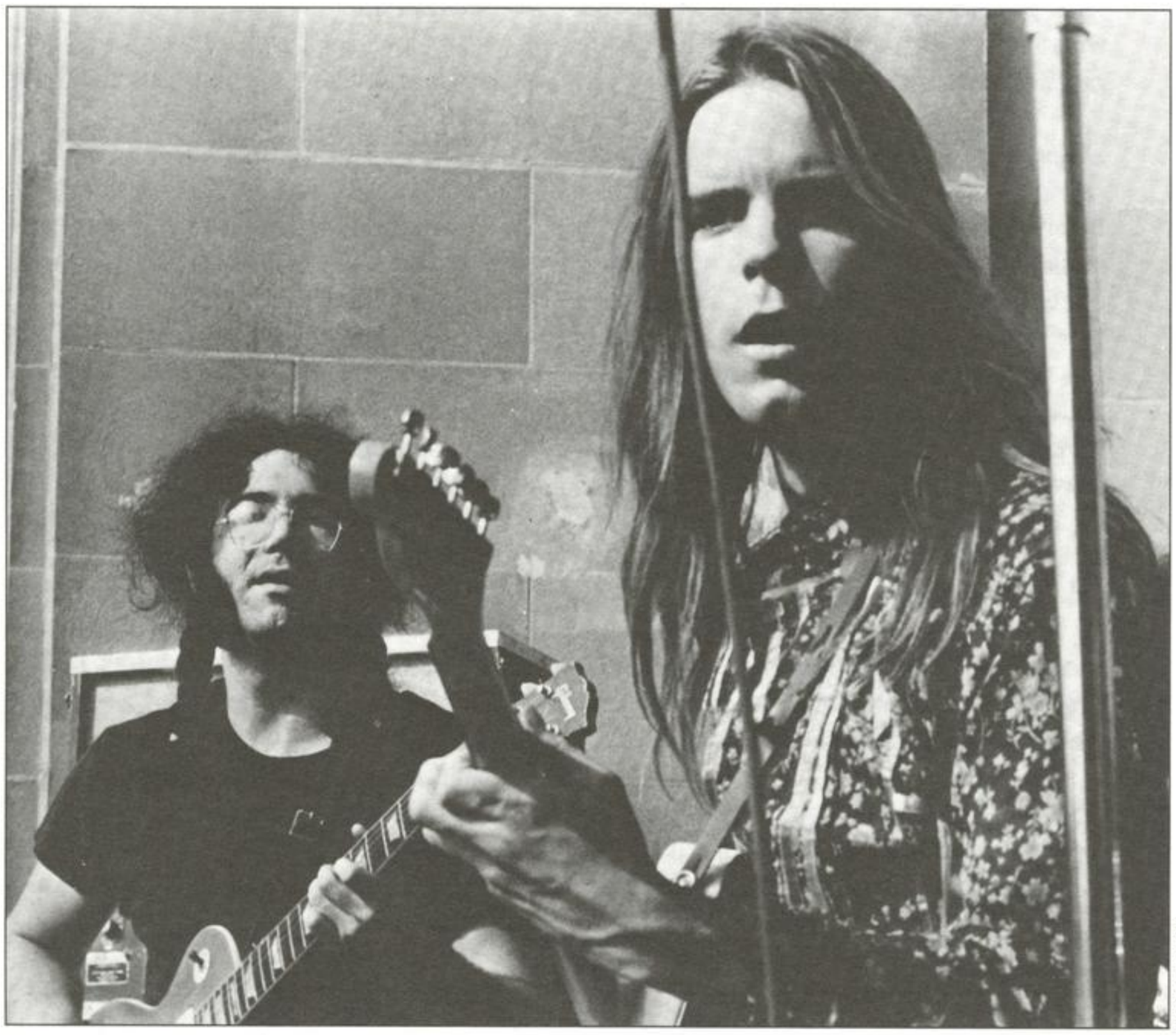
**Is "Lost Sailor" gone for good?**

I don't think so. That one just needs a lot of practice. Getting the rhythm section to understand the feel is the big thing. During a ballad you can count on Mickey to play twice as much as is appropriate, as often as not. And with that particular tune, if that happens it'll kill it. It'll have none of the feeling it's supposed to have and it won't juxtapose against "Saint of Circumstance" the right way.

**It's such a great lead-in for "Saint," though, because otherwise you have to sort of invent a space for "Saint of Circumstance" to come from.**

Right. Well, they are meant to go together, and that's a tune that is on the bill for this coming year. When we get back into rehearsal I do want to work that one back up. I also have to do a lot of work on my delivery on that tune, too.

**When we last spoke in '89, you said you wanted to have Barlow rewrite "Black-Throated Wind." He did that, you sang it**



A free concert in New York, May 1968

KEN GREENBERG

**a few times, and then went back to what is basically the old version. What happened?**

It just didn't work for me. I wasn't comfortable with it. It wasn't the tune. There are a few lines that are somewhat different now, but rather than give it an entire facelift, I opted for just a little minor cosmetic surgery.
Now on that one the basic carpet for that song is straight-ahead R&B, Stax/Volt or maybe even Muscle Shoals R&B. Those old Muscle Shoals records were great; I remember them, even if a lot of people don't today. They had an amazing rhythm section.

**Has playing so many acoustic shows with Rob Wasserman affected your electric playing in any way?**

They're two different instruments and sometimes the transition between the two has been a little weird. The first set going back and forth either way has been a little chewy for me. But in general, being relatively naked like I am playing with Rob has affected my delivery. It's made me a little ballsier. Regardless of whether or not I feel real certain about what I'm going to play, I have to play it as authoritatively as I possibly can. It makes me step out a little bit more, and that I think helps me in my role in the Dead as well.

**When you play with Rob, do you feel the need to fill in the sound a little more because it's just the two of you?**

I have to play fuller in general. Of course he's like a whole band all by himself. [Laughs] Or if I play something that's not real full for whatever reason, then I really have to make it count. All that stuff is real valuable for me, and when I come back to the Grateful Dead, I don't have to be as full — it's plenty full enough at all times no matter what — and I have a lot more freedom to do other stuff.

**Can you talk a little about the difference between Phil and Rob as bassists?**

Well, they have such different approaches and such different instruments it's hard to really compare them. Rob plays fretless bass and Phil's is fretted. Rob plays a lot of double and triple stops and flails a bit. Phil hardly ever does any of that. Their approaches are so radically different it's not really the same instrument. That's kind of neat for me, too, because it further makes playing in those two bands different experiences for me.

**'Nothing FRIGHTENS ME LIKE A BLANK PAGE. I HATE TO WRITE— IT'S WORK. I HATE TO WORK.'**

**How do you like playing small theaters again?**

It's fun. It's nice and intimate: you can fill the room up with sound at the same time you can actually make out facial features in the back rows. [Laughs]
We're trying to develop this as an entirely separate experience from the Grateful Dead for our listeners. We're trying not to lean on the Grateful Dead material for the strength of our show. And by and large, the stuff that I do in both bands are songs that I wrote with other bands that somehow got incorporated in the Grateful Dead. For instance, "Victim or the Crime" was worked up by the Midnites first. I worked it up with the Dead because I couldn't bear to not be doing the song and I didn't have any bands going at the time.

**I'm surprised you've never played "Easy to Slip" with the Dead. It seems like a natural.**

Right. Garcia actually even suggested we do it, but I'd like to keep those [bands] as separate as possible. You know, playing with Rob is basically my vacation time, so I like to keep it as different for me as I can, so it's not so much like doing the same stuff I've been playing when I was working with the Dead.

**When you play songs like "Victim" or "Throwing Stones" with Rob, do you learn things about the songs that you then try to incorporate on the Dead versions of the songs?**

Absolutely. There will be little instrumental parts that I'll play with Rob that I really like and I try to remember. There's stuff I can put across better in that setting. Like with "Throwing Stones," the way Rob and I play it, there are a lot of pauses for dramatic effect that just sort of happen. There are only two of us and we tend to play real tight, and it's hard to get that to happen in a larger ensemble, but if we could get that to happen in the Grateful Dead — and I'm working on it —it'd be great.

**And the way you can train the Dead to do that would be to change your delivery?**

Right. They just have to watch me. If we could bring the kind of looseness Rob and I have to some of our tunes it'd be nice.

**Did I hear you change some of the lyrics to "Throwing Stones" the other night [12/28/91]? The line about "money green and proletarian gray" was different.**

Yeah. We've got to keep in tune with the times. [Laughs] The new lines are: "Anymore the pinstripe bosses *own* the dice / Any way they roll, guess who gets to pay the price / Singin' money green it's the *only* way / Sell them guns, rape the Earth today." It's bitter. It's a bitter song. God, I wish the tune would become obsolete, but no, it doesn't. It just keeps being relevant. Polish up a couple of lines here and there and ten years later it's just as relevant, unfortunately.

**I've heard that you and Rob are planning to record an album with [producer] Don Was.**

We're working on that project. We have *a lot* of writing to do. We're going to get together with various writers. That's something Don's going to help us do. Some of them are people he knows. I think we're maybe going to work with Warren Zevon. We've worked with Willie Dixon a little bit and we'll try to get together with him again. There are a lot of people we've discussed that I can't bring to mind right now. Then, once we get a bunch of new material we'll go into the studio. That should be a lot of fun.

**I would think a lot of people would enjoy a 70-minute CD of material you already do— sort of documenting what you do live.**

Yeah, but that's not what we want to do. For Rob and me it's crucial right now that we take what we've learned performing the material that we have, and take the whole body of material some place really

new for us.

**Jerry had that nice quote in Rolling Stone where he said he'd rather feed the cat than have to write a new song.**

Oh yeah! [Laughs] *Nothing* frightens me like a blank page. I hate to write — it's work. I hate to work. [Laughs]

**So you do it out of obligation?**

Out of obligation to myself usually. I have to do it. It's not just because I have to feed the bulldog, so to speak. But I *have* to do it; there's stuff I *have* to get out. I just hate to do it because it's so fuckin' much work.

**Mental work.**

Well, it's mental and spiritual. It's tough. I have to use all of me to do it. Then, when it's done I have to be able to listen to it. I have a lot of tunes in the fire right now. A lot of them are pretty much written but I haven't quite learned them yet because we've been working so much. Probably in February I'll start working up some of the tunes I've written.

**Do you think the much-discussed Grateful Dead hiatus would be good for the band?**

Oh yes, absolutely. I think you'll see it happen at the end of this year. If we do play New Year's, I'm lobbying to do it some place like Australia, make it more of a vacation.

**Who is Susan James and why are you producing her?**

All I've done is produce a demo for her. She's a singer-songwriter from Palo Alto. She opened up for Rob and me in Southern California and the combination worked real well, I thought. So then we took her on a tour and that was good, too. She's sort of a '90s Joni Mitchell-ish singer. She's got a lot of range with her vocals and she has a fairly well-developed sense of melodic and harmonic development.

**Has the song you were going to work up with Rob and Dylan for Rob's Trios album come about yet?**

Not yet. We're working on it. We're trying to get Dylan to work with us. I sent him a tape of this tune that I proposed, and he liked it and wanted to get to work on it, but he's been on the road a lot; in fact all the time. And when he's not on the road he's hard to find. So getting around to it is going to be problematic for Rob and me. But here's hoping!

**Can you see working up some new Dylan tunes with the Dead?**

Yeah, definitely. I'm going to try to get out of that era [mid-'60s] with any new Dylan tunes I do. There are other tunes from other eras that are equally great.

**What do you think of Infrared Roses?**

I love it. Bralove took that stuff and hammered it into a piece of his own in a real interesting way. That's what a producer does with a group oftentimes. I'm real tickled with that one.

**Do you listen to tapes much?**

Not a whole lot. I can pretty much remember what went on — I *think*. It's interesting to me every now and again to listen to what we're up to.

**Do you ever listen to old tapes?**

Occasionally.

**Jerry says he's usually embarrassed when he listens to old tapes.**

I'm often surprised, often embarrassed. I'm surprised by how good we could be from moment to moment, and how bad we were most of the time. [Laughs] It's ebbed and flowed, like with any band. We have periods of stagnation. We have periods of progress. I like to think we're stepping into a period of progress now. I think the band is starting to knit together in a new way, and the more we do it, the better we're going to get at this new way; this new era. I think we'll be real strong in the next couple of years.

**Do you feel, as many did, that the band was hitting a peak right when Brent died?**

Yeah. I thought we were getting real strong in the late '80s. Then Brent checked out and we had to regroup.

**What do you miss most about Brent?**

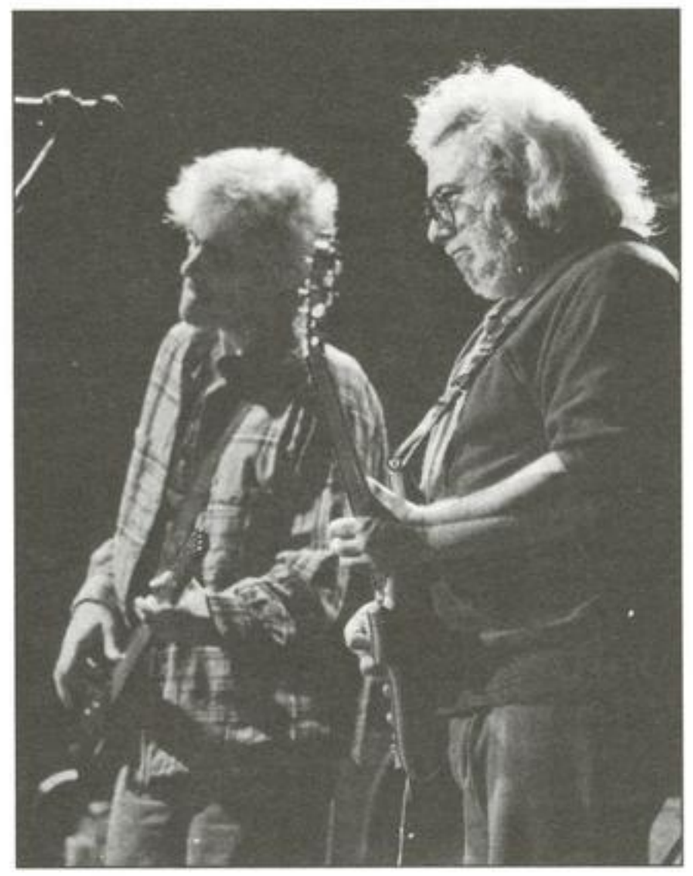
I miss his vocals. We had a good blend going. Of course after ten years his playing was real integrated with us. Vince is just now starting to become integrated and then, within that integration, he'll find more and more freedom for his own expression. It's going to be a while before he's as strong a component as Brent was, but he's getting there and that's exciting to see.

Weir and Wasserman



JAY BLAKESBERG

# Let's Hear It For The JGB!



Photographs by Jay Blakesberg

**I'VE BEEN AN UNABASHED FAN** of Garcia's solo bands since an amazing two-week period in July of '73 when I was lucky enough to catch two shows each by the Saunders-Garcia band and Old & in the Way while I was vacationing in the Bay Area. Considering the last Grateful Dead show I'd seen before that was a nightmarish affair at Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City, being able to see Garcia in action in a small club was nearly unbelievable. Tickets were easy to come by, and as I'd learn after I moved to the Bay Area for good that fall, Garcia shows invariably had a much more relaxed vibe than even local Dead shows.

Garcia has been through a million bands since '73, and I think I've seen a show by just about every one of them. That first Saunders-Garcia band will always occupy a special place in my heart, but I also really dug the line-up with Bill Kreutzmann on drums; the first Jerry Garcia Band back in '75 with the incredible Nicky Hopkins on piano and Ron Tutt, Elvis' old skinsman, on drums; and the Garcia Band with Keith and Donna — in fact I liked them more in the JGB than in the Dead. A few of Garcia's band's left me cold, too: I was not a big fan of the Legion of Mary (Martin Fierro's reeds work and stage personality being the drawbacks there) and I never cared for Reconstruction, either. I will say this, though: month to month you never knew exactly who might turn up onstage with Garcia at a club gig. At least you could count on ol' John Kahn being there, standing in a cloud of his own smoke, usually looking a little dazed, but still *into it*.

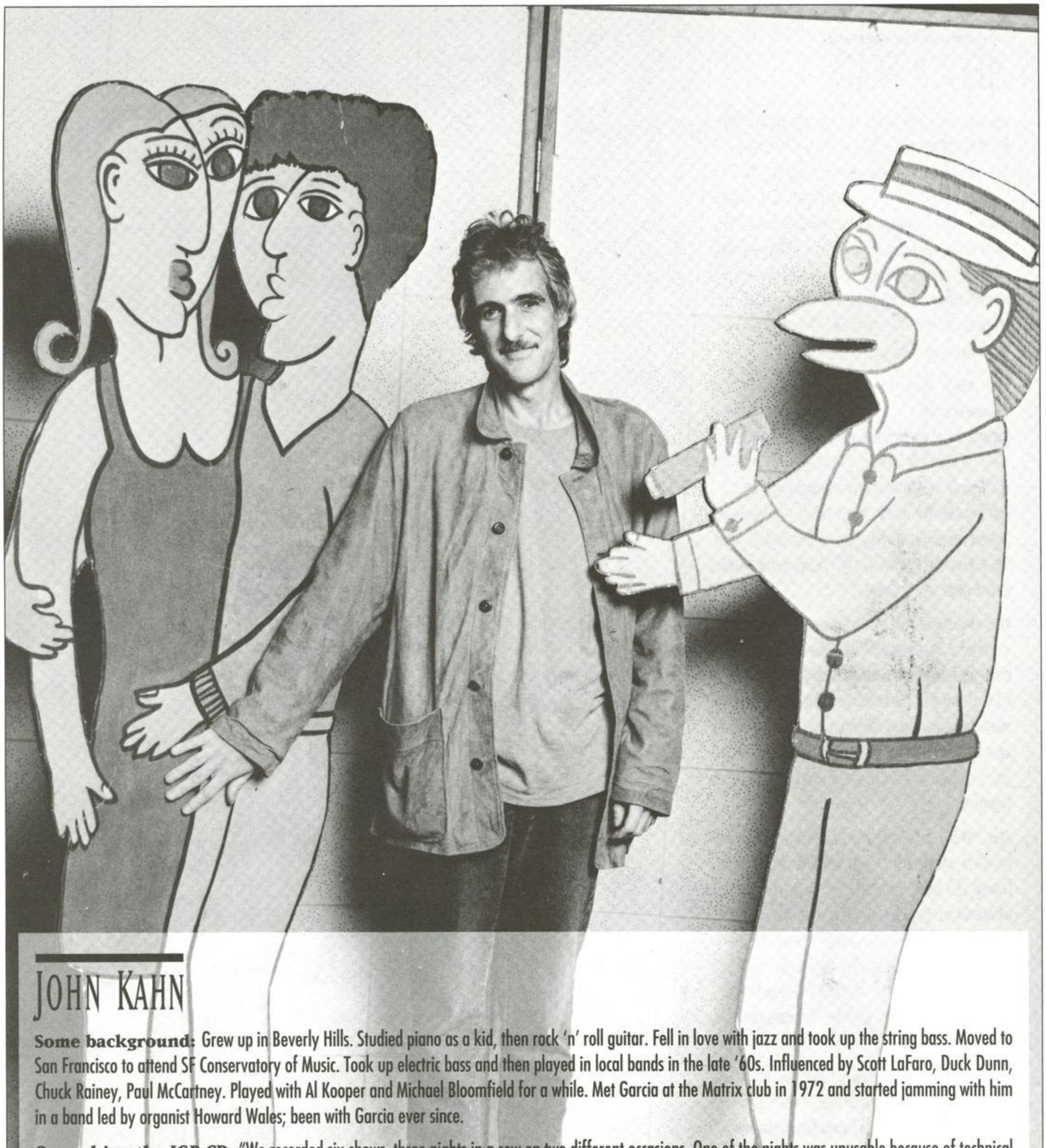
For the past ten years, the Jerry Garcia Band has been relatively stable, based around a core of Garcia, Kahn and keyboardist Melvin Seals. Along the way there have been a few different drummers and a handful of female back-up singers, but the group's basic sound has been developing along a steady line since 1981. This isn't to say that it's always been fantastic. I remember some excruciating nights in '83-84, at the height of Garcia's drug problems, when the band would play a 40-minute set of mainly leaden songs, take an hour and 15 minute break, and then play another 40 to 45 minutes. But ever since Garcia's fall '86 comeback from his coma, the JGB has been rolling in an upward spiral, getting better every year. Having the same bandmembers for that entire period has certainly helped: Today's lineup of Garcia, Kahn, Seals, singers Gloria Jones and Jackie LaBranch and drummer David Kemper has had a chance to really develop its own personality. There is something so warm and friendly about the band's current sound — invariably during the first song of the evening, they musically blow a smile onto my face and then it stays there the whole night.

This is a good-time, good vibes group.

The band's formula has not changed a great deal since the Saunders-Garcia days — a wide variety of old R&B, rock, Dylan and a few Hunter-Garcia originals act as springboards for extended workouts for Jerry's guitar playing. And in the last few years the Garcia Band has dipped heavily into a gospel bag to great effect and also tackled tunes by such great songwriters as Van Morrison and Bruce Cockburn, not to mention Hoagy Carmichael. This band doesn't have the reckless edge that the groups with Saunders had, but the current JGB's tightness has allowed them to develop a consistent level of intensity that can be awesome on a good night — and most of their nights are good ones these days.

There will always be Deadheads who, for whatever reason, don't like the JGB. Some people never get beyond the fact that the dynamics of the band's interaction are so different from the Dead's. Others simply can't stand all those slow songs (and let's face it, no other rock band plays as many ballads and or plays them so slowly). Personally, though, I've never heard a version of "Lucky Old Sun" I didn't enjoy, and in general, the ballads feature some of Garcia's prettiest playing. Different strokes for different folks. Besides, the fact that many Deadheads stay away is part of the reason seeing the JGB has been a reasonable proposition until fairly recently. Inside and out, the atmosphere is still *much* more mellow than almost any Dead show. Hopefully, that will continue to be the case even during this period of growth for the group. (Alas, the small-hall tours of the East are apparently now a thing of the past.)

Last year was such a big year for the JGB — with the live CD and successful tour — we thought it would be fun to spotlight Garcia's bandmates a bit, give them their due. (Our last JGB stories were well before Jerry's comeback.) So we chatted briefly with each of them and then ace photographer Jay Blakesberg shot these offstage portraits. And now… meet the JGB!



# JOHN KAHN

**Some background:** Grew up in Beverly Hills. Studied piano as a kid, then rock 'n' roll guitar. Fell in love with jazz and took up the string bass. Moved to San Francisco to attend SF Conservatory of Music. Took up electric bass and then played in local bands in the late '60s. Influenced by Scott LaFaro, Duck Dunn, Chuck Rainey, Paul McCartney. Played with Al Kooper and Michael Bloomfield for a while. Met Garcia at the Matrix club in 1972 and started jamming with him in a band led by organist Howard Wales; been with Garcia ever since.

**On making the JGB CD:** "We recorded six shows, three nights in a row on two different occasions. One of the nights was unusable because of technical problems. That left five days. We made a list of all the songs we had and how many versions there were, and then we tried not to have songs we've had out before, especially the live records with Merl. After that we tried to have as much variety as we could."

**On vocal overdubs:** "There are only a couple on there; fixing a few little mistakes. The only song where Jerry actually sang it all the way through again was 'Señor.'"

**On his cover painting:** "That's sort of my version of what we see. It's supposed be sort of like The Warfield, but not realistically. I see those doorways in the back and the first two or three rows and then everything else is sort of a blur of heads. I tried to get that stuff that's always on the floor in front of Jerry — a couple of roses, letters that no one ever picks up or opens. It took me two or three months to finish it, but then I work kind of slowly."

**Current favorite JGB tunes:** "I usually like whatever's kind of new: I love 'Shining Star,' because I come out of blues and rhythm & blues"; "Bright Side of the Road"; "What a Wonderful World"; "Lazybones."

# Melvin Seals

**Some background:** Bay Area native who's been involved with gospel music his entire life. Also worked in some rock bands, including the Elvin Bishop Group. Played in Jon Hendricks' musical stage show, *Evolution of the Blues*. Introduced to John Kahn by Maria Muldaur in 1979 and joined JGB shortly after that. Currently has his own gospel record company and produces other artists. Off-stage passion is fishing in San Francisco Bay and the Sacramento River.

**On the band after Garcia's '86 comeback:** "I think there's a more spiritual focus to what we're doing now. Any time you come close to death it makes you think about things differently and it does something to you inside. I can't speak for Jerry, but I think the band has gotten deeper in feeling each other and expressing it through the music. We're all more serious about what we're doing."

**On the fall '91 East Coast tour:** "It was wonderful. That was definitely the biggest tour I've been part of; playing all those big places. There's a lot of room in the arrangements and we let the music breathe. Jerry fills up a lot and I think I fill up a lot. Playing that many shows in a row we got much tighter and it drew everybody much closer together.

**On "Don't Let Go":** "I still don't feel comfortable playing it. I just fake it every night. [Laughs] I have no idea what to do so I just do whatever comes into my mind. And that's not the way I like to play. On that song I'm totally in space with it. I look at the song list before the show and I say, "Oh no, not that one again!" I know the fans love it, but I'm personally very insecure about it. I haven't nailed my part on it yet."

**Favorite songs to play with JGB:** "Ain't No Bread in the Breadbox," "It Stoned Me," "Señor," "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down."





# David Kemper

**Some background:** Born in Chicago but moved around a lot — Washington State, Utah, South Dakota. Played guitar first, then drums; trained formally in school bands and orchestras. Also worked in Top 40 bands. Moved to Hollywood in '67 to pursue job as session player. Worked as drummer on demos at first; on records since 1968. Credits include albums by John Stewart, Focus, Linda Ronstadt, T-Bone Burnett, Joan Armatrading, Jerry Lee Lewis, Chris Isaak, Green on Red and many others. Recruited for JGB by John Kahn in 1983: "I didn't know anything about the Garcia Band, though I'd seen the Dead a couple of times in the late '60s at a place in Torrance [near L.A.] called the Bank." Still lives in L.A. and does sessions.

**General comments on the JGB:** "This band is a real challenge. The music appears like it's easy to play but I find it to be very difficult. The tunes are always open to interpretation and it's like they've never been defined completely, so how they get played on a given night depends on a lot of different variables. Also, in a four-piece band when Jerry's soloing, the challenge is to keep it moving while letting the textures change to give different backdrops for the solos."

**On playing ballads:** "In the beginning I couldn't play that slow. I remember a rehearsal early on where Jerry said, 'No, we're going to play this one *really* slow,' and he meant it. [Laughs] Now it's like a trademark of the band. Sometimes they get kind of plodding, but when we pull it off they can be very effective."

**Favorite songs to play:** "Don't Let Go" ("I love to hear Jerry play 'out,' because he's a master of it"), "Deal," "actually I like almost all of them."

**On the future:** "I wish [the JGB] was a full-time deal for me, but then I've wished that the last nine years. I really love it. But I know it never will be full-time and I accepted it long ago. If you don't accept it, the frustration is going to kill you."



## JACKIE LABRANCH

**Some background:** Family came from Mississippi to the Bay Area, where Jackie grew up. Happened to live in Haight-Ashbury during the '60s: "I might have even seen the Grateful Dead without knowing it. I was always going down and seeing bands in the Panhandle [a part of Golden Gate Park adjoining the Haight] all the time." Brought into the band to sing alto by Melvin in 1982. Melvin was familar with her singing in church, where she also plays piano.

**On the East Coast tour:** "I liked the way we did this tour, staying in New York and then flying to the shows every day. It's better than going from city to city, checking in and out of hotels and packing and repacking. You stay fresher. And in your off days you're in New York instead of some obscure place. I like shopping, and New York is a great place to shop. And playing Madison Square Garden was awesome!"

**On her other job:** "I've been working in accounting at a company in Hayward called Nellcor, which is a medical company that makes post-oximeters, which are machines that are used by anesthesiologists in the operating room to measure the oxygen levels in your blood. Working in the band is a pretty good living, but it doesn't take that much of my time and I like to stay busy. Plus I get medical coverage through my job."

**On singing solo:** "I think it will happen. But I happen to be a very shy person so I'm not pushing for it."

**Favorite JGB songs to sing:** "Dear Prudence," "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," "Ain't No Bread in the Breadbox," "Lucky Old Sun"

# GLORIA JONES

**Some background:** Born in Texas but raised in the Bay Area. Grew up singing in church choirs but was also in locally popular late '60s gospel group, the LCLs. Also sang in R&B bands and had solo career before Melvin asked her to join the JGB in the fall of '83. Worked as a beautician/ hair stylist until a few years ago. A soprano, she also has an *a capella* gospel group called Reunion, and sings in another called Friends.

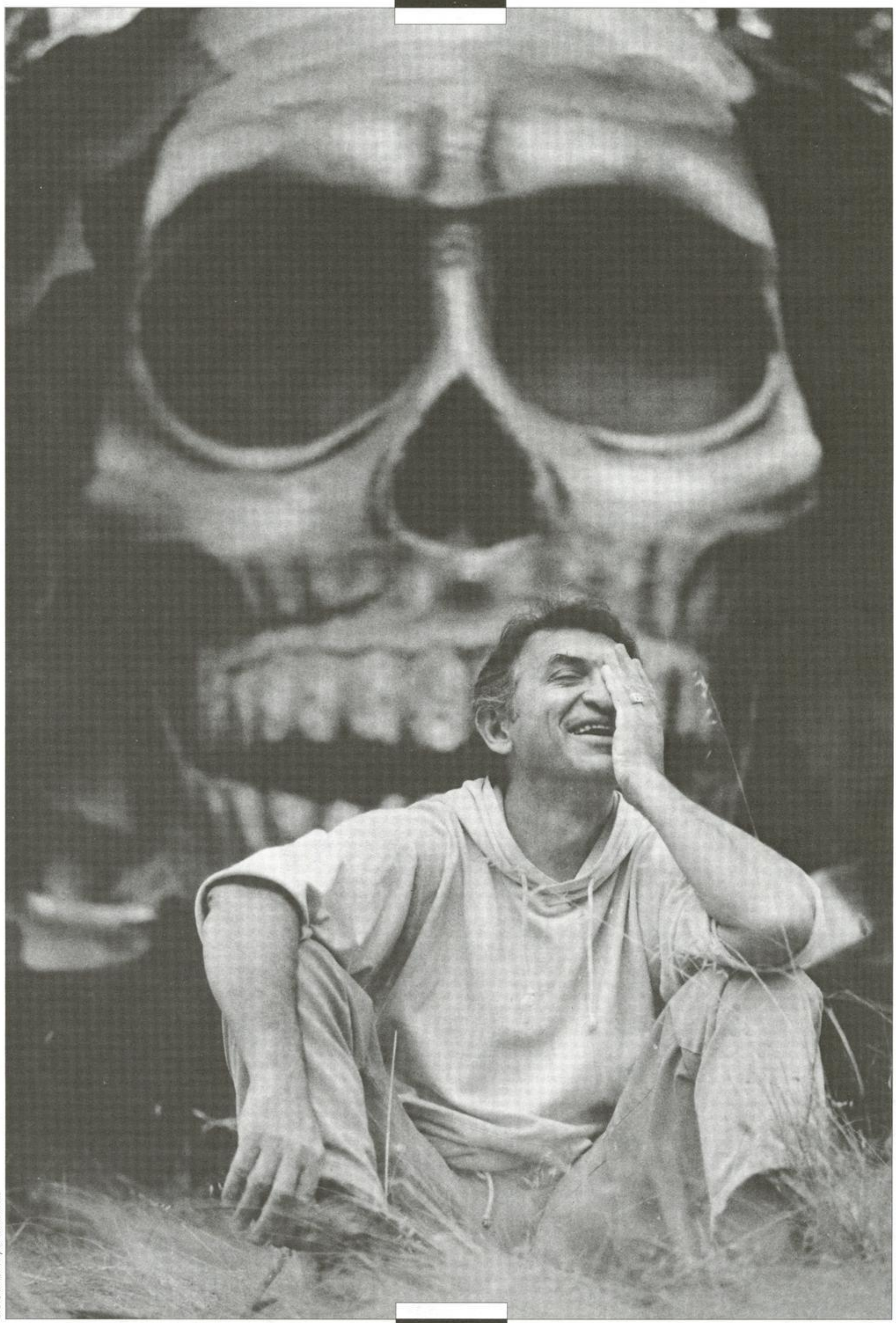
**On the band's increased emphasis on gospel:** "We've always had a little taste of it, but [Jerry] put more in after he was sick — maybe it hits a little closer to home for him now. He likes the tone of gospel music and tries to bring it in whenever he can, and of course the band is real comfortable with it."

**On her life outside the JGB:** "For the last five years I've been taking care of my mother, who has Alzheimer's. That's my everyday job. I'm at the point where I do everything for her. It's a rough job and it makes me a little isolated, so the band and my music is my life. I'm also a proud grandmother."

**On singing solo with the JGB:** "Jerry has said he wants me and Jackie a little more out there in front. But this is Jerry's band, and I'm a background singer, so I'll just feel my way and see what's happening. When the opportunity presents itself we'll be out front. You know — give the girls some. We call ourselves the Jerryettes." [Laughs]

**Favorite JGB songs to sing:** "My favorite is always 'Lucky Old Sun'"; "Think," "Waiting for a Miracle"

**On her commitment to the band:** "I just love it. This is my other life. I've been doing it for eight years and I'll do it as long as I can. They'll have to fire me. And then they'll have to walk away with me hangin' on their leg!" [Laughs]



STEVE RINGMAN/SF CHRONICLE

REMEMBERING

# Bill Graham

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## *He Was a Friend of Ours*

MONTHS AFTER BILL GRAHAM'S DEATH IN A HELICOPTER CRASH OCTOBER 25, IT STILL SEEMS COMPLETELY UNREAL TO ME. He was definitely the kind of guy I always expected would be around forever. That it didn't turn out that way is another cruel slap in the face, more proof that we're *not* in control. It amazes me I ever think otherwise, but I do.

I don't know what you thought of Bill Graham, but you should know that he loved you. OK, maybe you once did something that really pissed him off and he screamed at you louder than anyone's ever screamed at you. But the bottom line is that from Day One he loved the Grateful Dead and Deadheads, and he spent a lot of his time over the past quarter century working to create magical environments for us at Dead shows. Bill and two of his chief lieutenants, Bob and Peter Barsotti, were responsible for steering the trip into so many interesting venues following the demise of Winterland in 1978: The Warfield, the Greek, Frost, Oakland Auditorium (later called Kaiser Convention Center), Laguna Seca, Ventura, Telluride, Cal Expo ... the list goes on. And though New Year's became as much *his* night as the band's through the years, with each midnight entrance more exotic than the last, he and his staff taught us that Chinese New Year or Mardi Gras or the Summer Solstice or just three days in a some beautiful spot could be an occasion to kick out the jams in a big way, too.

I can't say that I really knew Bill Graham well, though I did have the privilege of interviewing him on a couple of occasions. I say "privilege" because he was an interviewer's dream: articulate, passionate, funny; a master storyteller. He didn't pull his punches and, as far as I can tell, he always told the truth, even if it wasn't what people wanted to hear. Back in the fall of '85, when we'd only been putting out *The Golden Road* for about a year and a half, he graciously consented to do his first-ever interview solely about the Dead. We expected maybe an hour of his time on some hectic afternoon. Instead, he spent three hours one quiet morning with Regan and me at his Marin hilltop estate, called Masada. Two days later we got a call from his secretary at the time, Jan Simmons (who now works for the Dead): Bill wanted to talk about the Dead some more. So we went down to his office late one afternoon and he talked for another hour, extolling the Dead for their generous spirit through the years. Of course most of those benefits the Dead played were put on by Bill Graham Presents.

I have so many mind-movies of Graham swirling in my brain from 20 years of going to his shows. But for some reason, the one that keeps jumping up on the screen right now is a silly one. Last New Year's, Bill made one of his most bizarre midnight entrances ever: he descended from the rafters above the stage dressed as a witch doctor—complete with wig, war paint and loincloth—and danced maniacally behind a giant cauldron surrounded by shrunken heads. When the countdown to midnight was complete, the house lights went on, the balloons dropped, the crowd went insane, and Bill stepped off his platform onto the stage, turned toward the band and then proceeded to walk over to Bob Weir and plant a big kiss on his cheek! Bobby cracked up, the band jumped into "Not Fade Away" and Bill went to the side of the stage, where he danced for the next few minutes, practically naked. The guy defined *chutzpah*.

Bill Graham lived an amazing and full 60 years, and some day a book will do his saga justice. For now, in our sorrow, we can offer just a few scattershot images of that life as it intersected with the Dead's world. Enjoy!

—*BJ*

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### *That Competitive Edge*

*I wrote the following for the program of a special tribute to Bill that took place at the Marin Veterans' Auditorium September 29, 1984. The story is based on observations at the Dead's 1981 New Year's run at the Oakland Auditorium.*

*BLONNNGG!!!*

The crowd roars as the ball bounces loudly on the polished wood floor of the Oakland Auditorium arena, well out of the reach of Bill Graham. "Point to the Oregon team," the announcer intones, and 7,000 people cheer wildly again. Bill isn't pleased, and shows it by scowling and pointing menacingly at the skinny kid from Oregon who has just spiked a mean one right past him. The spectators boo Bill soundly as if to say, "Take that, Bill Graham—it's your concert and your volleyball game, but the skinny kid from Oregon is going to kick your ass all over the court and *we love it!*"

And why not root for the kid and his cohorts from the Northwest? The stakes are high this December 30. It's the fourth night of the Grateful Dead's traditional Graham-produced year-end concert stand, and for the third consecutive night, a portion of the Auditorium's main floor is being used for a round-robin volleyball tournament that has pitted hastily fielded teams from Deadhead havens like Oregon, New Jersey, San Francisco and New York against each other. The eventual winner of the preliminary rounds plays the crack muscled squad fielded by Graham's organization (BGP) for a shot at tickets for the Dead's big New Year's Eve show, which has been sold out for weeks. The Oregon team is a rag-tag crew, but they're spunky and more than willing to dive recklessly, risking life and limb, in pursuit of the golden ducats for tomorrow's gig. Hell, they've made it to the final game, so there's no talk of giving up now, even though Bill's team is perilously close to victory in the Big One.

It's Bill's turn to serve, and as he stands by the end of the court, gesturing at the sea of hippies seated close to the service line to give him more room, the sold-out throng once more erupts into a deafening, almost theatrical chorus of boos. This is the man they love to hate, or perhaps more accurately, the man they hate to love. But most of the audience shares a secret, deep affection for Graham, and their boos are soulful, even *loving* boos. As well they should be.

Bill has often described himself as a supremely

***He didn't pull his punches and, as far as I can tell, he always told the truth, even if it wasn't what people wanted to hear.***

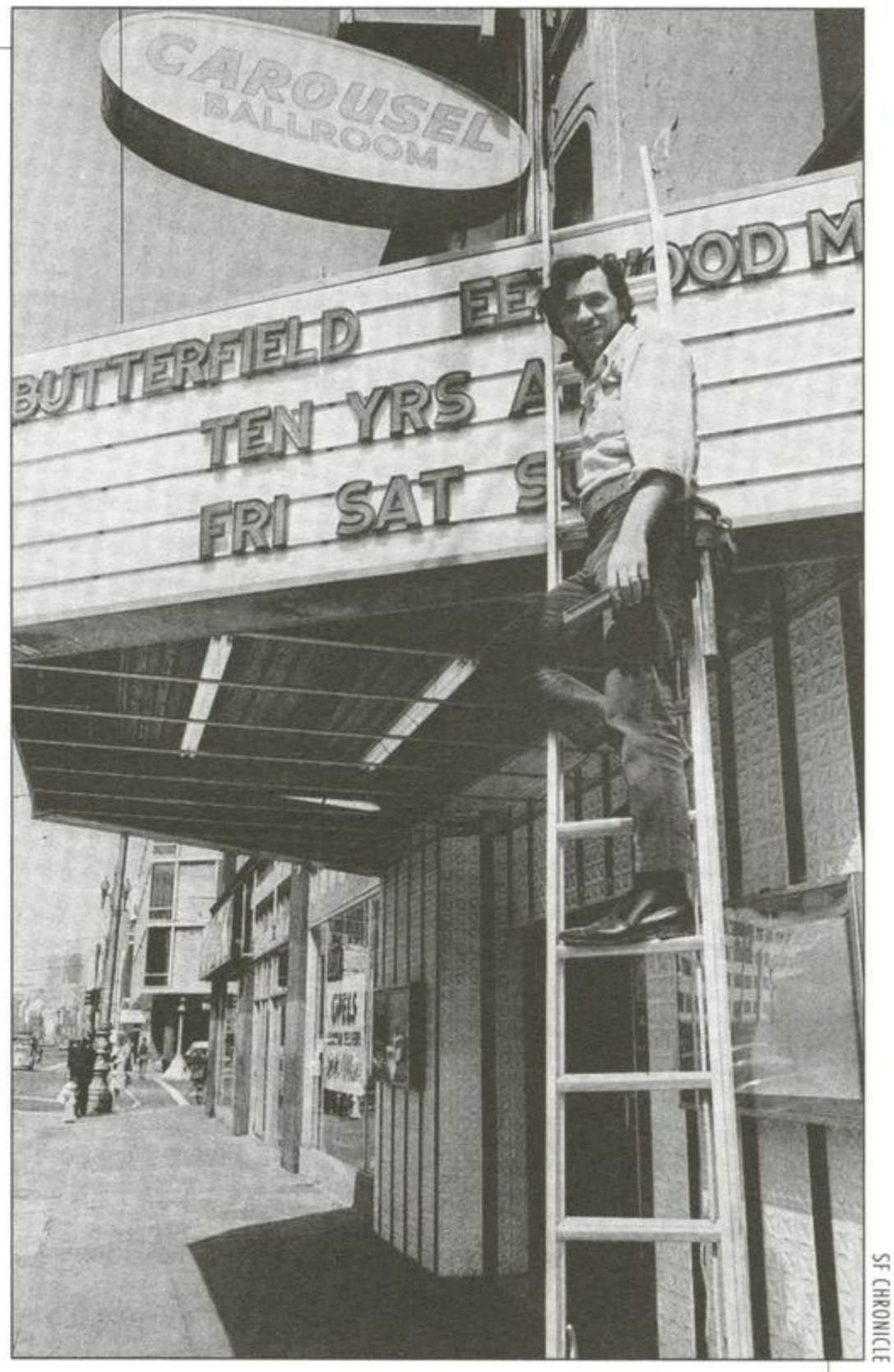
lucky person for being in the right place at the right time with the right skills. But anyone really familiar with him and his organization knows the secret of his success has depended more on a genuine love of music and the music business than a well-concealed rabbit's foot. Those of us who have had the good fortune to go to shows he's produced over the past two decades know that, in fact, *we* are the lucky ones.

We're lucky because Bill and his staff have never forgotten they are essentially in it for the *pleasure* of producing entertainment. We all take it for granted that BGP concerts will be smooth, efficient affairs with state-of-the-art sound and lights, and employ production, security and medical personnel who are human beings rather than brutish robots. And anyone who has seen shows mishandled in other cities can tell you a BGP show—especially a Dead show—is like the Garden of Eden by comparison.

That fact isn't lost on most of the Deadheads at the Auditorium this evening. Many of them have traveled thousands of miles over the years to see the Dead (not to mention thousands of miles just to see these shows). Above them, strings of Christmas lights in the shape of a massive rainbow-hued lightning bolt shoot across the length of the ceiling. Dim, colored lights illuminate the hallways (instead of the harsh, industrial light that says, "We're keeping an eye on you!"), and there's good food to be bought, party favors to be shared, and an overall communal sense of bliss to be savored.

And then there's Bill Graham—their host—wandering the halls (what other promoter *wanders the halls*?), chatting with Deadheads, arguing with Deadheads, picking up a crumpled paper cup from the floor because he *has* to ("It's the waiter in me," he'd probably say), and generally surveying the premises in his inimitable fashion. Although it's not the Fillmore in 1968, it's as close as anybody can get to that spirit in this day and age—in part because Bill wants it this way, and because he believes it's still possible.

But let's not get too sentimental or mushy, because the reality of the situation is that it's Bill's serve, it's match point, and the Oregon squad has the look of a team that's about to meet its sad destiny. You sense the entire audience is in tune with this moment, feels the anguish of the Oregon team as the promised New Year's tickets ride on the flight of an absolutely *wicked* line drive serve Bill uncorks. It screams over the net and suddenly one Oregon player dives to save it, another positions it for the return attack, and a third sets up for the kill. But just as the ball passes back over the net, as if in slow motion replay, it's smacked hard by an eager BGP player, past the skinny kid and past his




SF CHRONICLE

Outside the Carousel, 1970

teammates, who now lie sprawled on the court in sudden, total defeat. BGP has won and Bill is ecstatic, slapping five with the members of his team as the crowd hoots its disappointment, and the kids from Oregon stumble off the court disconsolately, wondering about the New Year's that might have been.

The crowd is booing louder still, but then a hush falls over the hall as Bill picks up the courtside mike from the play-by-play announcer. "They played so well," he bellows. "we're gonna give 'em the tickets anyway!" The audience goes wild, and the Oregon teammates triumphantly embrace each other. Bill Graham, the competitor, has won, but so has the courageous squad from Oregon. With smiles all around, the BGP team takes down the net, the house lights dim, and crowd cheers expectantly for the concert now to come.

The last time I saw Bill that night, he was standing alone in the lobby of the Auditorium, surrounded by hundreds of ecstatic revelers, grinning ear to ear, dancing his own dance to the music of the Grateful Dead.

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## *BG on the GD*

*These next nuggets were exerpted from the '85* Golden Road *interview with Graham (Issue 8, now out of print), and a fall '78 interview with Bill I did with Dennis Erokan for a January '79 issue of* BAM *magazine.*

I've had arguments for years with various people about the effect that music has on the body. The Grateful Dead affect your pelvic muscles. If they don't, then I think you have a problem. Now maybe you're an introvert or something, but I would hope that if you were alone in the shower, or in your bedroom or wherever, and somebody put on that music, you would move. What a rare gift to be able to affect people that way! At a Dead show, people are not afraid to show how they feel by moving with the music. That's very unusual for a white band with primarily non-Third World fans.

That's the ultimate asset of the Grateful Dead. There aren't many new songs that you go to see and hear, and you almost don't care what they play, because the basic ingredient is that they make you feel something that affects your system a certain way. The end result of it is that it feels good.

One of those wonderful, playful moments occurred when the Dead played that series of five nights at Winterland in October [1978, the "From Egypt With Love" concerts]. Now then, there is never an automatic encore with the Grateful Dead. Some nights they don't do them. What started years ago with me and them was that I must go back to their dressing room after the last song and *perform*. I have to perform and make them feel good enough about my performance so they'll reward me by playing an encore. On a four- or five-night run it gets crazy. I think to myself, "How can I top last night's story?" They've even put microphones in the dressing room to record my stories so they can hear them later! It's totally improvisational and sometimes it doesn't even work.

So one of those nights I walk in and Jerry or Bob says, "Here he is to tell us more dumb fucking stories!" "How you doin' fellas?" I say. They start giving me all this shit— all in fun: "Did you clean up on the concessions? Did you beat anybody up with that *brute* security force of yours?" and I say, "That reminds me of the time ..." "We've heard it, Bill."

After 15 minutes of this, I finally say, "OK, you guys, I'm going to drag one out of my 'A' file, and if you don't like it, fuck it. Remember years ago when you guys were playing the Fairmont [Hotel in SF] for $500 a night and I let you use my sound system? It was 8 p.m. and the place was jammed and the sound system wasn't working too well. Bear [a.k.a. Owsley] was supposed to mix the show but we couldn't find him. Finally we opened up the bass drum box and found him curled up inside like a little animal saying, 'I'm not sure I can mix tonight.' You remember *that* one?"

There's this long pause and then Garcia says, "Bill, you've told us one story after another tonight and they've all sucked. Rather than sit here and listen to any more of this shit, we're going to go out and *play*." And they did, too!

Those are the moments that make it all fun. And there really have been a lot of those moments over the years.

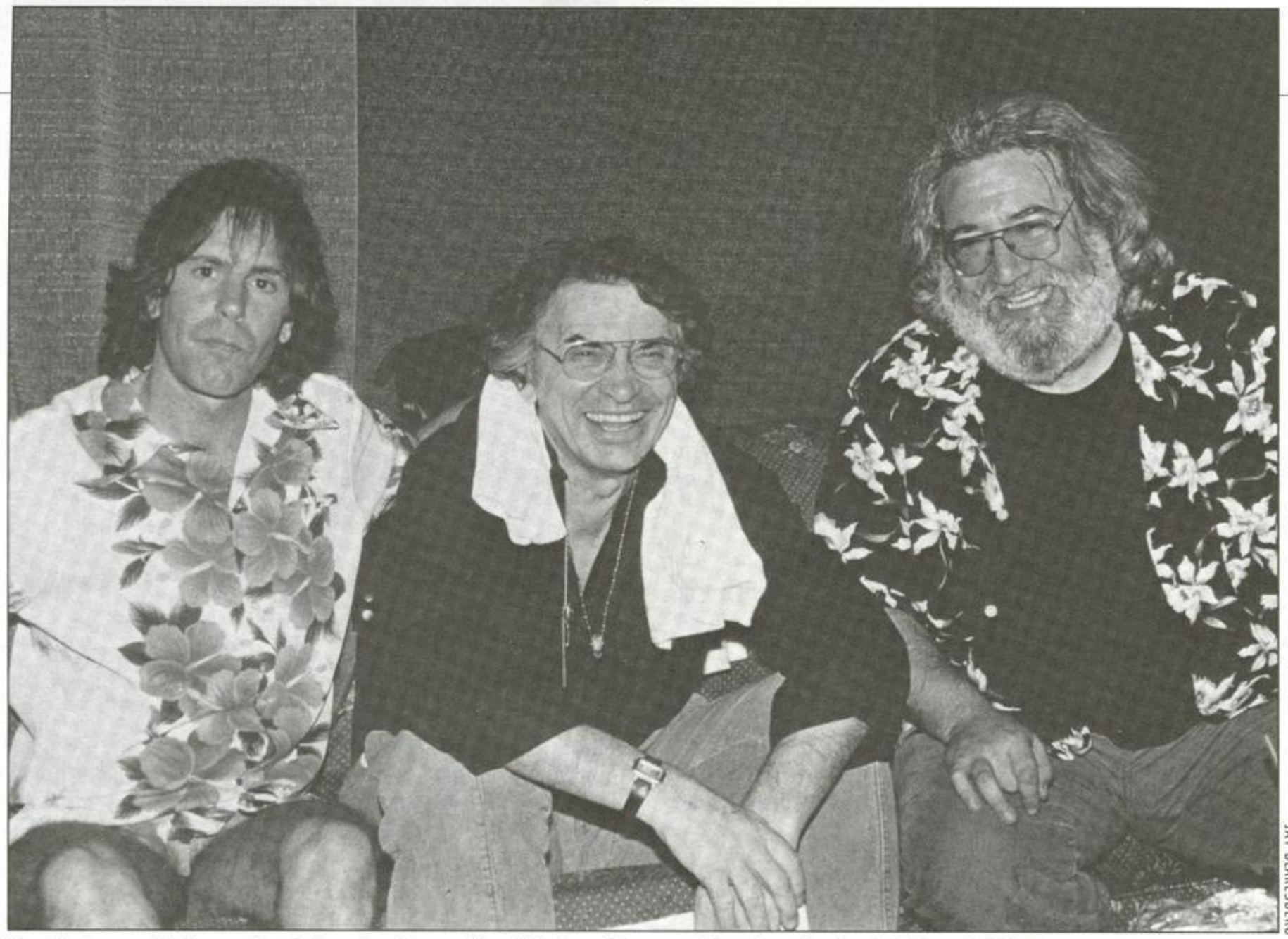
About five years ago [1973] there was a Grateful Dead show at Winterland. It was sold out, but as usual there were kids all over the outside of the building looking to get in. We had saved a few hundred seats for sale that night, as we always do, for those people who *crawl* from Maine and Oregon, but those sold out, too. At about 7:30 I was out in front of the building and this guy comes up to me. "Mr. Graham, I've got to talk to you. Look, my friends Susan and Charlie and I drove all the way from Sacramento ..." I said, "I'm sorry, we're sold out." He started carrying on again and I said, "Look, what you're saying is, 'Forget about all these other people out here. Fuck them. Let *me* in!' It can't be *just you* because there are people who *walked* down from Eureka and Portland. Besides, if I let you in, people will bitch that the hall is overcrowded."

Half an hour later I'm getting some fresh air and the guy is still out there. "Hey, Mr. Graham, *please* man!" I said, "Look, we're sold out. Please keep the area clear." "Man, we drove all the way ..." "I *know* where you came from. That's Susan, that's Charlie. Do me a favor. Split."

Through the course of the evening he must have hit me up 15 times.

At about 11:00 he's still there. I walked over to him and I said, "I gotta tell you something. All

***'If the Dead gave me the highest experience of my life [in Egypt], they also gave me the 7th, 19th, 26th...'***



JAY BLAKESBERG

Backstage at Blues for Salvador benefit at Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland, 1987

night long I've tried to be nice to you. I've got to prove that the other way works." He said, "What are you talking about?" I said, "Ask me again for a ticket." He lights up with a smile. "Hey man, can we get *in*?"

"FUCK YOU! GET YOUR ASS OUT OF HERE, YOU COCKSUCKER!"

The guy looked at me, stunned.

"Wow, OK." Then he turns to his friends with this proud look on his face and says, "Did you see that? *Bill Graham* told me to go fuck myself!"

He'll tell his grandson, "I drew on the cat!"

All these years, very quietly, the Dead have probably done more benefits for more varied causes than anyone. There are artists like Graham Nash and Jackson Browne, Harry Chapin, who've helped different causes over the years. But when you get down to the basic tendencies, going way back—whether it was voter registration, or a nursery school, a recreation center in Mill Valley, or when kids were getting busted in the Haight in the late '60s and the Dead helped raise money for HALO, the Haight-Ashbury Legal organization— nobody has done more than the Dead. And now there's the Rex Foundation, which has done so much.

It gets down to: What do you do with the power you have? What do you do that you don't have to do? And that's an area few people outside of the Dead network know about the Dead.... It gets down to what do you do to make things better? It's hard to explain that side of it to people who don't appreciate their music or don't go to Dead shows. They're not goody two-shoes guys by any means; they can bust your chops as well as anybody. But compared with so many others who are involved for a day ... The Dead handle their involvement with that which they don't have to do but do anyway better than anybody I know. They're not going to make a lot of noise about it. That's not their style.

One year [1977-78] I was stuck. Santana was playing the Cow Palace and the Dead were playing Winterland. And Carlos asked me to do an entrance at his show, so it became, "Well, I can do one or the other, so what should I do? Or I can do both, but how can I explain to a Santana-Journey audience what my problem is?" And finally I decided I could explain it to the Dead audience and make a late entrance there. Only because I knew Deadheads would say, "OK, why not?"

So when people came into Winterland that night they got a little slip of paper with a Dead logo on it that said, "Due to circumstances within my control, New Year's will be at 12:30. Thank you. Cheers, Bill." So I did my entrance at the Cow Palace, left there at two minutes after 12, and while I was being driven to Winterland I got into my Dead skeleton suit. I got to Winterland at 26 after 12, raced up the side and went up to the balcony, got on this Harley-Davidson, and then at 12:29

went across the audience on a wire.

I realized as I was sitting there for a good ten or 15 seconds before I did it, that what these Dead fans were saying was was, "Hey, the cat says New Year's is 12:30, it's 12:30." How much more respect for a situation could I ask for? No person said, "Why did you do that?" And that has a lot to do with who the Deadheads are.... As a large unit of people they literally have said with life: "I'll try it. I don't know what you've got, but I'll try it."

Look at Egypt. All of a sudden there we were at the pyramids. Everyone had said, "You can't do that. Are you crazy?" Well, they did it.

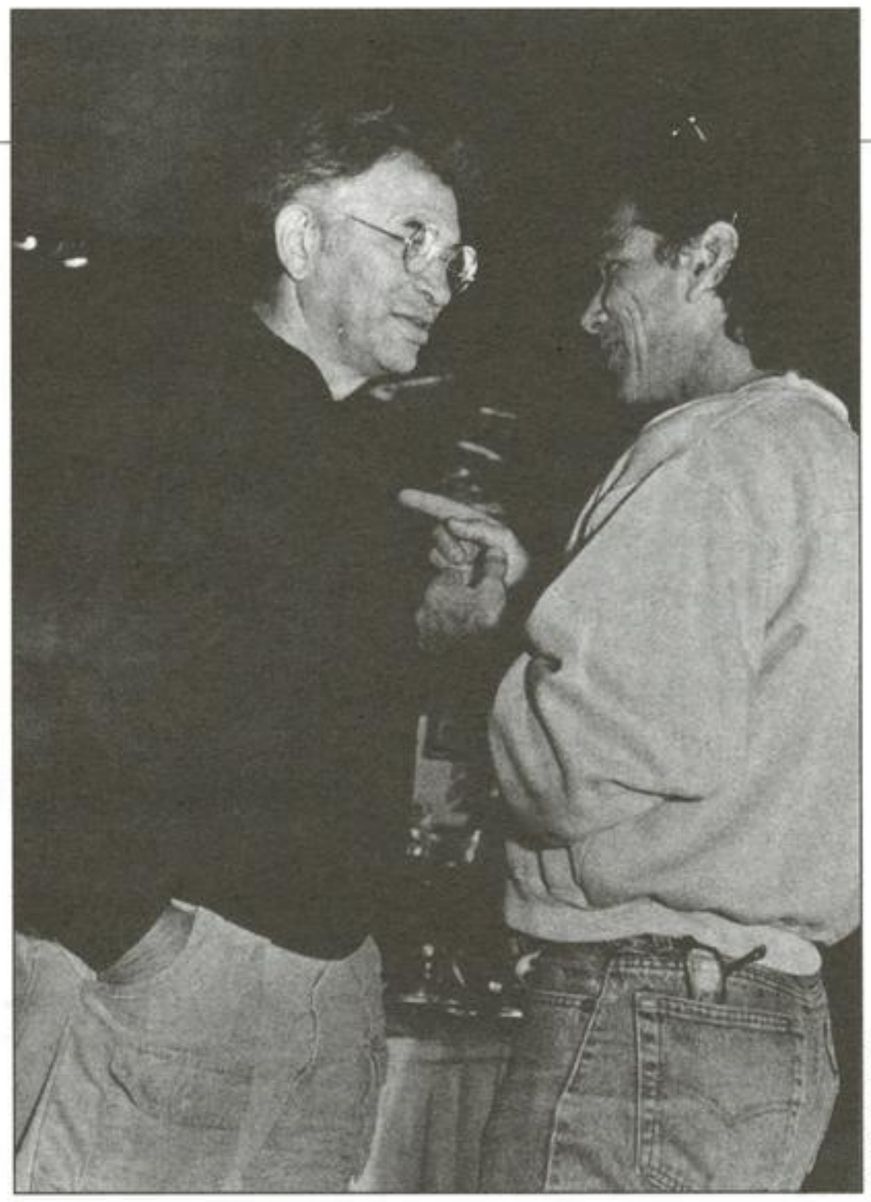
For me it was the most moving musical event.... That first night's show in Egypt ... Mickey had met this Nubian tribe. They started to play, and I was on the side of the stage feeling no pain — there were goodies all around — and then very gently came these notes, and it was Jerry's picking, like this bird that was flying over the stage, amongst the tar playing. Then there was a bass line! And one by one the guys picked up their instruments and they just tapped into what the Nubians were doing. And they were as one for 20 minutes, and then the Nubians left the stage and the Dead played. That 20 minutes can't ever be equaled for me. It has nothing to do with musical content. It was everything: here's the Sphinx and here's the pyramid. And here I am. I can't begin to describe it. If you said to me, "Based on the experiences you've had in life and what you can imagine would be pleasurable, and you're going to the electric chair the day after tomorrow — what do you want to do tomorrow?" I'd want to be on that stage with those players in that situation, to feel that way again.

But if the Dead gave me the highest experience of my life, they also gave me the 7th, 19th, 26th ... so many separate experiences with the Dead are part of my top 50 or 100 experiences.

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## *The Dead Remember*

*Less than 48 hours after Bill, his pilot Steve Kahn (known to his friends as "Killer") and Bill's girlfriend Melissa Gold were killed, the Dead went on with an already scheduled series of concerts at the Oakland Coliseum. An hour before the first show, Garcia, Weir, Hart, Wavy Gravy and Bill's son David spoke at a small news conference in the bowels of the Coliseum. Though they came in looking understandably glum and serious, the warmth of their feelings for Bill soon took over and the anecdotes started flowing ...*



SUSANA MILLMAN

**Bill and Mickey, 1990**

*This must be one of the toughest shows you've had to play.*

**Jerry:** Yeah, it is. It's Bill's show, though, and I know that whatever, he'd insist we do the best we can, and that's what we'll do.

**Bob:** Nobody understood that old tenet in our business, "The show must go on," better than Bill did.

**Jerry:** That's for sure!

**Mickey:** Yeah. Bill was in love with the sound. That's what it was all about. He really cared about this, and we care enough to carry on because that's what he would want us to do. There's no question about that. That's what Bill was all about. We'll maintain and go on. You know, they say you're not dead when people can still remember your deeds and what you've done. And as far as we're concerned he isn't dead, because he'll live on in all of us, and the things that he's done and the people that he's helped.

**Jerry:** He's a large part of us.

**Mickey:** In a big way.

**Jerry:** And on a lot of different levels. We're carrying along some piece of him into the world and the future as we go along. So there's a certain part of his energy that's a part of us; it's integral. And we're pretty determined to hang in there and cover for him.

*Would there be a Grateful Dead without Bill Graham?*

**Jerry:** It's hard to say. It wouldn't be *this* Grateful Dead. It might not be like this. The thing about Bill is his relationship to us is on a lot of levels is like our relationship to each other. It was intimate.

There's a certain kind of friendship that you have when there's somebody who understands you, and Bill was there from Day One just about. We miss the personal thing— the guy who understands us. That's what hurts. As far as the other stuff, the way of going about things, Bill and us differed a lot of times, but ...

**Bob:** [smirking] That's 'cause we were right and he was wrong ...

**Jerry:** Right! We also knew how to get the best out of each other.

We feel like we've gotta keep on going. We've got stuff to do and we've got stuff to do that Bill would have wanted us to do. And as things come up, we know how he would have gone on stuff. The big loss is this guy who was like our uncle ...

**Bob:** Our thieving, conniving uncle ...

**Jerry:** [Laughs] The guy who was respectable enough to talk to the rest of the world while we were out on the fringe. Bill could talk to the community and the mayor and stuff like that, and we never did pick that stuff up, so now we're going to have to start learning how to do that kind of stuff. We're going to help David [Graham] along as much as possible. He's sort of fallen into the void here.

But it hurts, that's the main thing.

**Mickey:** He's got some big shoes to follow. He walked with big shoes. He was really a warrior.

**Bob:** I'll tell you, even the people in the music industry who stand to gain the most from Bill's departure are going to miss him.

**Jerry:** Yeah!

**Mickey:** He was one of a kind and there'll never be another one like him. He grew up in a time ... he ran away from the Nazis, he made it through the rock 'n' roll wars. He was a survivor ...

**Jerry:** He was a damn good dancer!

**Bobby:** He was no slouch on the cowbell.

**Mickey:** He loved the cowbell and he loved the clave and he loved Latin music. He was a great dancer ... I'll miss him.

**Bob:** But we're not going to have to play "Sugar Magnolia" every New Year's now. [Laughter]

**Mickey:** He's not going to make us play that damn song again!

***'They say you're not dead when people still remember your deeds. Bill's not dead; he'll live on in all of us and the things he's done.'***
***—Mickey Hart***

*Was that his favorite song?*

**Jerry:** Every New Year's!

**Bob:** [imitating Bill] "My favorite song in all the world!"

**Mickey:** [imitating Bill]. "You gotta do it. Mickey! Jerry! Phil!" [Laughs]

*Jerry, what's your fondest memory of Bill?*

**Jerry:** My fondest memory is the first time I ever met Bill. We were doing the Acid Test with Kesey and there was a thing called the Trips Festival at the old Longshoreman's Hall and *everybody* there was high. I mean every soul there ... except Bill! [Laughs] And he was trying to organize the whole thing. It was a roomful of loaded people and he was trying to pull it together. And I had heard *the rumor* that it was time for us to play; let me put it that way. So we went up onstage and I'm looking around and the stage is total chaos, absolutely crowded with people milling around. So I go over to my guitar and my guitar is broken, it's *smashed*. The bridge is pulled off of it, the strings are all over the place and I'm looking at it and it occurs to me that my guitar is wounded, it's broken, it's hurting. [He chuckles]

Bill comes over and he says, "Why aren't you guys playing? You guys are supposed to play right now." Here he is sweating and his eyes are buggin' out and he's got his little sweater and clipboard. It was the way you could distinguish him from everyone else—he was the guy trying to make things happen. So I pointed at my guitar and I said, "I think my guitar's broken." And he immediately dropped what he was doing and falls down and he starts fumbling around trying to put the pieces of my guitar together. I looked at him and I thought, "What a hero! What a guy!" [Laughter] Here's this guy in the midst of total chaos where nobody cares whether we play or not—we weren't famous or anything— and here was trying to put my guitar together. I loved him right at that moment. I thought, "This is the greatest person in the world. This is a real sweetheart, boy."

That was my first experience with Bill and he never wavered from that guy—the guy was game to the bone. In the midst of ridiculous odds, he overcame. He did incredible things in his life. His life was a celebration. He's a guy who really enjoyed himself. He had a good time and he knew what a good time *was*, for one thing. He wasn't a lame. He wasn't square.

**Mickey:** He was *conscious*.

**Bob:** One of the reasons he had so much success in the music industry is he loved the music more than anybody.

**Mickey:** He really loved it; it wasn't just the business.



DAVE PATRICK

1981 Bay Area Music Awards. (L to R) Francis Coppola, Boz Scaggs, Howard Hesseman, Garcia, Graham

**Jerry:** The music business used to be like professional wrestling. But Bill brought some class to it. He wanted things to be right; he wanted them to be good, and when he didn't know what that meant he went out and found out what that meant. He used to come and ask us, "Hey, I've heard about this guy Otis Redding. Is he good?" "Yeah, man, he's great!" And then he got him on a show. He was always learning, always picking things up. He was a very dynamic guy.

**Wavy:** He was also an angel for a milion different causes. That afternoon of the crash he was meeting with the Indians for the "Columbus Got Lost" stuff coming up. I work with the SEVA foundation, and the first benefit was 13 years ago with the Grateful Dead. Bill didn't even know it was a benefit the night of the show. He found out during the show, and then he wrote me out a check for $10,000. I said, "Bill, why are you doing this?" He said [imitating Bill], "Because you did not hit on me, my friend." [Laughter]

I think he's checking laminates in heaven right now. They got a lot of rock stars up there. They need somebody to get it organized, that's all.

*What did you think when you first heard about his death?*

**Jerry:** Oh, I couldn't believe it. I thought about Bill as indestructable, if I ever thought about it at all. It never occurred to me, really. I expected Bill to get old with the rest of us. It was a huge shock and I'm not over it yet. I don't know if I ever will be.

I thought it was going to be blood pressure that got him. [Laughs]

**Bob:** He used to harangue Phil: "You're late! How can you do this?"

**Mickey:** "How can you do this to me, *Phil* of all people? *You*!"

**Bob:** And Phil would go, "Hmmph," and just walk away, and Bill would just go POOF. He couldn't handle it.

I went down to the Fillmore Auditorium to see The Byrds way back when, and I think it was McGuinn who was late. I was walking across the street and I saw Bill walking on the sidewalk in front of the building, pacing back and forth. I'd seen him do this a time or two with me, and I knew better than to try to engage him in conversation, so I tried to slip around him. Right at that point, McGuinn comes around the corner and Bill sees him. He grabs his porkpie hat off his head, throws it down and starts stomping on it. He couldn't say anything. He was just jumping up and down on his hat. That was Bill.

**Mickey:** You know, when Bill took over the Carousel and made it the Fillmore West, I had this little place in a corner where I'd hang out. I used to get there early and practice on my drum pad and I'd watch Bill. Bill used to go and arrange all the chairs, and he had watches up and down his arm and he'd look to see what time it was everywhere.

He'd nudge all these chairs and make it exactly perfect. He cared so much. Then he'd look at the p.a. guy and say, "OK, *music*." Then, "Open the doors." Then he worked the line and made sure everything was peaceful.

It was a good place to bring people in to hear the music. He cared so much for the people and for making things perfect.

**Bob:** I guess that's why he liked us so much — "Just exactly perfect," as everyone knows, are words we live by.

[Laughter]

*Will you do or say anything special from the stage tonight?*

**Jerry:** It's in the air. We don't need to say or do anything.

**Bob:** Yeah, it would be redundant.

**Jerry:** David's going to say some stuff.

**Mickey:** The show is more like a celebration— this is the way it should be. He always liked to celebrate. This isn't going to be a mourning.

**Jerry:** This is a celebration of somebody's life, not noting somebody's death.

**Wavy:** It's *good* grief!

**Bob:** It's a gigantic loss. I don't think we have a trick in our bag gigantic enough to match the occasion, so we'll just do what we do.

**David:** And all the fans out there know he had an undying love not just for the band, but for everyone who's out there tonight. He undeniably felt for those people. And he'd see them dance and he'd smile. He's still with them and he's still moving with them. He calls this music 'pelvic music' and his is moving right now.

***For a few moments there it felt like the Fillmore, and you just know Bill was smiling on that magic carpet ride up to heaven.***

*If there's one Grateful Dead song that epitomized Bill Graham, what would it be?*

**Bob:** Well, we'll try to find it.

**Mickey:** He loved "Sugar Magnolia." That was one of his favorites.

**David:** I have tapes of his with "Terrapin Station" looped seven or eight times.

**Jerry:** Right, he liked "Terrapin."

*Will you play "Sugar Magnolia" tonight?*

**Bob:** We'll think about that.

**Mickey:** Yeah. I guess we might just do that. But we might not.

**Bob:** I wouldn't promise it. [Laughter]

*Bill was known a lot for his philanthopy in his later life. Will Bill Graham Presents and the Grateful Dead be continuing that tradition?*

**Jerry:** Sure.

**David:** Definitely! His thing was to do whatever you can and use your power to create positive change, and there's no doubt that all of us sitting here, and everyone who works for Bill Graham Presents, is going to continue to do the same thing—just show people what the right ways are and keep moving forward.

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## *The Shows*

Garcia was right. It was "in the air" at that first show (October 27) after Bill's death. Giant funeral wreaths adorned with silver lightning bolts sat on each side of the stage, and while the mood among the fans wasn't exactly somber, it was unquestionably infused with the tragedy. Backstage the mood *was* dour. BGP and Grateful Dead staff hugged and fought back tears, and then went about the business of putting on the show. Over and over I heard from friends and colleagues that there was no place they would have rather been at a time like that. I felt the same way. The healing began for me when I was fortunate enough to hear the band's stirring soundcheck of "Attics of My Life," (which, alas, they never played during the four-night series.)

Even after having been at the press conference, I was surprised and delighted when the band kicked into "Sugar Magnolia" the first song of the evening. At the outset the band looked a little uncomfortable, but by the end of the first verse Garcia and Weir were all smiles and the hall as a whole took on that warm "Sugar Mag" glow. It *was* going to be a celebration, not a wake; it was clear both the band and crowd wanted it that way. Still, some tears welled up in my eyes during the most triumphant part of the song's jam. And although the set proceeded normally from that emotional opening, I found myself thinking about Bill much of the time and relating the songs to him where appropriate. And then, too, sometimes a thunderbolt would come down: like in "Althea," when Garcia came to the line "There are things you can replace and others you cannot," a roar built up in the crowd that gave me chills— it was a loving recognition of Bill, no doubt about it. The tears came one more time for me that evening— the

set-closing "Touch of Grey." I knew that we *would* get by, but the sadness was still somehow overwhelming.

In the second set the memories of Bill came flooding to the fore when Carlos Santana, who was one of Bill's closest friends, and Quicksilver lead guitarist Gary Duncan came out onstage for a big jam during "Iko." Unfortunately, where I was sitting on the left side, I could barely hear Santana (talk about a hard stereo mix!) but Duncan came through (*very*) loud and clear, and for a while the hall reverberated with a series of trademark Quicksilver licks. Duncan was always overshadowed in that band by John Cipollina, but hearing him this night I was reminded how much of Quicksilver's sound derived from Duncan's style. For better worse, that style is frozen in time: every lick he played with the Dead could've been lifted from *Happy Trails*. With Duncan leading, the Dead kicked into the familiar Bo Diddley beat of "Mona," and Weir handled the vocal chores with amazing assurance. For a few moments there, with four guitars blazing away, it felt like the Fillmore in the late '60s, and you just know that Bill was smiling on that magic carpet ride up to heaven. As frequently happens with these sorts of jam sessions, it eventually unraveled, and Duncan wore out his welcome by hogging the stage, but it still felt special having him and Carlos there. When everyone finally surrendered the stage to Mickey and Billy, their workout was a big rhythm blast that helped ease the pain some more.

Bill came to mind many other times during the next three shows, sometimes in predictable spots—for me "Stella Blue" is *the* existential Grateful Dead song about love and loss—and sometimes when I least expected it: "Sweet William he is dead, pretty Peggy-O." Indeed.

The last show was shaping up as just a good, normal Dead concert when, in the middle of "Spoonful," Gary Duncan returned and added some stinging blues licks to the brew. The jam wound down and from the ashes came "Dark Star," with Duncan adding some very appropriate and *knowing* contrapuntal lines to the song. Then, as the jam started building after the first verse, Ken Kesey, dressed in a black suit and wearing a black plumed hat—almost like something you'd see on a Victorian undertaker—strode out onto the stage and began rapping about Bill Graham in a booming, urgent voice:

"I was in D.C. and when I got the message I thought of two things. I thought of my son going over a cliff and Bill Graham sending a thousand bucks to put a thing up on the hill that points in all directions in Oregon so you can always find your direction at the top of that hill."

The music behind him was a brilliant cacophony, with Phil driving the jam harder, louder and faster each moment. Kesey was *shouting* above it:

"And I thought of one more thing: It's a little heavy, but that's what it's about! Nobody reaches across the distance and puts their hands on your shoulders about this shit!...When you guys played 'Brokedown Palace' at that gig, I knew: Shit! This is the Grateful Dead telling me about my son! It's as big time as it gets! And old Bill knew it! You know he knew it! He knew it!

"And the other thought, the second thought, the warrior thought...the hard thought, the final thought...which is that we ain't many! In any given situation there's always going to be more dumb people than smart people and we ain't many."

Now Kesey was *roaring*:

"And the second thought was this poem by e.e. cummings ... a simple poem that goes:

*buffalo bill is defunct*
*jesus he was a handsome man*
*he used to ride on a white horse*
*and shoot clay pigeons*
*one two three four five*
*just like that*
*and what I want to know is*
*how do you like your blue-eyed boy now*
*mister death?*

And then Kesey departed, leaving the band at an intense crescendo that continued for another minute before it metamorphosed to a place where the drummers could say their piece. Though it's not much more than 10 minutes long, this "Dark Star" may have been the most riveting single piece of music I saw all last year; sort of an Acid Test in miniature. And Kesey's *rage* at Bill Graham's death expressed so much that we all felt.

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## *Sunday in the Park*

The four nights at the Coliseum following Graham's death felt like the Grateful Dead world's private good-bye to Bill. I think it's fair to say that we—the Dead and Deadheads—knew him and appreciated him more than most. He always treated us specially and we loved him for it. But of course the sense of loss wasn't confined just to Deadheads, and on November 3, the rest of the Bay Area got its chance to celebrate Bill Graham's life.

Appropriately enough, this final memorial came in the form of free concert in Golden Gate Park. Not long after Graham's death, plans were an-

nounced to put on a show at the Polo Fields in the park, and immediately the rumors started flying about who might appear— the list of "possibles" included the usual suspects, like the Dead, Santana, Dylan, the Rolling Stones, even Paul McCartney. Incredibly, the final list never leaked out to the media; or more accurately, the media showed rare restraint by not publicizing the list that did leak out.

When that Sunday morning broke gloriously warm, cloudless and clear in San Francisco, most of the people who streamed down to the park from *everywhere* had little or no idea what music they'd hear that day. Most came because they wanted to honor Bill, wanted to share the feeling of community his life's work represented, and maybe boogie a little in sunshine. In the end, more than 300,000 people had the same idea, and hundreds of thousands more listened on several different radio stations that carried the concert live. Ironically, it was the biggest concert BGP ever put on in Northern California.

When we arrived at the Polo Fields around 9:30 that morning, there were probably about 25,000 people already on hand; many had stayed overnight in the park to ensure they'd be close to the stage. Because we brought our 13-month-old, Kyle, we weren't interested in being in the crush up front, so we spread out a blanket right behind one of the delay towers, about a football field from the stage. We figured that even if we couldn't see much, the sound would be good. Our gamble paid off. Throughout the day, thousands upon thousands of people decended on the park by car, bike, bus and on foot, but there always seemed to be more than enough room for everybody, and the vibes, at least near us, were incredibly good. This was a good old-fashioned '60s-style San Francisco love fest on a grand scale.

Mauve banners hanging over the speaker stacks on either side of the stage sent the message of the day loud and clear: "Fare you well, fare you well/ We love you more than words can tell." Directly in front of the stage, giant photos of Graham, Melissa and Killer smiled at the assembled crowd. Clumps of balloons hung like multicolored clouds high above the field— a beacon for those trying to find their way to the concert, and a festive reminder that this was supposed to be a party, not a funeral, for a friend. There was a crafts section that looked like the parking lot of a Dead show, and an area set aside where anyone who wanted to could tell their favorite Bill Graham memory for BGP's video archives. Some people brought elaborate picnic spreads; others just themselves. Some read the Sunday newspaper and didn't pay much attention to the music. Some worked on school homework while sprawled out on sleeping bags. Some danced from sunup to sundown. *Whatever* anyone did, it seemed to be fine with everyone else. It was was one of those days.

And the music was righteous and *real*. From 10 a.m., when the Brass Band circled the field on the back of a flatbed truck, leading anyone who wanted to follow them in a N'awlins funeral procession, until Joan Baez closed the show with a sing-along on "Amazing Grace" six hours later, we were serenaded by an incredible line-up of talented folks.

***Ironically, Graham's memorial concert was the biggest concert BGP ever put on in Northern California, drawing more than 300,000 people.***

It was *all* wonderful, but a few highlights stand out in my mind:

There was Jackson Browne's moving performance of his song "For a Dancer" — I had a giant lump in my throat by the time he got to the song's heaviest lines: "And somewhere between the time you arrive and the time you go/ May lie the reason you were alive, but you'll never know." Santana played an hour-long set that combined some of the group's hits with more spiritually-oriented ballads. Bobby McFerrin, who'd serenaded the crowd earlier with an *a capella* imitation of Jimi Hendrix's version of the "Star Spangled Banner," helped out on a song with Santana, as did Los Lobos, who also took over for a rockin' "Bertha" that had nearly everyone up and dancing. Tracy Chapman always seems to be on hand these days when a good cause needs a strong voice; here she touched me deeply with her song "All That You Have Is Your Soul." Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young reformed for the first time in a few years for a powerful set that included a dynamite extended reading of "Wooden Ships" and, most affecting to me, Neil's "Long May You Run." It was great seeing them up there together, digging each other, doing it for Bill and for all of us.

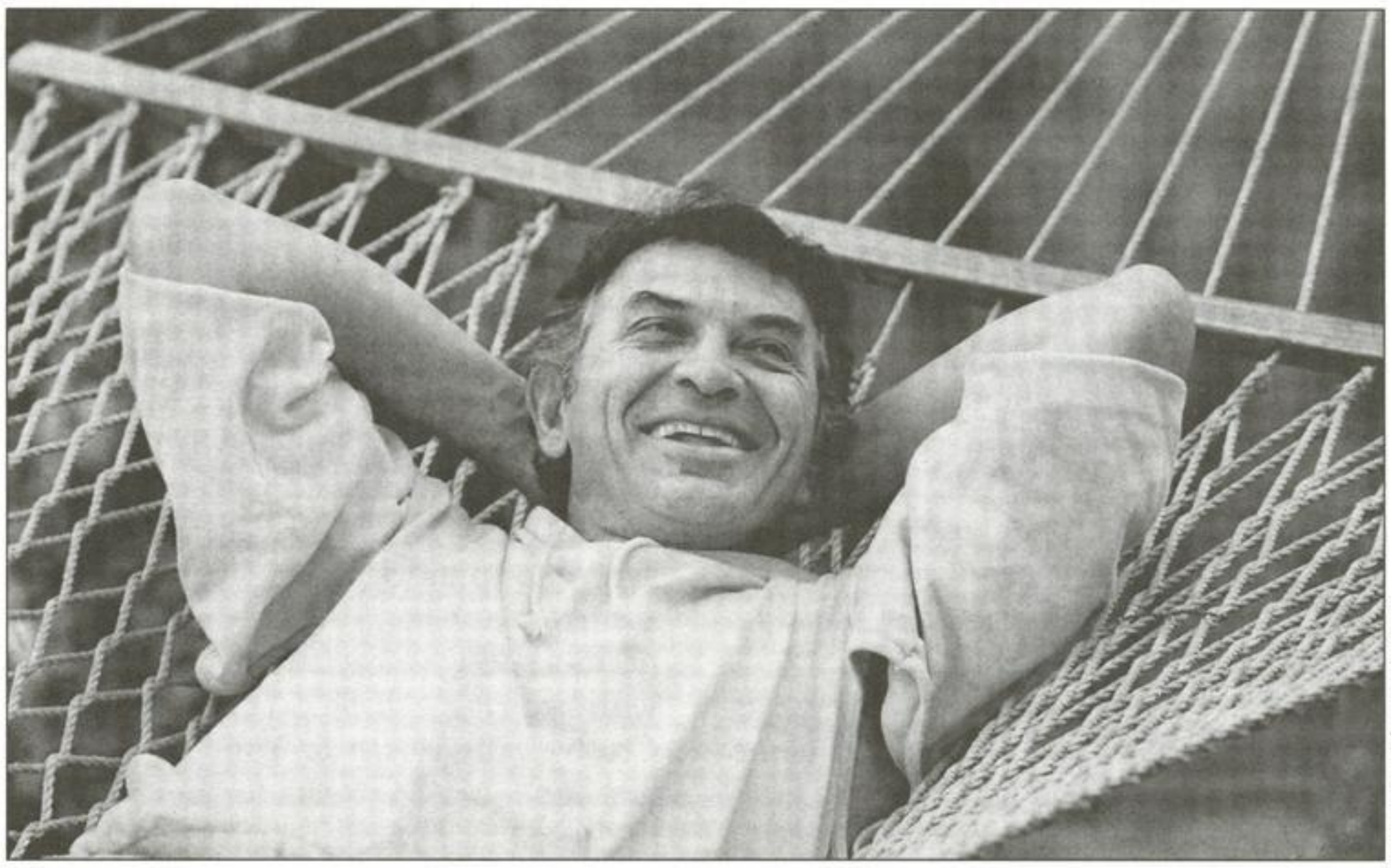
For the final hour and a half, the stage belonged

to the Grateful Dead. This was their first free concert since that cold, grey afternoon in August of '75 when they came out of their "retirement" for a day to rock Lindley Meadow, in another part of Golden Gate Park. That concert attracted about 30,000. The 300,000 at the Polo Fields for the Dead's set was the third biggest crowd they'd ever played to; only Woodstock and Watkins Glen were bigger. The band kicked off their portion of the show with "Hell in a Bucket," a strange choice for the occasion, I thought, but it got the crowd shakin' right off the bat. Then came the highlight of the set for me, "China Cat-Rider." It was great looking around and seeing so many happy faces and dancing bodies—Deadheads and non-Deadheads—grooving to this classic bit of psychedelia. Regan and I traded off dancing with little Kyle in our arms; he was smiling, too. Welcome to your first show, kid!

After a bluesy romp through "Wang Dang Doodle" (with Blues Traveler's John Popper adding some gritty harmonica), John Fogerty bounded onstage and led the band through four of his hits. For many people, this was the highlight of the show; I thought he played out of tune the entire time and I don't care much for his songs anyway. It also seemed to diffuse some of the Dead's energy, at least temporarily. Predictably, "Truckin'" was a real crowd-pleaser, and then the spaceheads got theirs when the "Truckin'" jam rolled into a hot "Other One." "Wharf Rat" gave the crowd its only glimpse of the Dead's ballad side, and then, after that wound down, the band stumbled and lurched into the only real surprise of the set: "Sunshine Daydream"— yes, they finished the "Sugar Magnolia" they'd started at the Oakland Coliseum October 27!

When they came back for their encore, the Dead were joined by Neil Young, who sang lead on a stirring rendition of Dylan's "Forever Young," augmented by Graham Nash and Kris Kristofferson on backup vocals. The set ended on an up note, though, as the Dead blasted through "Touch of Grey," much to the delight of the throng. Sadness and jubilation; that's the way it was all day.

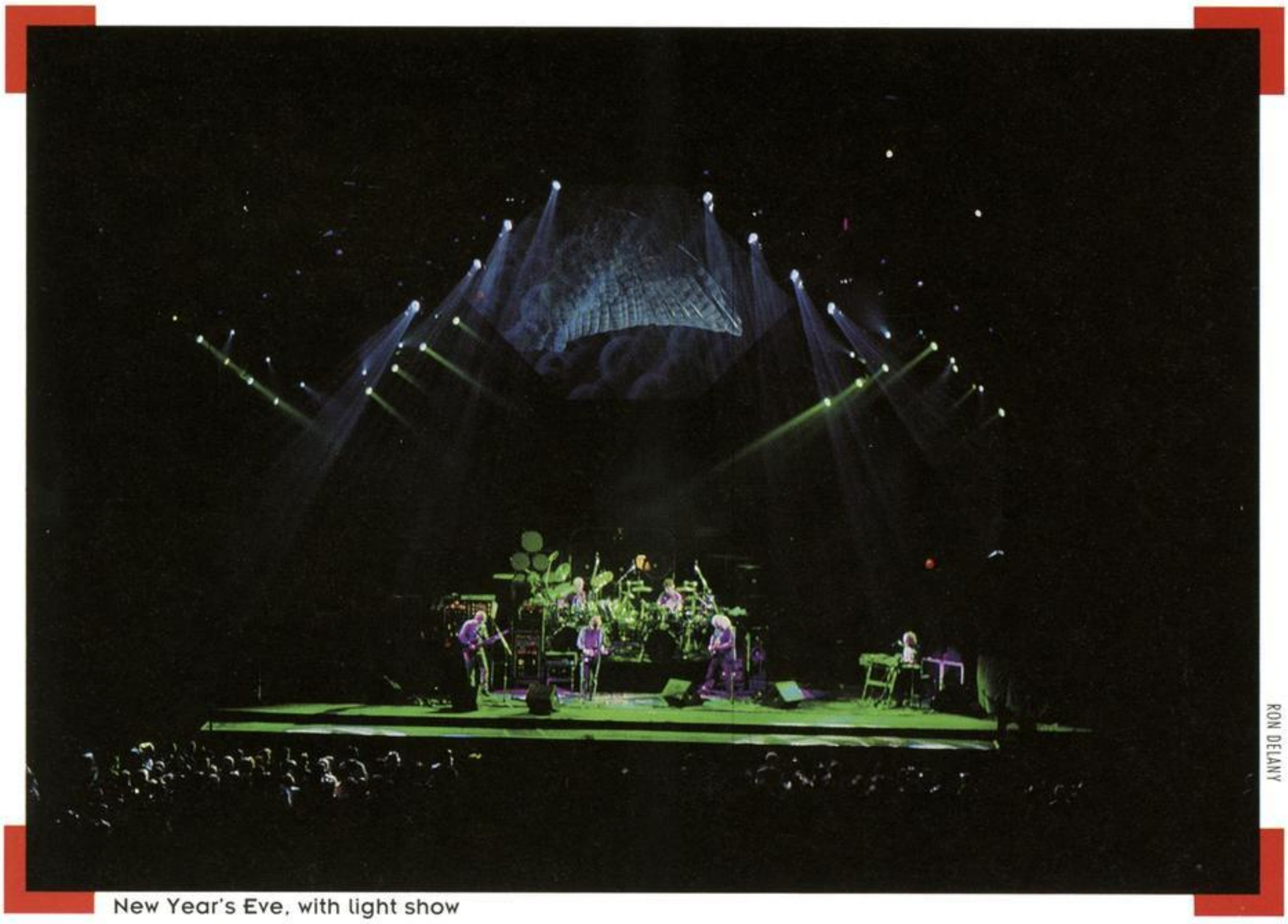
The crowd filed out of the park to the soothing strains of "Greensleeves," the theme that used to signal the end of the evening at the Fillmore and Winterland years ago. This time it signaled the end of an era. But Bill got one helluva sendoff for his final journey.✪



STEVE RINGMAN/SF CHRONICLE

# 1991

## Oh, What a Wonderful Year!



RON DELANY

New Year's Eve, with light show

By any standard, 1991 was an extraordinary year for the Grateful Dead. Financially, the band topped all other touring groups by grossing close to $35 million for just 77 shows. The Dead proved to be recession-proof in a year when tours by some of the biggest names in pop lost millions for promoters across the land. The Dead were the only band to mount a substantial stadium tour in '91 (perhaps a dubious honor) and the group's nine-show run at Madison Square Garden in September broke all kinds of records.

But you don't care about the Dead's earning power — you care about the music and whether the band played well. In my view the Dead had an *excellent* year musically. Both Bruce and Vince sounded better integrated into the group's sound than they did in the fall of '90. And in general, the band's playing was more adventurous, with a renewed commitment to some of the repertoire's big jamming tunes: Nearly every version of "Help on the Way," "Dark Star" and "Playin' in the Band" soared in 1991. Almost as impressive, though, was how great most of the first sets were. Just when you thought it might be safe to head off to the restroom during "Little Red Rooster," the band would kick butt on it. First sets were

## Highlights, Lowlights & Strange Observations

**Most Exciting Trend:** The "Dark Star" tease. Hey, not every version has to be 21 minutes long! Getting just a a few minutes, or even a few seconds, here and there at a wide variety of shows was tremendously exciting.

**Most Surprising First Set Opener:** "Eyes of the World," Giants Stadium, 6/17. Since its introduction in 1973, it had never opened a show.

**Most Surprising Second Set Openers:** "Throwing Stones," Pine Knob, 6/21. The song had opened a second set only one other time (10/9/82) and hadn't even appeared before Drums since 12/30/82.

Also notable: "Greatest Story Ever Told," Knickerbocker Arena, 3/25 (it last occupied that slot in 1980); and "Deal," Shoreline 8/18 (it last opened a second set in September of '74!).

**Most Surprising Addition to the Repertoire:** The old Garcia Band classic "Reuben & Cherise," which debuted at the Cap Centre 3/17. Alas, it only popped up three more times and seemed to have vanished by year's end.

**Most Improved Songs:** "Picasso Moon," "Around & Around" (with its jazzy middle part); "Black-Throated Wind"; "Slipknot!"

**Most Pleasant Shocks:** The driving, beautifully developed "Dark Star" in the first set at the 8/16/91 Shoreline show; "Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ *Fire on the Mountain*" at the first Boston Garden show (9/20/91). Jaws were droppin' left and right at that one. "Help ➢ Slip" hadn't been split from "Franklin's Tower" since 1976. Ooga booga!

**Funniest Set List Slang:** Of course you've heard of the ubiquitous pairing of "Throwing Stones" and "Not Fade Away," disparagingly referred to as "Throwing Away." Then, of course, there's that perennial encore favorite, "Useless Blues." The best I heard last year was the now familiar pairing of "Playin' in the Band" and "Uncle John's Band" called "Playin' in the John."

**Dropped in '91:** Bruce's two songs from '90, "Stander on the Mountain" and "The Valley Road."

on the whole crisply played and full of energy.

Predictably, there was a fair amount of grousing among the hardcore about unimaginative song choices at this or that show; some people even wrote off entire concert stands or tours. The spring East Coast tour, for example, was criticized by many, it seems to me, mainly because it didn't live up to the expectations raised by the magnificent Spring '90 East Coast tour. Yet I would argue that the Cap Center, Greensboro, Atlanta and Orlando shows (*especially* the Orlando shows) were on a par with the best series the band has played the last few years. The set lists may not be that inspired, but the playing sure was.

Listen to almost any show from the rest of the year, too, and I think you'll be hard-pressed to find many clinkers. A nice measure of how the band is playing is whether the shows get better as a tour progresses, and in almost every case that held true in '91 — the second half of Summer tour was amazing; the September East Coast swing peaked for six incredible nights at Boston Garden; the weeks where the band played Cal Expo followed by Shorleine, the Shoreline shows were strongest; etc. I saw 24 shows in 1991, all in Northern California, and thought each had *many* high moments. Same with all the tapes I heard of shows I didn't attend.

But a funny thing happened in September 1991 that seemed to change the way a lot of people viewed the Dead's year. Garcia gave two interviews — one to the *Boston Globe*, one to *Rolling Stone* — in which he talked about how the Grateful Dead wasn't as much fun for him as it used to be, how he was feeling a little burned out, and that the band was going to take some much-needed time off. This led to some instant revisionism: the band sounds tired, they're just going through motions, they need a break, etc. And, of course, there was the attendant panic: New Year's will be the last show, the band is breaking up, etc. As we all learned subsequently, however, 1992 is shaping up a lot like 1991 in terms of touring.

Still, the band hasn't introduced any *new* songs since early 1989 — that three years represents the band's longest dry spell. Clearly, new original material *and* new cover songs are needed to revitalize what has become a relatively safe formula for this band that thrives when they're breaking new ground. Could they go on like they have and still be great? Probably. To their credit, the creeping ennui was probably most visible to them, not us. These guys are pros, and at the core they love what they do. I would also remind Heads who are dreading a Deadless six months or more that the last time the band took a break, they actually put out more recorded music — solo albums, etc. — than at any time in their history.

That said, I should note that it's going to be hard to top 1991 for sheer output of Dead-family music. Besides all those Dead shows, 1991 gave us the exquisite Jerry Garcia Band live album and tour; the Garcia-Grisman disc and a few Northern California shows; extensive forays into the heartland by Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman; Mickey's *Planet Drum* book, album and tour; the first release of material from the Dead's tape vaults; Bob Bralove's exceptional CD of GD Drums and Space, *Infrared Roses*; the *Deadicated* collection of other artists performing Dead songs; and lots more. In fact let's go out on a limb: 1991 saw the release of more exciting Dead-related product than any year in the band's history.

Join us now, as we take a whirlwind look at this incredible year. Over the next 14 pages we offer our traditional look at some highpoints of the year; we present the complete sets lists from 1991 (including short descriptions of my 20 favorite shows); and catalog all the different Dead-related CD and book projects. Be there then!

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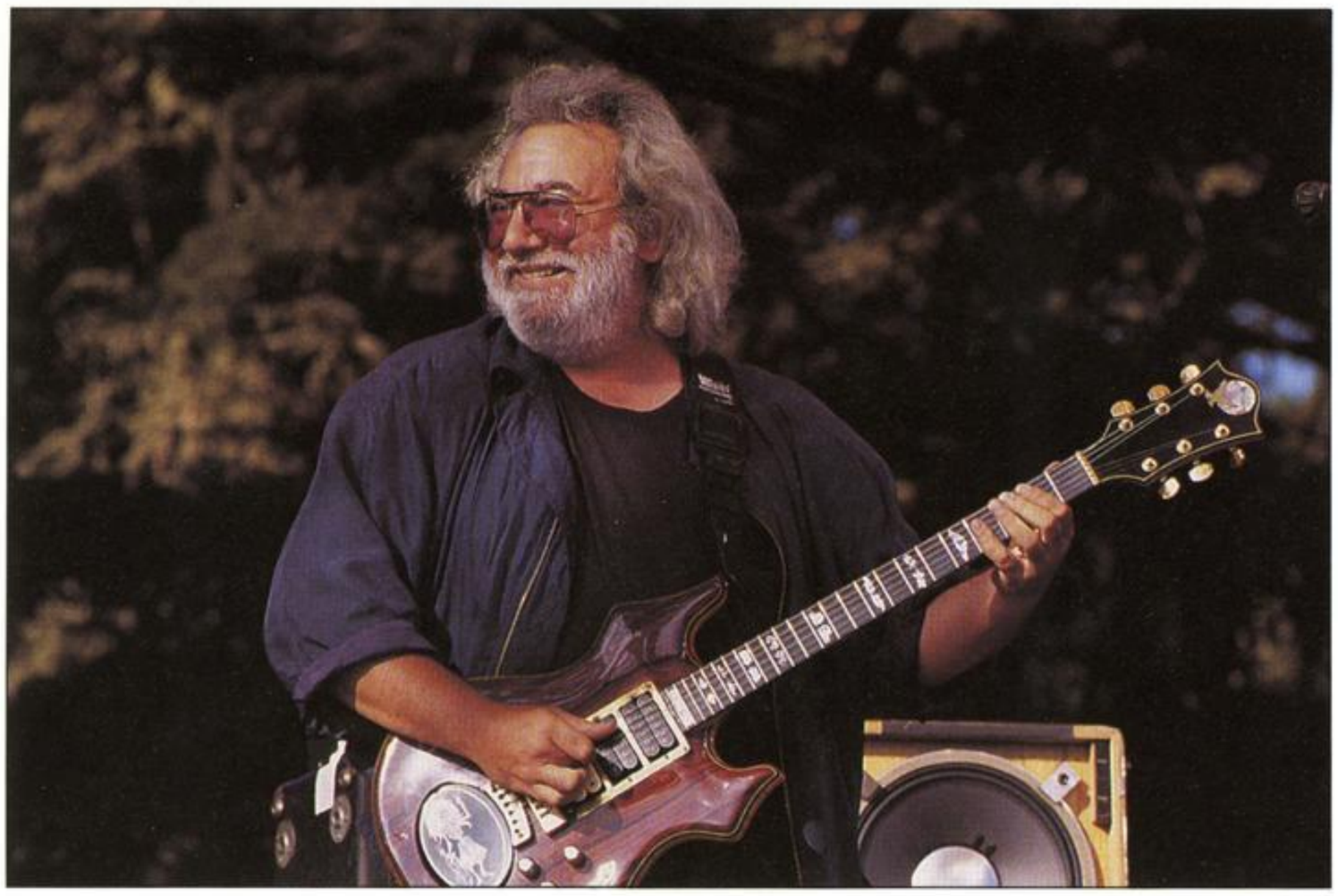
# 1991 Set Lists

**CHINESE NEW YEAR'S**
**2/19/91, Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA**
Bertha ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, Althea, Queen Jane Approximately, Ramble On Rose, Picasso Moon, Peggy-O, Cassidy, New Speedway Boogie

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Truckin' ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Black Peter ➢ Sugar Magnolia/ U.S. Blues

*Notes:* Bruce Hornsby was absent for all three Oakland shows. The first version of "New Speedway Boogie" since 1970 had the place in absolute pandemonium, as you might expect.

**2/20/91, Oakland Coliseum**
Hell in a Bucket ➢ Sugaree, Walkin'



JAY BLAKESBERG

Garcia at the Bill Graham memorial concert, 11/3

Blues, Friend of the Devil, Mexicali Blues ➢ Cumberland Blues, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➢ jam ➢ He's Gone ➢ Other One jam ➢ rhythm devils* ➢ jam* ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Around & Around/ Quinn the Eskimo

*with Olatunji and others on drums

*Notes:* The jam with Olatunji is actually "Jewe," which appears on the *Planet Drum* CD, and which was the encore at the Planet Drum performance I saw in Berkeley. The jam featuring the extra drummers following the conventional Rhythm Devils segment is unlike anything I've ever heard before. The drummers force Garcia and Weir into a quick rhythm that moves along briskly for a couple of minutes before the drummers leave and a more conventional Space emerges.

BJ'S FAVORITES #1

**2/21/91, Oakland Coliseum** *(Gung hay fat choy! Year of the Ram!)*

In a year filled with great versions of "Help-Slip-Frank," this one remains my favorite. Why? Because it's played *fast*, and the long "Slipknot" is so fully developed and thrown down with such reckless abandon. The second set, though just six songs, is extraordinary. The "Playin'" rambles through countless interesting mutations before the band falls gracefully into "Terrapin." But wait — Garcia changes his mind and rolls into "Uncle John's" instead! After another healthy jam, *then* we get our knock-out "Terrapin."

This show marked the arrival of Chinese New Year, and the Drums segment was a real extravaganza, with flag bearers, 9-foot papier-mache figures of Chinese sages wandering through the arena, and of course the entrance of the dragon! Tapes really don't do this part of the show justice. Airto stopped by near the end of Drums and parked himself at Mickey's kit. He plays on the fine "Eyes of the World" that came out of Space (a rarity in itself). The closing "Not Fade Away" is certainly among the longest and most intense of the year.

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, Little Red Rooster, Loser, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Tennessee Jed, Promised Land

Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ jam ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils (dragon entrance) ➢ Eyes of the World* ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

*with Airto on drums

**CAP CENTRE**

**3/17/91, Capital Centre, Landover, MD**

Hell in a Bucket ➢ Sugaree, Walkin Blues, Peggy-0, Queen Jane Approximately, Reuben & Cherise, Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You

**Revivals:** "New Speedway Boogie," introduced at the height of the Gulf War (2/19), hadn't been played since 1970, but perfectly summed up the darkness that enveloped this country last winter; "Might As Well" and "C.C. Rider" surfaced occasionally; and "Attics of My Life" and "The Last Time" got their first workouts since the Brent era on the September East Coast swing.

**Best New Cover Tune:** Dylan's "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry," which appeared magically out of the revived "C.C. Rider" a few times, beginning with the 5/12 Shoreline show. The Dead had played it once before, with members of the Allman Brothers at the epic 6/10/73 RFK show, and Garcia played it with some regularity in the Saunders-Garcia band in the early '70s. Also notable was Paul McCartney's fragmentary "That Would Be Something," which debuted at the Boston Garden 9/25/91. By the way, in case you're unfamiliar with that tune, it originally appeared on McCartney's eponymous 1970 solo debut; and it also turned up on his excellent 1991 live acoustic album, *Unplugged*.

**Coolest Pre-Set Tune-Up:** Boston, 9/26. It's a medley from the superb documentary TV series *The Civil War*. First Garcia plays the haunting main theme, "Ashokan Farewell." Then he goes into "Rally Round the Flag" and Hornsby picks it up and adds his two-cents. The band eventually goes into "Jack Straw," which could almost be a Civil War-era tale, to open the show.

**Best Dead-Related Image:** Mikio's subtle but effective rainforest design for the *Deadicated* album.

**Worst "Official" T-Shirt:** The Giants Stadium shirt, with skeletons playing football. Heavy, man.

**Retro-Craze of the Year:** The Wave, which reared its (moving) head from Giants Stadium to Soldier Field to Cal Expo to the Bill Graham memorial concert.

**Most Annoying Craze:** Marshmallow wars in the crowd. No, it doesn't actually hurt to be pelted, but it's still obnoxious and intrusive, and with the number of little kids who go to Dead shows these days, it can't be healthy for them to chomp on marshmallows that have been on the ground (not to mention the ones pumped up with green flourescent dyes).

**Surprisingly Common in '91:** "Brown-Eyed Women," "Wang Dang Doodle," "Saint of Circumstance"

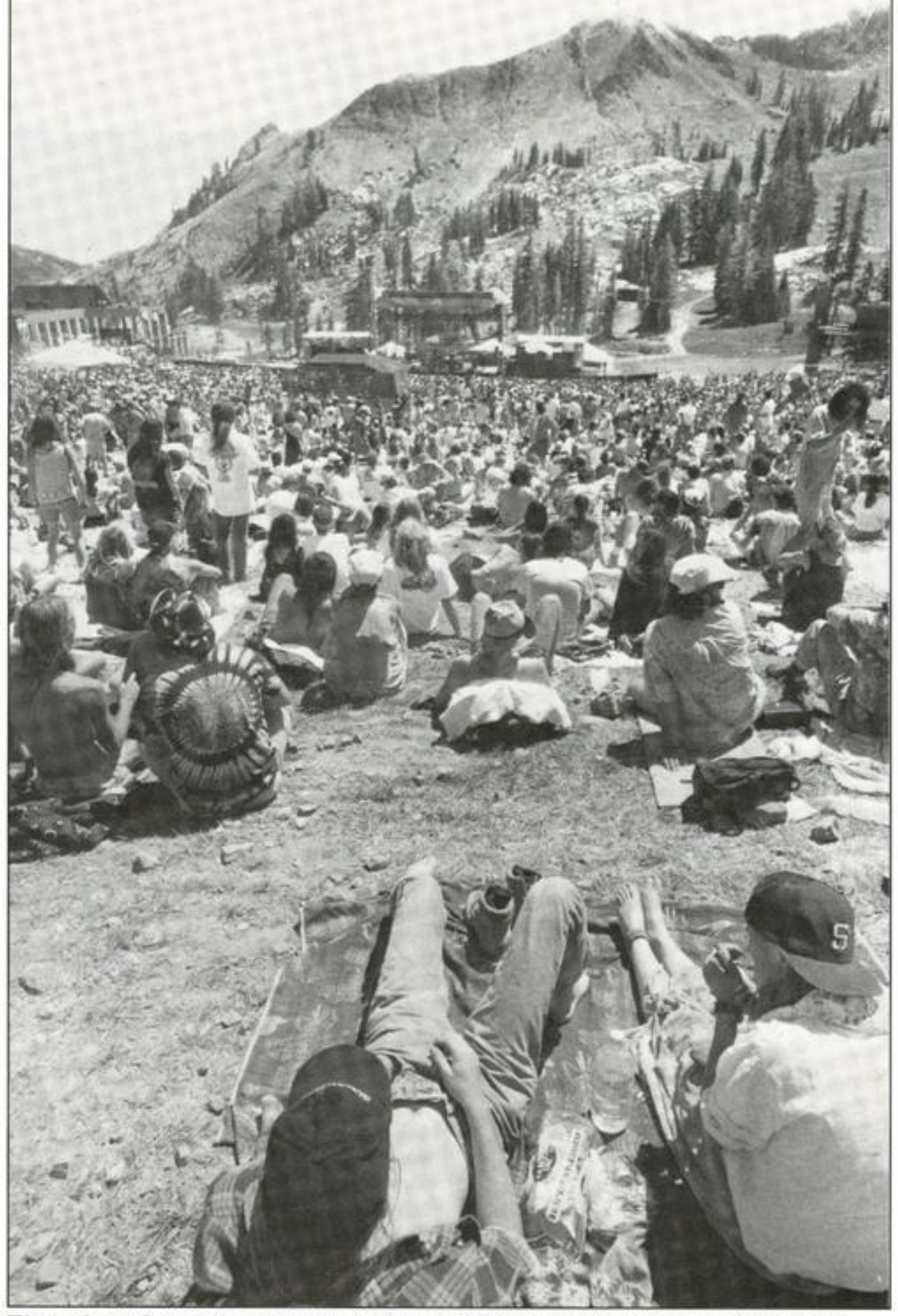
**Bomb of the Year:** The Dead's ill-advised trip to the Los Angeles Coliseum, a facility that is reviled by nearly everyone. The band drew 45,000 out of a possible 70,000, and while that matches the attendance at the Dead/Dylan show in nearby Anaheim in '87, the latter stadium is much smaller and better suited to concerts.

**Most Grateful Community:** Las Vegas, where Deadheads from out of state, constituting an estimated 75 percent of the 30,000 per day who saw the Dead and Santana at the Silver Bowl, pumped a whopping *$23 million* into the local economy. They were the most successful rock shows ever in the city, so don't be surprised if Dead shows there become an annual tradition.

**Coolest New Venue:** Orlando Arena. Relaxed vibe inside and outside the shows, decent acoustics (one reader described it as "Knickerbocker South"), and it's close to Disneyworld/Epcot.

**Best Weekend Getaway:** The summer festival at Squaw Valley in California's Sierra Nevada mountains, featuring the Garcia Band on Saturday, Garcia-Grisman on Sunday, and such support bands as the Neville Brothers, Booker T. & the MGs, Bela Fleck and Jimmy Cliff. There were serious logistical problems — traffic nightmares, endless lines for the gondolas to get up the mountain to the concert site, poor sound because of high winds — but most people had a great time anyway, and the setting *was* magnificent. A nice try at the very least, but don't look for Garcia to repeat it — the sound problems really bugged him.

**Best TV Appearance:** *In Concert '91*, ABC's late-night rock show, which devoted an entire hour last July to the Dead and some of the artists on the *Deadicated* album. The show included exquisitely shot versions (directed by the Dead's former video chief, Len Dell'Amico) of "Eyes of the World," "Saint of Circumstance" and "I Need a Miracle" from the Dead's Giants Stadium shows (6/16,17/91). Another highlight was Lyle Lovett's doleful "Friend of the Devil," captured at Red Rocks (with no audience). Sure there were a *billion* commercials, but what show there was was brilliant. And the Dead donated proceeds from the show to the rainforest causes supported by *Deadicated*. While we're at it, guys, why not release the whole 6/17 show on video?!



The view from the back at the JGB show at Squaw Valley in California's Sierras

RON DELANY

Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Truckin' ➢ New Speedway Boogie ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Black Peter ➢ Around & Around/ U.S. Blues

*Notes:* Very high energy show with first-ever Dead "Reuben & Cherise" (and great following "Let It Grow") and first second-set version of "New Speedway Boogie." That song would appear in combination with "Truckin'" a few other times during the year.

**3/18/91, Cap Centre**
Touch of Grey, New Minglewood Blues, Ramble On Rose, Me & My Uncle ➢ Maggie's Farm, Row Jimmy, Picasso Moon, Don't Ease Me In

Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ Terrapin ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Lovelight/ Baby Blue

**3/20/91, Cap Centre**
Feel Like a Stranger, Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, Althea, Black-Throated Wind, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stopped ➢ Might As Well

Eyes of the World ➢ Foolish Heart ➢ Estimated Prophet ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Sugar Magnolia/ The Weight

BJ'S FAVORITES #2

**3/21/91, Cap Centre**

The first set is fairly short, but punchy, particularly "Stuck Inside of Mobile" and "Bird Song." The second set is a scorcher all the way, with an excellent "Scarlet-Fire" (so nice after "Victim"!) and, most interesting of all, a well- developed jam based around the reggae classic "Stir It Up." On my audience tape, I can even hear people in the crowd singing along! The band also played the "Stir It Up" jam at the 4/5/91 Atlanta show, but this one catches fire more.

Mississippi Half-Step, Mexicali Blues ➢ Big River, Candyman, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Bird Song

Victim or the Crime ➢ Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain ➢ Stir It Up jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Goin' Down the Road ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Box of Rain

**KNICKERBOCKER**
**3/23/91, Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY**
Jack Straw ➢ Bertha, Walkin' Blues, Friend of the Devil, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Loser, Cassidy, New Speedway Boogie

Iko-Iko, Saint of Circumstance, Ship of Fools, Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Morning Dew ➢ Saturday Night/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Note: Bruce Hornsby did not play the Knickerbocker shows.

**3/24/91, Knickerbocker Arena**
Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, Wang Dang Doodle,

Jackaroe, Beat It On Down the Line, Brown-Eyed Women, Desolation Row, Deal

Samson & Delilah, China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Good Lovin'/ U.S. Blues

**3/25/91, Knickerbocker Arena**
Shakedown Street, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Queen Jane Approximately, High Time, All Over Now, Tennessee Jed, Promised Land➢ Touch of Grey

Greatest Story Ever Told, Crazy Fingers ➢ Truckin ➢ Spoonful ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Black Peter ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Playin' reprise/ Lovelight

*Notes:* Two second set rarities — "Greatest Story" as an opener (last done in that slot in 1980), and the "Playin'" reprise as a closer (1989).

**NASSAU**
**3/27/91, Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, NY**
Hell in a Bucket, Cold Rain & Snow, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Mama Tried ➢ Maggie's Farm, Loose Lucy, Picasso Moon, Reuben & Cherise

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Sugar Magnolia/ Box of Rain

*Note:* Bruce Hornsby was absent from the Nassau shows.

**3/28/91, Nassau Coliseum**
Bertha ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, Loser, Black-Throated Wind, Ramble On Rose, Let It Grow

Victim or the Crime ➢ Foolish Heart ➢ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ China Doll ➢ Goin' Down the Road ➢ Good Lovin'/ Terrapin

*Notes:* This was one of the shorter shows of the year, though what's there is fairly well played. The payoff, of course, is the "Terrapin" encore, the first time the song had been in that slot since 1978. It's a tremendous version, too— assured and with a nice spacey coda to end it all.

**3/29/91, Nassau Coliseum**
Feel Like a Stranger, Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Dire Wolf, Me & My Uncle ➢ Mexicali Blues, Althea, When I Paint My Masterpiece

Iko-Iko, Saint of Circumstance ➢ New Speedway Boogie ➢ Truckin' ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Touch of Grey/ Brokedown Palace

**GREENSBORO**
**3/31/91, Coliseum, Greensboro, NC**
Mississippi Half-Step, Wang Dang Doodle, Friend of the Devil, Queen Jane Approximately, West L.A. Fadeaway, Cassidy, Might As Well

Samson & Delilah ➢ Eyes of the World ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ Around & Around ➢ Johnny B. Goode/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

BJ'S FAVORITES #3

**4/1/91, Greensboro Coliseum**

During the previous night's excellent second set, there was a very serious "Dark Star" tease toward the end of the "Playin'" jam, so anticipation ran high that the Boys might actually break it out on April Fool's Day. They did, of course, and in my book it may be the best full version of the year.

But we're jumping ahead of ourselves. The first set is exciting from beginning to end, with a jacked up "Jack Straw," the rare "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" and a very spacey workout on "Bird Song." Though the versions of "China Cat-Rider" and "Looks Like Rain" are well above average, they don't even hint at what's to come. The "Dark Star" that follows is spellbinding, a mixture of dissonant space music and cohesive jamming on the theme. But what really blows me away about this show is how seamlessly the "Dark Star" moves into the Drums and Space segments and then back into the second verse of "Dark Star." It really is like a hypnotic half-hour space suite. The jam then falls very naturally into "Playin'" reprise, a masterful "completion" of the previous night's version. "Black Peter" builds to a stunning climax and then after so much concentrated heaviness, "Lovelight" is like a cool refreshing wind.

Jack Straw, Peggy-O, All Over Now, Candyman, Just Like Tom Thumb's

**Worst TV Appearance:** The GD segment on the PBS series *Edge* October 2. This sounded promising— a look at the Dead phenomenon spearheaded by the usually funny and offbeat Buck Henry. The producers of the segment were given access to all the bandmembers and were allowed to shoot great footage at the August Shoreline run. So what ran on TV? The usual interviews with space cases in the parking lot, a few seconds of "Help on the Way," half a minute of a completely unilluminating interview with Garcia, and a couple of minutes of lame Buck-goes-to-a-Dead-show shtick. What a waste!

**Unsung Hero of '91:** David Gans, host of *The Grateful Dead Hour*. OK, so he's a friend of mine. I *still* humbly tip my hat to him for consistently coming up with cool stuff for his radio program, from rare old shows I didn't even know were in the vaults, to the best or most interesting recent concerts. I just love the fact that because of the program, so many people have heard great soundboards of, say, the "Reuben & Cherise" from Buckeye, or the Kesey rap on the Halloween "Dark Star." There will always be those who quibble with some of his choices, but on the balance, particularly in '91, they've been inspired. His interview segments are ever enlightening, and the sheer variety of music he plays nicely reflects the eclecticism of the Dead family's music.

**And Special Kudos To:** Ian Knight, who designed the beautiful backdrops for the summer tour.

**Now That's Gutsy:** Among the "effects" utilized at different times by Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman on their otherwise gimmick-free acoustic tours in 1991 were a smoke machine (for their onstage entrance, to the strains of "Also Sprach Zarathustra," a.k.a. the theme from *2001*), a Lawrence Welk-style bubble machine, and an applause meter. Maybe on the next tour, Bob should come onstage wearing a James Brown cape and then collapse at the end of each show and be carried off by roadies!

**Most Mesmerizing Dead Family Event:** The Planet Drum tour. Eight of the finest percussionists in the world on one stage, *completely* blowing it out, individually and as a group. Definitely one of the most intense, passion-filled musical displays I've ever seen; a true once-in-a-lifetime experience that lifted me a few feet off the ground for days afterwards.

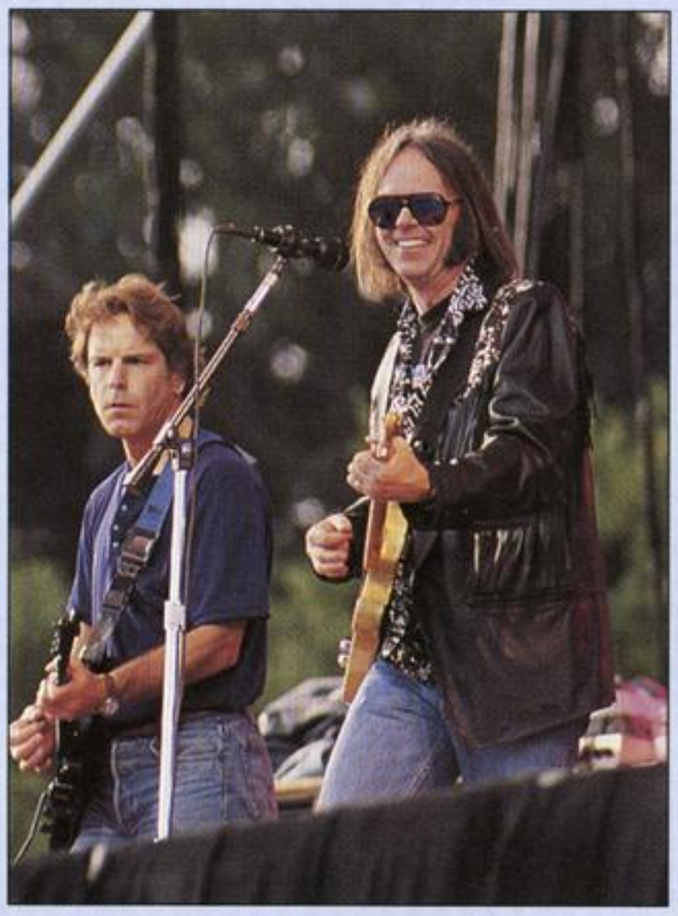
**Deadsploitation of the Year:** "Gratefully Yours," the 18-date tour that brought together Merl Saunders, Tom Constanten, David Nelson, Kingfish and others who've been tangentially connected with the Dead through the years. Yes, there was a lot of Grateful Dead music performed at the shows (from T.C.'s "Dark Star" variations to Merl doing "Sugaree" and Kingfish tackling "Fire on the Mountain," to name a few), but cashing in so blatantly on the Dead's name and current fame sounded a little desperate. All the reports I heard about the music were generally very favorable, though.

**BJ's 1991 Dream Show**
Wow, they're letting us back into Frost Amphitheater for one afternoon only! Glad you all got the tickets we sent you.

Shakedown Street (Chicago, 6/23), C.C. Rider ➢ It Takes a Lot to Laugh It Takes a Train to Cry (Shoreline, 5/12), Black-Throated Wind (Boston, 9/20), Reuben & Cherise (Orlando, 4/7), Box of Rain (Orlando, 4/7), Bird Song (Las Vegas, 4/28 with Carlos Santana), Let It Grow (Cal Expo, 8/13)

Dark Star (Boston 9/26) ➢ Playin' in the Band (Oakland 2/21) ➢ Comes a Time (Sandstone, 7/25) ➢ Uncle John's Band (Oakland, 12/28) ➢ jam + Dark Star jam (Giants Stadium, 6/17) ➢ rhythm devils (w/Airto, Oakland 12/30) ➢ space ➢ Dark Star ➢ Playin' reprise (all from Greensboro, 4/1) ➢ Morning Dew (Shoreline, 8/17) ➢ Saint of Circumstance (Oakland, 12/28)

encore #1: Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain (Sandstone, 7/25)
encore#2: Forever Young (SF, 11/3 with Neil Young)



JAY BLAKESBERG

Neil Young with Bob at the Graham memorial show

Blues, Picasso Moon, Bird Song

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain ➢ Dark Star ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Dark Star ➢ Playin' reprise ➢ Black Peter ➢ Lovelight/ Baby Blue

**ATLANTA**

**4/3/91, The Omni, Atlanta, GA**
Touch of Grey, Greatest Story Ever Told, Loser, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stopped ➢ Don't Ease Me In

Victim or the Crime ➢ Foolish Heart ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Truckin' ➢ Smokestack Lightning ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Sugar Magnolia/ The Weight

**4/4/91, The Omni**
Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger, They Love Each Other, Walkin' Blues, Ramble On Rose, Stuck Inside of Mobile, High Time, Promised Land

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower ➢ Estimated Prophet ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Good Lovin'/ U.S. Blues

**4/5/91, The Omni**
Shakedown Street, New Minglewood Blues, Stagger Lee, Mama Tried ➢ Mexicali Blues, Friend of the Devil, Queen Jane Approximately, Deal

Iko-Iko, Saint of Circumstance, Terrapin ➢ Stir It Up jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Quinn the Eskimo

**ORLANDO**

BJ'S FAVORITES #4

**4/7/91, The Arena, Orlando, FL**

Man, I love this show! The first set is juiced to the max, especially the "Reuben" ➢ "Promised Land" closer. And the second set…well, "Crazy Fingers" ➢ "Playin'" ➢ "Uncle John's" has become downright common, but you'll be hard-pressed to find a better version of that sequence than this one, at least in 1991. Outstanding! The way "Box of Rain" flows out of Space is truly miraculous, and "Goin' Down the Road" is a rollicking good time. Actualy, all three Orlando shows are worth seeking out.

Jack Straw ➢ Sugaree, Wang Dang Doodle, Row Jimmy, Black-Throated Wind, Reuben & Cherise ➢ Promised Land

Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band> rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Box of Rain ➢ Goin' Down the Road ➢ Lovelight/ Baby Blue

**4/8/91, Orlando Arena**
Mississippi Half-Step, Walkin' Blues, Peggy-O, Me & My Uncle ➢ Maggie's Farm, Dire Wolf, Picasso Moon, Might As Well

Eyes of the World ➢ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Morning Dew/ Johnny B. Goode

**4/9/91, Orlando Arena**
Hell in a Bucket, Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, Loose Lucy, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Must've Been the Roses, Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Saint of Circumstance, Foolish Heart ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Brokedown Palace

**LAS VEGAS**

**4/27/91, Silver Stadium, Las Vegas, NV**
Touch of Grey, Walkin' Blues, Friend of the Devil, Mexicali Blues ➢ Maggie's Farm, Loose Lucy, Cassidy, Might As Well

Sugar Magnolia ➢ Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Black Peter ➢ Saturday Night/ The Weight

**4/28/91, Silver Stadium**
Jack Straw, Candyman, Wang Dang Doodle, Althea, Me & My Uncle ➢ Big River, Bird Song+

Foolish Heart ➢ Saint of Circumstance, Crazy Fingers ➢ Truckin' ➢ Deal ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Around & Around ➢ Sunshine Daydream/ Box of Rain

+ with Carlos Santana on guitar

*Notes:* This was the first time Santana had played on "Bird Song," and it's a soaring version, as you might expect. "Deal" in the second set was a complete surprise; perfect for Vegas. What was even cooler, though, was the Drums that followed, featuring the sound of slot machines and even a bit of Frank Sinatra.... This marked the first time "Sunshine Daydream" had been played during a show that did not feature "Sugar Magnolia" (which opened the previous day's second set, but remained unfinished).



SUSANA MILLMAN

Vince goes it alone at the Graham memorial show

**CAL EXPO #1**

**5/3/91, Cal Expo Amphitheater, Sacramento, CA**

Bertha ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told ➢ West L.A. Fadeaway, Queen Jane Approximately, Jackaroe, All Over Now, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➢ He's Gone ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Lovelight/ U.S. Blues

*Notes:* Bruce Hornsby missed these three Cal Expo shows.

**5/4/91, Cal Expo**

Hell in a Bucket ➢ Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Loser, The Race Is On, Row Jimmy, When I Paint My Masterpiece, New Speedway Boogie ➢ The Music Never Stopped

Victim or the Crime ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Saturday Night/ Touch of Grey

**5/5/91, Cal Expo**

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, Little Red Rooster, Ramble On Rose, Picasso Moon, Brown-Eyed Women> Promised Land

Eyes of the World ➢ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ➢ Spanish jam ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

**SHORELINE #1**

**5/10/91, Shoreline Amphitheater, Mountain View, CA**

Jack Straw, They Love Each Other, Walkin' Blues, Stagger Lee, Me & My Uncle ➢ Maggie's Farm, Cold Rain & Snow, Desolation Row, Don't Ease Me In

Foolish Heart ➢ Saint of Circumstance ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Truckin' ➢ New Speedway Boogie ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Black Peter ➢ Sugar Magnolia/ Baby Blue

**5/11/91, Shoreline**

Mississippi Half-Step, Wang Dang Doodle, Peggy-O, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song, Promised Land

Saturday Night, Iko-Iko, Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space>I Need a Miracle ➢ Morning Dew ➢ Around & Around/ Quinn the Eskimo

*Notes:* Amazingly enough, "Saturday Night" had opened a second set only one other time — the incredible 4/17/72 Copenhagen show. It was the perfect choice for a very rowdy Saturday night crowd ... The version of "Bird Song" was one of the longest of the year.

BJ'S FAVORITES #5

**5/12/91, Shoreline**

This show had perhaps my favorite first set of the year, featuring the first "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes A Train to Cry," coming smoothly from the middle of "C.C. Rider," and outstanding versions of everything else, including the now-rare "El Paso." I always prefer "Help on the Way" after the band and crowd are fully warmed up. Also notable are the versions of "Goin' Down the Road" and "Terrapin."

Picasso Moon, Althea, C.C. Rider ➢ It Takes a Lot to Laugh It Takes a Train to Cry, El Paso, High Time, Black-Throated Wind, Deal

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, Looks Like Rain ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Goin' Down the Road ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Lovelight/ The Weight

**L.A. COLISEUM**

**6/1/91, The Coliseum, Los Angeles, CA**

Shakedown Street, Walkin' Blues, Bertha ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, Candyman, Queen Jane Approximately, Deal

Picasso Moon, Foolish Heart ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Black Peter ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Saturday Night

**DEER CREEK**

**6/6/91, Deer Creek Music Center, Noblesville, IN**

Jack Straw, They Love Each Other, Wang Dang Doodle, Row Jimmy, Black-Throated Wind, Big Railroad Blues, Cassidy ➢ Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Lovelight/ Box of Rain

*Notes:* First "Big Railroad Blues" since 3/26/90.

**6/7/91, Deer Creek**
Mississippi Half-Step, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Me & My Uncle ➢ Maggie's Farm, Loser, The Music Never Stopped ➢ Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Truckin' ➢ New Speedway Boogie ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Sugar Magnolia/ The Weight

**BUCKEYE**
**6/9/91, Buckeye Lake Music Center, Hebron, OH**
Picasso Moon, Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Ramble On Rose, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Reuben & Cherise, Let It Grow

Samson & Delilah ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ He's Gone ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Around & Around/ Knockin' On Heaven's Door

*Notes:* Alas, the final "Reuben & Cherise" of the year.

**CHARLOTTE**
**6/11/91, The Coliseum, Charlotte, NC**
Iko-Iko, Walkin' Blues, Jackaroe, Mama Tried ➢ Mexicali Blues, West L.A. Fadeaway, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song, Promised Land

Victim or the Crime ➢ Eyes of the World ➢ Looks Like Rain ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Playin' reprise ➢ The Wheel ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ U.S. Blues

*Notes:* First pairing of "Playin'" reprise and "The Wheel" since 3/2/81.

**6/12/91, Charlotte Coliseum**
Feel Like a Stranger, Peggy-O, C.C. Rider, Althea, Desolation Row, Loose Lucy, Hell in a Bucket ➢ Don't Ease Me In

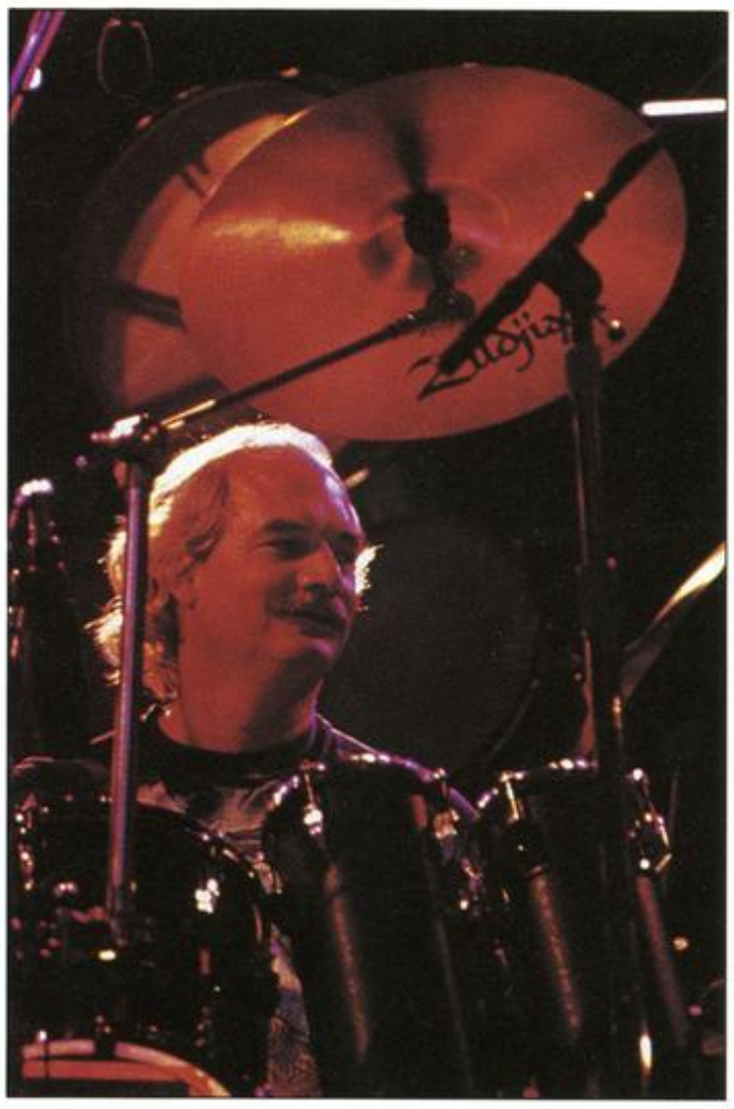
Touch of Grey ➢ Saint of Circumstance, Ship of Fools ➢ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ rhythm devils ➢ Goin' Down the Road ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Morning Dew/ Brokedown Palace

**RFK STADIUM**

BJ'S FAVORITES #6

**6/14/91, RFK Stadium, Washington D.C.**

This is another superb show from beginning to end. The first set is very high-


Billy at Shoreline, 8/91

energy and well executed, and the second set presents a dream set list played fantastically. I particularly like the "Estimated" and the beginning of "Dark Star." The band never gets to the second verse of "DS" but what is here is pretty far-out stuff. "Stella Blue" coming out of Space is a nice change of pace; this version ranks up there with the best of '91 (though my favorite remains the one from Cal Expo on 5/3). The "Lovelight" has a false ending, which is always a hoot.

Cold Rain & Snow, Wang Dang Doodle, Jackaroe, Big River ➢ Maggie's Farm, Row Jimmy, Black-Throated Wind, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stopped

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, Estimated Prophet ➢ Dark Star ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Lovelight/ Baby Blue

**GIANTS STADIUM**
**6/16/91, Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ**
Picasso Moon, Bertha, Little Red Rooster, Candyman, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Stagger Lee, Let It Grow

Jack Straw ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Black Peter ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Box of Rain

BJ'S FAVORITES #7

**6/17/91, Giants Stadium**

Ah yes, the legendary "Dark Star" tease show. But don't let the word "tease" fool you, because this show delivers the goods— in spades! Even a driving rainstorm (which is sort of turning into a Giants Stadium tradition) couldn't dampen the spirits of the assembled multitude. The excitement starts with the unbelievable appearance of "Eyes of the World" as the first set opener. The first "DS" tease — and there's no mistaking it — comes after "Brown-Eyed Women." Hornsby, in particular, toys with the theme. "Cassidy" and "Might As Well" rock hard at the close of the set.

The second set also opens with a surprise: "Saint of Circumstance." The next "DS" tease, following a very good "Ship of Fools," is longer than the first, before giving way to "Truckin'"— typical of his playfulness on the entire tour, Hornsby can even be heard playing the four-note "Dark Star" intro during the first verse of "Truckin'." That song then leads into what may be the strongest "New Speedway Boogie" of the year, followed by an incredibly forceful "Uncle John's." Then all hell breaks loose! The music moves into a wild section that combines jams on both "Dark Star" and "The Other One" swirling in and out of each other before the guitarists yield the stage to the drummers. While the second half of the second set doesn't have the same head-snapping quality, it still sounds very different from a conventional post-Drums. One almost senses they were debating whether to play the "Dark Star" all the way up until the first notes of "Sugar Mag." An epic show!

SUSANA MILLMAN

Eyes of the World, Walkin' Blues, Brown-Eyed Women, Dark Star tease, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Loose Lucy, Cassidy, Might As Well

Saint of Circumstance, Ship of Fools ➢ Dark Star tease ➢ Truckin' ➢ New Speedway Boogie ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ jam ➢ Dark Star jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ China Doll ➢ Playin' reprise> Sugar Magnolia/The Weight

**PINE KNOB**
**6/19/91, Pine Knob Music Theater, Clarkston, MI**
Feel Like a Stranger, They Love Each Other, New Minglewood Blues, Dire Wolf, Queen Jane Approximately, Ramble On Rose, Promised Land

Victim or the Crime ➢ Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Stella Blue ➢ The Other One ➢ Johnny B. Goode/ Quinn the Eskimo

BJ'S FAVORITES #8

**6/20/91, Pine Knob**

Pine Knob is one of the smaller places the band plays these days, and these shows came as quite a relief to tourheads who'd braved the mobs at RFK and Giants stadiums. This concert might not be quite up to the level of some of the other shows in my 20 Favorites list, but I included it because of the refreshingly convoluted song order in the second set. It blew my mind just *hearing* about it on the phone, and tapes do show that something special did go on this evening. The pre-Drums is composed mainly of post-Drums tunes, from the opening "Throwing Stones" (!) (which goes *perfectly* into "Iko" right before the "shipping powders" finale) to "Watchtower" (which had never appeared before Drums in a second set) and "Standing on the Moon." The return to "Throwing Stones" out of "Wharf Rat" near the end of the set is more awkward, but still exciting — it picks up in the "Throwing Stones" jam, then repeats the "If the game is lost" bridge before finishing up the song. Wiggy.

Touch of Grey, Greatest Story Ever Told, Peggy-O, Mexicali Blues ➢ Maggie's Farm, Bird Song

Throwing Stones ➢ Iko-Iko ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Throwing Stones reprise ➢ Not Fade Away/ Brokedown Palace

**SOLDIER FIELD**

BJ'S FAVORITES #9

**6/22/91, Soldier Field, Chicago, IL**

As stadiums go, Soldier Field has to be regarded as one of the few remaining classics in this country. With its wide-open design (all the better to chill Bears fans with howling winds off Lake Michigan!) and striking architecture, it's a lovable landmark that has something modern stadiums don't have: soul. This was the Dead's first appearance there and the group's biggest-ever show in the Midwest. And what a great show the throng got!

For starters, there's the crankin' combo of a driving "Hell in a Bucket," and what is really one of my all-time favorite versions of "Shakedown." The interplay between Garcia, Lesh and Weir on the latter is completely pumped and in sync, and I love Jerry's Branford-like tone and phrasing toward the end of the main solo. The "Let It Grow" that closes the set is also a revelation — just incredibly fresh throughout.

The second set offers a rich blend of different moods and grooves, from a lilting "Foolish Heart" to another great "Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin'" duo, a lovely, slow-building "Dark Star" jam out of Space (this after "DS" teases by Hornsby during both the "Playin'" jam and and after "Terrapin"), a beautifully controlled "Black Peter" and raucous "Saturday Night." This show is an excellent primer on what the Dead can do on a given night. Don't miss it!

Hell in a Bucket, Shakedown Street, Wang Dang Doodle, Friend of the Devil, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Brown-Eyed Women, Let It Grow

Foolish Heart, Looks Like Rain ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Terrapin ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Dark Star jam ➢ Playin' reprise ➢ Black Peter ➢ Saturday Night/ The Weight

Mickey at Shoreline, 5/91



**SANDSTONE**

**6/24/91, Sandstone Amphitheater, Bonner Springs, KS**

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, C.C. Rider ➢ It Takes a Lot to Laugh etc., Me & My Uncle ➢ Big River, Althea, Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➢ Supplication jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Morning Dew/ Around & Around

BJ'S FAVORITES #10

**6/25/91, Sandstone Amphitheatre**

There's nothing here that's going to floor you out with its sheer brilliance, but its a very strong, consistent show, particularly the second set. The "Scarlet-Fire" is my favorite of the year; it's always a thrill to hear "Smokestack Lightning" (even when it's somewhat abbreviated); and the whole post-Drums is killer: "Comes a Time" always tears me up; "Goin' Down the Road" is the perfect uptempo complement to that tune; and "Good Lovin'" always brings down the house. Check out the previous night's show, too — a bona fide "Supplication" jam and an extended romp after "Uncle John's" are just two of the concert's highpoints.

Jack Straw, Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Truckin' ➢ Smokestack Lightning ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Comes a Time ➢ Goin' Down the Road ➢ Good Lovin'/ Baby Blue

**MILE HIGH STADIUM**

**6/28/91, Mile High Stadium, Denver, CO**

Touch of Grey, Greatest Story Ever Told, Mississippi Half-Step, Wang Dang Doodle, Peggy-O, Black-Throated Wind, Iko-Iko, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

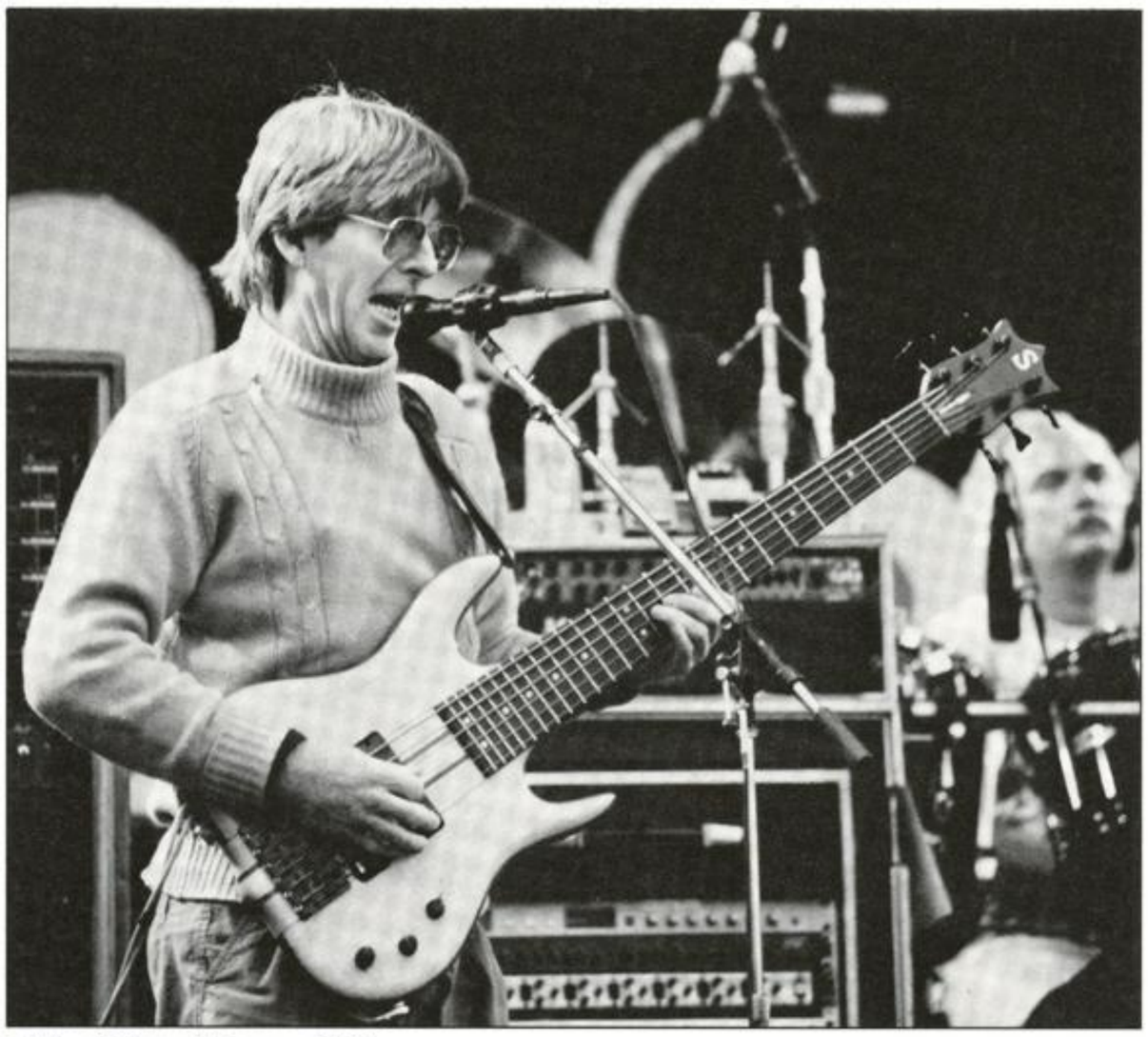
Eyes of the World ➢ Picasso Moon, Crazy Fingers ➢ Saint of Circumstance ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Box of Rain

*Notes:* Mini "Dark Star" jam near the end of the "Wharf Rat" jam (before "got up and wandered").

RON DELANY

**CAL EXPO #2**
**8/12/91, Cal Expo Amphitheater**
Iko-Iko, New Minglewood Blues, Althea, Me & My Uncle ➢ Big River, Bird Song, Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Terrapin ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Lovelight/ The Weight


Phil at Sandstone, 6/91

JOHN LAFORTUNE

BJ'S FAVORITES #11

**8/13/91, Cal Expo**

Give me a great "Let It Grow" and I'm a happy man. It's a tune the Dead don't play that often, and when they do, about half the time they have trouble sustaining the tune's momentum; it ain't easy, that's for sure. But this version was, quite simply, the best thing the band played during the Cal Expo run— the power they built during the main jam was truly something to behold. This show would be worth seeking out just for that, but wait ... there's more! Like "High Time," which always seems to make an appearance at Cal Expo; a long and lyrical "Foolish Heart," featuring some shimmering interplay between Garcia and Hornsby; another supremely melodic "Eyes"; a slower, almost methodical "Watchtower"; and a bubbling "Sugar Magnolia."

Picasso Moon, Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Stuck Inside of Mobile, High Time, Let It Grow

Foolish Heart ➢ Saint of Circumstance ➢ Eyes of the World ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Black Peter ➢ Sugar Magnolia/ Black Muddy River

**8/14/91, Cal Expo**
Touch of Grey, Little Red Rooster, Loser, Black-Throated Wind, Row Jimmy, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Cold Rain & Snow, Box of Rain, Looks Like Rain, Crazy Fingers ➢ Estimated Prophet ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Around & Around/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

*Notes:* The entire first set was played in a steady drizzle, which explains the song choices at the beginning of the second set— three rain songs in a row (four if you count the first line of "Crazy Fingers"). Nice to see the band is paying attention ... *Great* "Uncle John's"!

**SHORELINE #2**

BJ'S FAVORITES #12

**8/16/91, Shoreline Amphitheater**

We'd already danced our booties off to fantastic versions of "Jack Straw" and "Bertha," and been more captivated than usual by "Desolation Row," when the band went into another of their "Dark Star" teases. "Yeah, right, sure," I said cynically. And then they up'n' *played* it— right there in the first set! Holy cow! I wondered whether they might not try following it with an old-style segue into "Me & My Uncle," but "Promised Land" proved to be the next best thing. What a mind-blower!

The second set marked the first time the Dead split "Scarlet" and "Fire" with another song since the stupendous 7/13/84 Greek show where the band inserted "Touch of Grey" in between them. (Coincidentally, that show also featured "Dark Star.") This time it was "Victim" and I'd say it definitely colored both of its bookends. Hearing the "Playin' reprise" on the first night of a run was quite a shock, too, but as we were to learn by night three, the band was making a conscious effort to not repeat songs that they'd played at Cal Expo. (Over the six shows, "Promised Land" was the only repeat— quite a feat!). And I *always* love hearing "Good Lovin'." David Gans played a lot of this one on his *Grateful Dead Hour* program, so good tapes are around.

Jack Straw ➢ Bertha, All Over Now, Ramble On Rose, Desolation Row, Dark Star ➢ Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Victim or the Crime ➢ Fire on the Mountain ➢ Truckin' ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Playin' reprise ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Good Lovin'/ U.S. Blues

**8/17/91, Shoreline**
Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, Wang Dang Doodle, Brown-Eyed Women, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stoppped

Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ Ship of Fools, Smokestack Lightning ➢ He's Gone ➢ jam (w/o Jerry) ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Dark Star jam ➢ Morning Dew ➢ Saturday Night/ Baby Blue

**8/18/91, Shoreline**
Hell in a Bucket, Jackaroe, C.C. Rider ➢ It Takes a Lot to Laugh It Takes a Train to Cry, Beat It On Down the Line, West L.A. Fadeaway, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Stagger Lee, Johnny B. Goode

Deal ➢ Samson & Delilah ➢ Mississippi Half-Step ➢ Feel Like a Stranger ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ China Doll ➢ Goin' Down the Road ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Brokedown Palace

**RICHFIELD**
**9/4/91, Richfield Coliseum, Richfield, OH**
Good Times, Jack Straw, Jackaroe, Walkin' Blues, Friend of the Devil, Black-Throated Wind, Tennessee Jed, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Cold Rain & Snow, Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➢ He's Gone ➢

rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ China Doll ➢ The Wheel ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ The Weight

**9/5/91, Richfield Coliseum**
Mississippi Half-Step, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Queen Jane Approximately, Ramble On Rose, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ Ship of Fools, Truckin' ➢ Smokestack Lightning ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Black Peter ➢ Sugar Magnolia/ U.S. Blues

**9/6/91, Richfield Coliseum**
Feel Like a Stranger, Bertha, Wang Dang Doodle, Peggy-O, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, All Over Now, Bird Song

Victim or the Crime ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Dark Star jam ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Around & Around/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

## MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

**9/8/91, Madison Square Garden, New York City**
Touch of Grey ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, Loser, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Big River ➢ Maggie's Farm, Row Jimmy, Let It Grow

Samson & Delilah ➢ Eyes of the World ➢ Saint of Circumstance, Dark Star jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Good Lovin'/ Attics of My Life

BJ'S FAVORITES #13

**9/9/91, Madison Square Garden**

The previous night's "Attics" encore was the tip-off that the band had a few aces up its collective sleeve for the demanding New York audience. The curve ball they threw on Night Two was a doozy: "The Last Time," which hadn't been played since Brent's death, coming out of Space! Whoa! There's plenty of other cool stuff here, too, like the "Picasso Moon" opener (that song seems to work well in that slot), a funky "Loose Lucy," the combo of "New Speedway Boogie" into "Playin'" and, of course, "Morning Dew."

Picasso Moon, Sugaree, Me & My Uncle ➢ Mexicali Blues, They Love Each Other, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Loose Lucy, The Music Never Stopped

Iko-Iko ➢ Looks Like Rain ➢ New Speedway Boogie ➢ Playin' ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Morning Dew/ Quinn the Eskimo

BJ'S FAVORITES #14

**9/10/91, Madison Square Garden**

Rumors were rampant that Branford Marsalis was going to jam with the Dead one night during the Garden run, since he had shows of his own in town. But who dared hope that he'd play with the band for an *entire show*? Though he plays tentatively on some of the first set songs, when he cuts loose it propels the band into an entirely new orbit. Sax on "Shakedown" is a natural, of course, but what's amazing is how great it sounds on a song like "Deal." The guy has serious chops. The first half of the second set has the same sequence as the summer RFK show, but Branford's presence here fuels the music and makes it all seem completely new. He handles the steep terrain of "Slipknot" like someone who's played it a hundred times, and kicks "Franklin's Tower" to new heights.

At this point it would be a surprise if Branford showed up and the Dead *didn't* play "Dark Star." And like the other two versions he's played on, this one goes outside early and often. Particularly spacey is the jam after the second verse, which is like a whole 'nother space jam. That one must have had 'em squirmin' in the Big Apple. Branford's fills on "Standing on the Moon" are tasteful and nicely understated, and "Lovelight" gives him the chance to get in some serious honkin'. How 'bout a whole tour with Branford sometime?

Shakedown Street, C.C. Rider ➢ It Takes a Lot to Laugh ..., Black-Throated Wind, High Time, Cassidy, Deal

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower ➢ Estimated Prophet ➢ Dark Star ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Dark Star ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Lovelight/ Baby Blue

**9/12/91, Madison Square Garden**
Hell in a Bucket ➢ Bertha, Walkin' Blues, Ramble on Rose, Beat It On Down the Line, Big Railroad Blues, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Let It Grow

Sugar Magnolia ➢ Foolish Heart ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Terrapin ➢ Playin' jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ Black Peter ➢ Around & Around ➢ Sunshine Daydream/ Box of Rain

**9/13/91, Madison Square Garden**
Touch of Grey ➢ Wang Dang Doodle, Peggy-O, Big River.➢ Cumberland Blues ➢ When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song

Victim or the Crime ➢ Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

**9/14/91, Madison Square Garden**
Good Times ➢ Jack Straw, Friend of the Devil ➢ Little Red Rooster, Jackaroe, Desolation Row, Tennessee Jed ➢ Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ➢ Spoonful ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ China Doll ➢ Saturday Night/ The Weight

BJ'S FAVORITES #15

**9/16/91, Madison Square Garden**

Any time the band plays more than eight songs in the first set (this one has nine) you know they're up to some serious monkey business. This show was no exception. The juxtaposition of "Roses" and "Dire Wolf" is stunning, and "The Music Never Stopped" moves into some neat spaces. The second set is as good as its list, with the "Comes a Time" ➢ "Uncle John's" stretch, and the "Goin' Down the Road">"Attics" combo heavenly music of the highest order. And who expected to go out rockin' with a super-charged "Johnny B. Goode"? A fabulous night at the kinder, gentler Madison Square Garden!

Feel Like a Stranger, Bertha, New Minglewood Blues, It Must've Been the Roses, Dire Wolf, Queen Jane Approximately, West L.A. Fadeaway, The Music Never Stopped, Don't Ease Me In

Mississippi Half-Step ➢ Saint of Circumstance ➢ Comes a Time ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Goin' Down the Road ➢ Attics of My Life ➢ Good Lovin'/ Johnny B. Goode

**9/17/91, Madison Square Garden**
Iko-Iko ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, Althea, Little Red Rooster, Loser, All Over Now, Brown-Eyed Women, Picasso Moon

Box of Rain ➢ Cold Rain & Snow ➢ Samson & Delilah ➢ Eyes of the World ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Black Peter ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ U.S. Blues

**9/18/91, Madison Square Garden**
Midnight Hour, Ramble On Rose, Wang Dang Doodle, Candyman, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Row Jimmy, Jack Straw

Victim or the Crime ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Sugar Magnolia/ Brokedown Palace

## BOSTON GARDEN

BJ'S FAVORITES #16

**9/20/91, Boston Garden, Boston, MA**

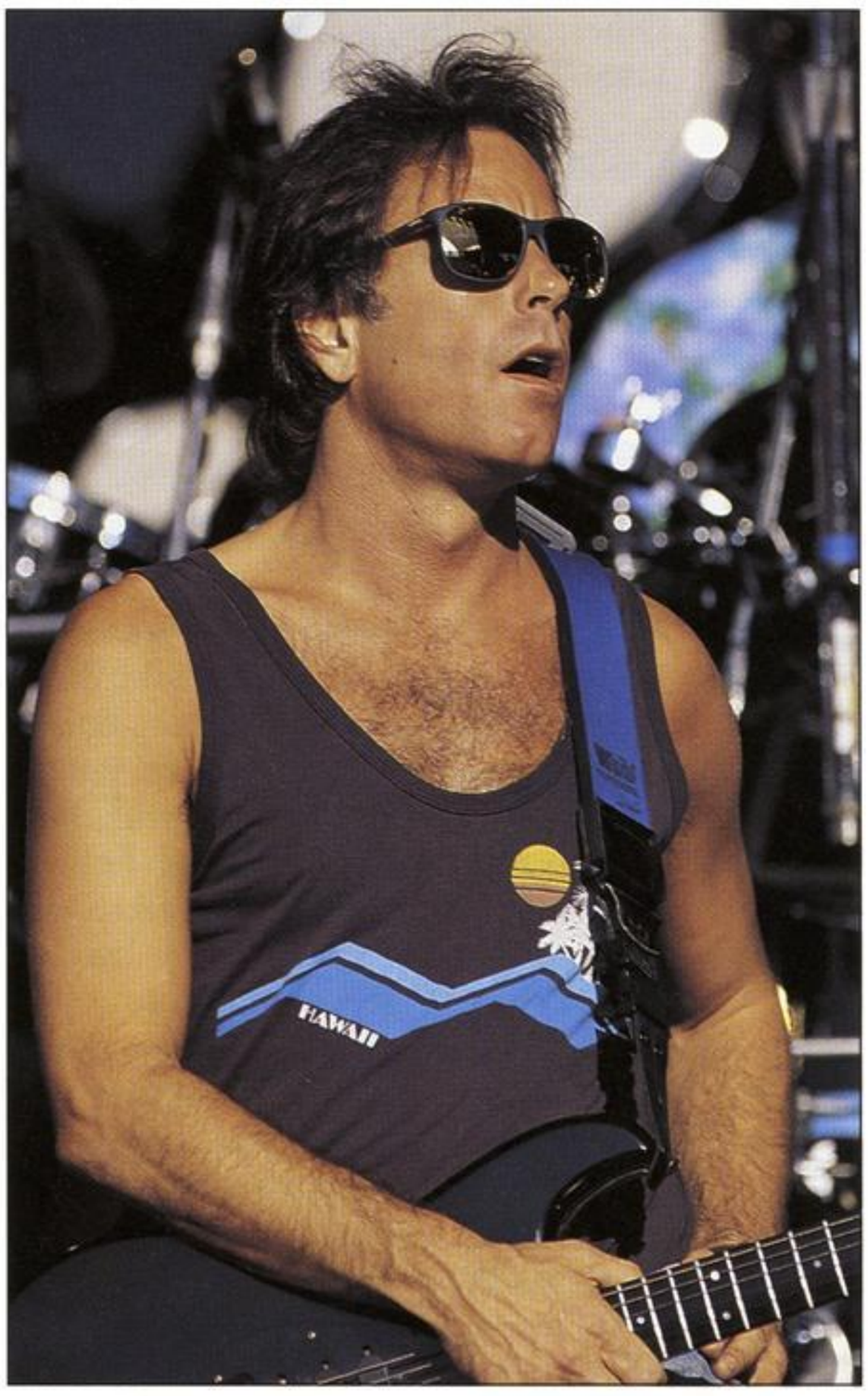
This isn't a perfect show, by any means, but how could I not single out a concert that features the only "Help-Slip-*Fire*" on record? The first set contains one of my favorite versions of "Bird Song" from '91, and I'd be remiss not to mention the smokin' "Stagger Lee"— the Dead played that song great all year. The "Morning Dew" and "Estimated" are second set standouts. The "Lovelight" probably should have been tacked onto the "Dew" at the end of the second set, but it's a nice bonus as an encore, instead of the usual workhorses that occupy that slot.

Touch of Grey, Little Red Rooster, Jackaroe, Black-Throated Wind, Stagger Lee, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➢ Truckin' ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Morning Dew/ Lovelight

**9/21/91, Boston Garden**
Hell in a Bucket, They Love Each Other, New Minglewood Blues, Peggy-O, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Cassidy ➢ Deal

Uncle John's Band ➢ Saint of Circumstance, Eyes of the World ➢ jam ➢ Hornsby and drummers jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Saturday Night/ Baby Blue



Bob at Shoreline, 5/91

**9/22/91, Boston Garden**
Shakedown Street ➢ C.C. Rider ➢ It Takes a Lot to Laugh ..., Me & My Uncle ➢ Maggie's Farm, Brown-Eyed Women, Let It Grow

Samson & Delilah ➢ Iko-Iko ➢ Looks Like Rain ➢ He's Gone ➢ Nobody's Fault But Mine ➢ Spoonful ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Sugar Magnolia/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

**9/24/91, Boston Garden**
Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger, Althea, All Over Now, High Time, Beat It On Down The Line ➢ Big Railroad Blues, Desolation Row, New Speedway Boogie

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ Ship of Fools ➢ Dark Star ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Foolish Heart ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Around & Around/ The Weight

BJ'S FAVORITES #17

**9/25/91, Boston Garden**

There's a lot to like in this show— plenty of jamming tunes, stomping rock 'n' roll, spacey stuff galore, even a few surprises. Because the next night was so extraordinary, this show has been overlooked by some, but I highly reccommend you search it out. Excellent soundboards and audience tapes seem to be in fairly common circulation. The first set features yet another confident, masterful "Help-Slip-Frank," the wonderful combination of two rarely played tunes — "Roses" followed by "Dire Wolf" (like at MSG) — and a fine "Music Never Stopped."

All of the pre-Drums songs are played with adventurous verve and assurance; once again the jam following "Terrapin" proves to be a stepping stone into a magical world. The real finds in this concert are in the post-Drums sequence of Paul McCartney's "That Would Be Something," which though not a whole song, is a wonderful melodic fragment; the "Playin' reprise" (I always love it when you get both halves of "Playin'" in the same show); and a typically evocative "China Doll."

RON DELANY

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, Walkin' Blues, It Must've Been the Roses>Dire Wolf, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stopped

Victim or the Crime ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ That Would Be Something ➢ Playin' reprise ➢ China Doll ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Quinn the Eskimo

BJ'S FAVORITES #18

**9/26/91, Boston Garden**

This show, the last of the epic Boston Garden series, has a truly incredible second set, and the first set isn't too shabby, either — "Cumberland" has become a too-rare treat, and "Box of Rain" is always a lovely set-closer that leaves every-

one in a good mood for the second set.

Since the band had played "Dark Star" (albeit only the first verse) just two nights earlier, its appearance as the second set opener (for the first time since the 10/16/89 Meadowlands show) must have caught nearly everyone off guard. This version really soars, too, sticking fairly close to the main theme throughout, and never breaking down into dissonance. A couple of minutes after singing the first verse, Garcia plays the melody of the second verse and then begins a slow descent into other keys, eventually ending at a launching pad for "Saint of Circumstance."

The post-Drums gives us the first pairing of "The Other One" and "Dark Star" since the latter's return; here the best jamming is after Garcia sings the second verse of "DS." The theme then unwinds and even hints slightly at "St. Stephen" before grinding to a halt. From there, "Attics" unfolds beautifully, followed by a joyous "Good Lovin'." "Brokedown" was the predictable (but always sweet) end-of-tour encore. But then the icing was the first (and so far the only) post-Brent "We Bid You Goodnight." As the tune ended, Garcia waved, Weir bowed and Lesh tipped an imaginary hat to close one of the best series of Dead shows in recent years.

Jack Straw ➢ Cold Rain & Snow, Wang Dang Doodle, Candyman, Mexicali Blues ➢ Cumberland Blues, Picasso Moon, Box of Rain

Dark Star ➢ Saint of Circumstance ➢ Eyes of the World ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Dark Star, Attics of My Life ➢ Good Lovin'/ Brokedown Palace ➢ We Bid You Goodnight

**HALLOWEEN**
**10/27/91, Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA**
Sugar Magnolia ➢ Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Althea, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Candyman, Cassidy, Touch of Grey

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider ➢ Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Iko-Iko# ➢ jam# ➢ Mona# ➢ jam# ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Good Lovin'/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

#with Gary Duncan and Carlos Santana on guitars

*Notes:* For more on this show, see our Bill Graham article.

**10/28/91, Oakland Coliseum**
Bertha ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, Peggy-O, Wang Dang Doodle, Loose Lucy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Bird Song

Saint of Circumstance ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ jam ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam (w/ out Jerry) ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Lovelight/The Weight

**10/30/91, Oakland Coliseum**
Picasso Moon, Peggy-O, Me & My Uncle ➢ Maggie's Farm, Brown-Eyed Women, All Over Now, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stopped

Eyes of the World ➢ Estimated Prophet ➢ jam ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Black Peter ➢ Around & Around/ Quinn the Eskimo.

BJ'S FAVORITE #19

**10/31/91 (Halloween!), Oakland Coliseum**

Actually, the playing during the 10/30 show was definitely the sharpest of this four-night stand, but this concert had so much meat I had to include it among my 20 favorites. In the first set, the "Help-Slip-Frank" opener is nice 'n' chunky, and "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" is always a welcome goodie. Though well played, the version of "Let It Grow" is a little slooooow for my taste.

Those of us who had lived through the big Oakland/Berkeley Hills fire a week earlier had been waiting for "Fire on the Mountain" to emerge (before Bill Graham's death I wondered if the Dead might not *open* the run with that song) and the langorous version we got in the second set proved to be cathartic indeed. After a high-charged "Truckin'," Quicksilver's Gary Duncan made his second appearance of the week, and, thankfully, he was more restrained in his playing than he'd been the first night. In fact, he fit perfectly into the wild "Dark Star" with second guest Ken Kesey (see our Bill Graham tribute for more on this). As surprising to me as the "Dark Star," was the miraculous emergence of "The Last Time" out of the post-Space "Dark Star" reprise. The rest of the set was beautifully executed; what a *long*, rip-roaring "Not Fade Away"! And though the encore probably took no one by surprise, it was played with such zest it reminded me of some '78 versions of "Werewolves."

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, Little Red Rooster, Loser, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Let It Grow

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Truckin' ➢ Spoonful* ➢ jam ➢ Dark Star (with Ken Kesey's rap on Bill Graham)* ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space* ➢ jam* ➢ Dark Star* ➢ The Last Time*, Standing on the Moon ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away/ Werewolves of London

*with Gary Duncan on guitar

**BILL GRAHAM MEMORIAL CONCERT**
**11/3/91, Golden Gate Park Polo Fields, S.F.**
Hell in a Bucket, China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Wang Dang Doodle, Born on the Bayou*, Green River*, Bad Moon Rising*, Proud Mary*, Truckin' ➢ jam ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat, Sunshine Daydream/ Forever Young†, Touch of Grey

*with John Fogerty, guitar and lead vocals
†with Neil Young, guitar and lead vocals, Kris Kristofferson and Graham Nash, backup vocals

*Notes:* For more on this see our Bill Graham tribute.

**NEW YEAR'S**
**12/27/91, Oakland Coliseum**
Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, They Love Each Other, Mama Tried ➢ Mexicali Blues, Loose Lucy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Stagger Lee, The Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain ➢ Looks Like Rain ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Black Peter ➢ Around & Around/ Baby Blue

*Notes:* All four New Year's shows were without Bruce Hornsby

BJ'S FAVORITES #20

**12/28/91, Oakland Coliseum**

This show had spectacular playing and some really unusual twists: like during

the opening "Saturday Night," right at the moment when the final crescendo was about to start, the band threw on the brakes and clomped into a very exciting version of "Jack Straw"! Phil was an absolute monster the whole first set, driving the superb versions of "Peggy-O" and "Minglewood." "Cassidy" and "Deal" were both outstanding, as well.

In the second set, the solo in "Foolish Heart" had a new wrinkle, thanks to Jerry's new tuneable pitch-bend pedal, which sounds alternately like a wah-wah or pedal steel effect. (The pedal was great on "Peggy-O," too.) The "Uncle John's" was one of the warmest I've heard recently, and how nice not to not hear accordion on it for a change! The part of the show that had everyone talking, though, was following a long "Playin'" jam, the band fell into an interesting blues groove somewhat akin to "Death Don't Have No Mercy." It eventually metamorphosed into the old Willie Dixon (via Muddy Waters) classic "The Same Thing," with Weir on lead vocals. The band hadn't played it since New Year's '71, when Pig was still the resident bluesman! Quite a surprise! In the post-Drums, "Standing on the Moon" was about as good as I've heard it; great singing and playing by Garcia at the end.

Saturday Night ➢ Jack Straw, Peggy-O, New Minglewood Blues, Dire Wolf, Queen Jane Approximately, Loser, Cassidy, Deal

Foolish Heart ➢ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ The Same Thing ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Saturday Night reprise/ U.S. Blues

**12/30/91, Oakland Coliseum**

Touch of Grey, Wang Dang Doodle, Row Jimmy, Big River ➢ Maggie's Farm, Ramble On Rose, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Bird Song ➢ Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider ➢ Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Saint of Circumstance ➢ Dear Prudence jam ➢ rhythm devils* ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Lovelight/ The Weight

*with Airto on drums

*Notes: Outstanding* second set, with Drums a real standout — Airto really has the major mojo.... The band came *this close* to actually playing "Dear Prudence," but it was not to be.... These were the first versions of "Maggie's Farm" and "The Weight" with Vince but no Bruce. On the former, Bob sang two verses, but unfortunately sang Vince's verse a second time, instead of Bruce's. On "The Weight," Vince sang Bruce's verse.

**12/31/91 (New Year's Eve!), Oakland Coliseum**

Hell in a Bucket, Candyman, Beat It on Down the Line, Must've Been the Roses, Black-Throated Wind, West L.A. Fadeaway, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower

Not Fade Away* ➢ Eyes of the World ➢ Estimated Prophet ➢ rhythm devils+ ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Sugar Magnolia♥/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

*with Airto and members of Olatunji's Drums of Passion on drums
+ with Airto on drums and vocals
♥ with Creek Hart and Airto on drums

*Notes:* A brief New Year's report: Olatunji and his troupe of 16 drummers, dancers and singers opened the show with a rousing, spiritually uplifting set. Too bad they didn't go on second instead of Bela Fleck & the Flecktones, who, though technically proficient, are so soulless and mired in schtick and gimmickry I found them completely annoying. I liked them when I saw them open for Garcia at the Greek two years ago, but they haven't changed their act much and their sound doesn't translate well to a big hall.... The highlight of the night for me came between the Dead's two sets, when a long video of Bill Graham's spectacular New Year's entrances through the years was projected on a giant screen behind the stage. Unfortunately, *thousands* of people couldn't see the screen because of the Dead's hanging sound system— that was poor planning on someone's part; some provision should have been made to show it in a more equitable way. The video lasted almost until midnight, so the hall didn't have a chance to go through the usual stages of slow-building pandemonium it has in other years. Instead, the video ended and a couple of minutes later things started happening: Mickey and Airto, both wearing concealing robes (and in Mickey's case, a mask) prowled the front of stage, Airto mimicking a dijeridou, and Mickey pounding on the large rectangular frame-drum he used on the Planet Drum tour. There was a countdown to midnight, some fireworks exploded in different parts of the hall, and the band kicked off the second set with "Not Fade Away," accompanied by a host of drummers from Olatunji's band, who were situated on raised platforms on either side of the main stage. Frankly, I thought the whole spectacle was very strange— Mickey and Airto's trip seemed grim and death-fixated (especially coming so close on the heels of the video of Bill Graham, which was so filled with joy and imagination), and I strongly disagreed with the decision to spread out the pyrotechnics and the balloon dropping over the length of the "Not Fade Away," instead of really kicking it all out at the New Year's moment. And no balloons came anywhere near the stage itself, so it never had that festive New Year's look, either. For their part, the Dead played a motley first set that didn't rock at all, and a predictable second set that peaked with the final "Sugar Magnolia." I, and others, wondered if the New Year's tradition would survive Bill's



MICHAEL CONWAY

Bruce at Boston Garden, 9/91

death intact. For me, the answer was a resounding "no."

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# A Lot to Buy Besides Tickets: 1991's Deadly Releases

**MUSIC**

*Deadicated* — This remarkable collection of other artists performing Dead tunes was a sleeper hit in 1991, selling more than 400,000 copies, an incredible feat for this kind of anthology. Los Lobos' "Bertha" did fairly well on album-rock radio, and the Jane's Addiction version of "Ripple" actually made *Billboard's* so-called Modern Rock (read "alternative") airplay chart for several weeks. There was originally some talk about trying to break Bruce Hornsby's version of "Jack Straw" as a single, but in the end Bruce elected not to compete with his own single from the soundtrack of *Backdraft*, released at the same time. Hats off to Ralph Sall, who put the project together and even produced some of the tracks. His pick of artists showed taste and imagination, and sonically the disc was superb. I think there are four true classics on the album: Lyle Lovett's "Friend of the Devil," Elvis Costello's "Ship of Fools," Midnight Oil's "Wharf Rat" and Jane's Addiction's "Ripple." And a tip 'o the hat to Indigo Girls ("Uncle John's Band") and Dwight Yoakam ("Truckin') for their contributions. Incidentally, Los Lobos, Yoakam and Hornsby all integrated their *Deadicated* songs into their regular live performances.

*One From the Vault* — To date, this double CD of the Dead's 1975 Great American Music Hall show has sold more than 150,000 copies, a very good showing for an archival release— and good considering the Dead have done nothing to promote it and distribution of the disc has been somewhat spotty. Reaction among Deadheads has been overwhelmingly favorable; even the fact that most serious tape collectors have had great-sounding tapes of this show for years didn't seem to dissuade people from buying. Its success should be viewed as a great vote of confidence for Dan Healy's CD series.

*Infrared Roses* — As the year ended, this exceptional CD of Grateful Dead Drums and Space music, lovingly assembled by Bob Bralove, was closing in on 100,000 in sales, excellent for such an esoteric project. For lots more on Bralove and the CD, see our article on page71.

*Jerry Garcia/David Grisman* — This one has been a critical and commercial success as well, even garnering Garcia's first Grammy nomination! Look for this one to sell for years, as *Old & in the Way* has. The key is that it has successfully crossed over to both Deadheads and Dawgheads— the synthesis of Grisman's and Garcia's styles, so beautifully realized in tracks like "Grateful Dawg," "Arabia" and "The Thrill Is Gone," is pure magic. A must for every collection.

*Jerry Garcia Band* — I lobbied in these pages for years for the JGB to put out a live album, and I'm happy to say that I'm love with what's finally come out! *Of course* tracks like "Dear Prudence," "Tangled Up in Blue" and "Deal" (yow!) are fabulous, but the surprise is how powerful the many ballad choices are— songs like "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," "Senor" and "I Shall Be Released" have never sounded better. And the 17-minute space-fest "Don't Let Go" is the icing on the cake. The two-CD set has sold fairly well despite getting *no* support of any kind from Arista Records, and virtually no airplay. And how 'bout a big round of applause for engineer John Cutler for his astounding recording job? Listening to these discs is like being at the Warfield Theater (where it was recorded), without the sweaty bodies, the smoky lobby and the noisy bartenders.

*Planet Drum* — Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe this disc marks the first time a project by a Dead member has ever hit #1 on a *Billboard* chart, in this case the magazine's World Music chart. Congratulations, Mickey! No one's playing this one on the radio, either, but fortunately the success of Mickey's *Drumming at the Edge of Magic* book and *At the Edge* CD in 1990 paved the way for *Planet Drum's* widespread acceptance. Through his books, solo albums and his high-profile work on his custom Rykodisc label, The World, Mickey has managed to expand his fan base far beyond Deadheads. He is now widely recognized throughout the world as *the* leading exponent of percussion music. And make no mistake about it: *Planet Drum* is an important work that is without precedent. Never before have so many master percussionists from different cultures come together to create original music. If you haven't picked it up yet (it's also on Rykodisc) by all means check it out: the power of most of these grooves is completely transporting. (I must admit, though, I still prefer the quiet mystery of *At the Edge* to *Planet Drum*'s occasional lapses into bombast. But both are outrageously good.)

*Box of Rain* — Robert Hunter's latest presents him in a solo setting for the first time in a while, in a sort of "greatest hits" collection. It's a slightly schizophrenic affair, sonically speaking. The three songs he recorded in the studio are gorgeous— his versions of "Box of Rain" and "Scarlet Begonias" are particularly successful; his rhythmically unsure "Stella Blue" is less so. The remainder of the tracks were recorded on his fall '90 solo tour, and while many of the performances are strong— "Franklin's Tower" and "Brown-Eyed Women" are two stand-outs— the decision to use mainly audience-made recordings was a poor one in my view. The contrast with the studio cuts is so extreme it barely sounds like the same artist, and the I find the loudness of the crowd very distracting. It's still worth checking out, though.

*Save the Planet So We'll have Someplace to Boogie*, by Merl Saunders & the Rainforest Band — Strictly speaking this isn't a Dead project, but Merl is "family," and the material on this live double-CD set (on Merl's own Sumertone label) has plenty of overlap with Garcia's work with Merl through the years. At its best, the Rainforest Band plays funk and rock grooves with considerable authority. The material covers a broad spectrum, from the group's fresh, jazzy take on "Sugaree" to Randy Newman's "You Can Leave Your Hat On" and a new version of "Finder's Keepers." This is a band that lives to jam, and they do it well. Lead guitarist Steve Kimock is excellent throughout— he blends bits of Garcia, Santana and Knopfler into a bright, clean original style. The real score on this CD is the new versions of the two strongest tracks off *Blues From the Rainforest*, "Blue Hill Ocean Dance" and the title song. Kimock takes off from Garcia's extrapolations and moves into some interesting realms. To order, call (800) 759-MERL.

**BOOKS**

*Conversations With the Dead*, by David Gans (Citadel Underground) — I suppose I should disqualify myself from

writing about this, as I wrote the foreword, and a pair of interviews Gans and I did with Garcia back in '81 are among the tome's centerpieces. But the fact is, I learned a hell of a lot reading these interviews, particularly the 1983 conversation with Phil Lesh, and Gans' most impressive coup, the first-ever interview with Owsley Stanley (from just a year ago). Serious Deadheads should definitely pick up this book; conversely, it may be a little too "in-group" for more casual fans. A nice companion to Gans' 1985 book, *Playing in the Band*. Available from GD Merchandising.



SUSANA MILLMAN

Planet Drum in Berkeley. L to R: Giovanni Hidalgo, Airto, Vikku, Flora, Mickey, Olatunji, Zakir Hussein, Sikuru

*One More Saturday Night*, by Sandy Troy (St. Martin's Press) — The interviews in this book don't go into nearly as much depth as the ones in Gans' book, and they tend to dwell heavily on the distant past, but there are a few that are noteworthy, such as talks with Carolyn Garcia (a.k.a. Mountain Girl) and former Dead manager Rock Scully. The inclusion of such peripheral personalities as former travel agent Alec Levy and Joan Baez' Deadhead son Gabe Harris is puzzling. Troy's long introductory sketch of the band's history is cogent, if not exactly inspirational, and the volume does include a number of fine color and black and white photos.

*The Aesthetics of the Grateful Dead*, by David Womack (Flying Public Press) — If, like the author of this self-published volume, you are pissed off that the rock critic establishment disdains the Dead, you might enjoy this book. Womack goes to great lengths to defend the Dead against all past and would-be critic-assassins by picking apart their arguments and then telling us what is great about the Dead. His analysis is reasonably well thought out, but I have to ask— why should we care whether Dave Marsh or other critics hate the Dead for all the wrong reasons? Beyond my not buying into the book's central thesis, I disagree with so many of Womack's opinions about the Dead I couldn't treat his ideas very seriously. How can I trust a guy who dismissess *Aoxomoxoa* as junk and calls *Dead Set* a "five-star classic"? Not recommended.

*Planet Drum*, by Mickey Hart and Frederic Lieberman (Harper Collins) — What a visual feast this is! Subtitled "A celebration of rhythm and percussion," it offers more than 200 pages of photos, paintings, drawings and carvings of percussionists from every era and culture imaginable. There are more ecstatic drummers and dancers on these pages than any place other than a Dead show! The limited text is concise and informative. I was happy I had read Mickey's more autobiographical *Drumming at the Edge of Magic* before I dipped into this book, but most of the heaviest ideas and concepts from that book are presented in a different way here, so the works do stand independently. The pulse of humanity beats from every page!

*Panther Dream*, by Bob and Wendy Weir (Hyperion) — A lovely book designed for children, *Panther Dream* is primarily a showcase for the rich rainforest paintings of Bob Weir's sister, Wendy. Page after page comes alive with nicely rendered pictures of jungle creatures in their natural habitats. The story of a young African boy's trek into this wonderfuly colorful and mysterious world isn't as compelling as it might be — a little more fantasy might have helped — but it is educational without being heavy-handed, and it's easy to imagine kids getting wrapped up in the tale. The book comes with a cassette of Bob reading the story with some accompanying music.

*Sunshine Daydreams*, by Herbie Greene (Chronicle Books) — The latest from the photographer who brought us *The Book of the Dead* in 1990 is a beautiful diary/journal/calendar book with an interesting twist: it isn't year-specific; in other words, you could use this any year because the months and days aren't linked to specific days of the week. It's loaded with some of Herbie's best color and black-and-white photos (and there are only a few overlaps from his previous book). In addition, there are fine color shots of various Dead memorabilia (tickets, backstage passes, etc.), some very tasteful tie-dyes, posters and album covers. Another bonus is that certain days of the year are marked with hot Dead shows that happened on those dates. Store distribution will probably be limited, but it's available from GD Merchandising.

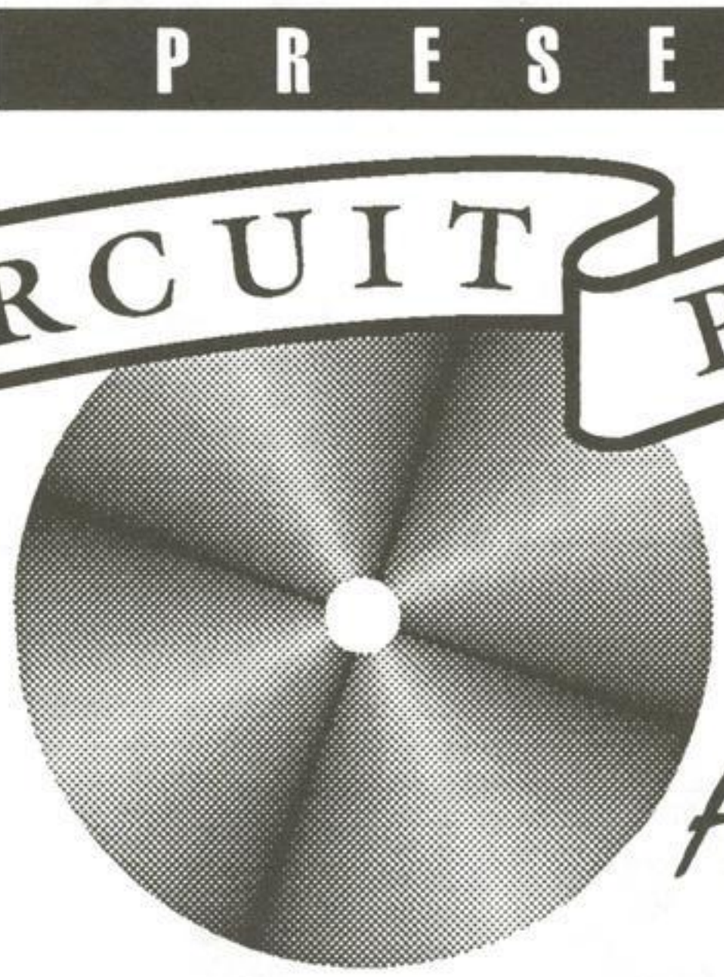
## VIDEOS

*Bobby & the Midnites* (View Video) — Bobby & the Midnites always struck me as a band loaded with talented musicians who didn't play together often enough to live up to their enormous potential. This hour-long concert video from a 1984 show in Switzerland captures the band at its peak — when bassist Alphonso Johnson and Billy Cobham were driving the rhythm train. It's a seven-camera shoot with very good sound, and the playing is excellent throughout. I never cared much for lot of this band's material — even songs like "Josephine" and "Festival" are marginal at best — but when they hit a nice *melodic* groove, as they do in "Easy to Slip," the results are satisfying. All in all the video stands as a good document of the band. To order, call (800) 843-9843.

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The dynamics of family life are sufficiently complex that it's difficult to make any generalizations about what is "normal" and what isn't. Is normal *Leave It to Beaver*, with its seemingly perfect suburban family plagued by only the pettiest problems? Or is normal *Beverly Hills 90210* — all tension, angst and slowly disintegrating relationships? Is it *The Brady Bunch*? *The Addams Family*? (Now we're onto something!)

# GROWING UP DEAD

## *For kids raised in the Grateful Dead Family, it's been a long, strange trip, too*

Or how about the Grateful Dead Family? No, it's definitely not a classic nuclear family; rather it is a loose, undefined group of people — including true families and single individuals — who populate the Grateful Dead's immediate world. The make-up of the Dead Family changes from year to year over time. "It grows and it shrinks as people move in and out of the scene," says Mickey Hart's son Creek, "but it really is like a large family. They all care about you and give you the feeling of true family. They're there if you need help, and that's a lot of what a family should do."



JIM CARPENTER ©1992

"We're related through shared experience far beyond what most families have," Bob Weir said of the Dead Family in *Interview* magazine last year, "because we live a life that has a depth of experience that goes a lot deeper than most people ever get to. ... By and large the people in our group, in our family, are enjoying life a fair bit more than most other people. We have cultural depth. We get all kinds of stuff to chew on, to live on. Our lives are interesting."

"Yeah," added Garcia in the same article, "there's a lot to enlarge you. Part of the value of being a family, being in an extended family, is that it's enlarging. It makes you bigger; it makes you more."

By now, 27 years after The Warlocks first chased unsuspecting customers from bars with their deranged psychedelicized dance music, an entire generation of kids has grown up in the midst of this ongoing experiment called the Grateful Dead. Born at the end of the '60s and the dawn of the '70s, these kids — actually now they're young adults — have led rich, interesting lives, in most cases far away from the American cultural mainstream. But while the details of their lives may be radically different from those of the children they went to school with, certain aspects of childhood are universal. All kids love to play. All kids are curious. All kids feel lonely or bored sometimes. All kids have a mischievous streak. All kids eventually assert their independence from their parents.

The milieu in which the Dead kids grew up is as unique as the Dead themselves. After all, one might argue that the Dead and their friends were among the first hippies (not a very informative label, I'm afraid, but it'll have to do)— libertines who openly rejected the mores and conventions of the dominant culture in favor of a less restrictive approach to behavior and relationships. If all that sounds like sociological doublespeak, it's only because "they did their own thing" sounds both antiquated and platitudinous at this point, yet it's precisely what I'm driving at. These were explorers who went beyond the borders of America's well-guarded moral frontier when it came to nearly everything: sexuality, drugs, spirituality, material concerns. Three decades after the Merry Pranksters, the Dead and their bold compatriots tore up society's rule book, it's difficult to comprehend what life was like before they came on the scene; we've all come so far.

What's clear is this: the seeds that were planted in the early days of the Dead scene were sufficiently powerful and bonding that a quarter-century later most of the original members of the Family are still around — if no longer at the nucleus, at least on the friendly fringe. Breakups, deaths and drugs have more than taken their toll on this group through the years, yet there is evidently something so compelling about this scene that it continues to not just hang together but actually grow. Part of it is probably maturity that comes with age and increased responsibilties; the wild bunch have, on the whole, settled down. And the financial success the Dead have enjoyed has certainly been a boon to the many people who are supported by them— the scene ended up being not just fun but downright lucrative. So is it any wonder that so many of the children who are now coming of age in the Dead scene are either budding artists and musicians or have jobs within the organization and its offshoots?

> **'EVEN THOUGH WE AREN'T THE ONES ON-STAGE, WE'RE ALWAYS THERE IN THE SHADOWS PLAYING OUT OUR LIVES TO THAT SOUNDTRACK.'**
> **—JUSTIN KREUTZMANN**

The Dead kids see a well-run, efficient business in place today, but they *all* remember days when things were more chaotic, free and dangerous. They were born into a subculture where their parents changed partners frequently, so chances are they weren't raised by both parents. Because a rock band was at the spiritual and financial center of the scene, the Dead kids spent a lot of time hanging around the places the Dead played, and that often meant spending a lot of unsupervised time with other kids, while the adults partied and/or did band-related work.

"Our parents were busy tripping around and doing their own thing," notes Ambrosia Healy, daughter of Dead sound mixer Dan Healy. "Most of them were pretty young and I'm not sure they were into the responsibility of having to deal with kids at the concerts, so they figured as a group we [kids] could take of ourselves. And we did pretty much. We'd raise hell together and get into various kinds of mischief, but I think most of us came through it OK. Later on [1980] they started the kids' room [a backstage room where kids can play together under the supervision of adults] but the kids my age weren't into it.

"What's funny," she adds, "is that a lot of the adults — including my dad —have had new babies the last few years, and now the thought of them leaving their kids alone backstage for 15 minutes is unthinkable. But that's *good*."

Of course it's no secret, too, that until the mid-'80s, the Dead scene was rife with drug use of every kind, so that was another layer of adult behavior the kids had to deal with on various levels. Some tell tales of being accidentally dosed backstage or at home ("You'd hear someone across the room shout, 'Don't touch that bottle!'" remembers one of the Dead kids), and all have seen the damage that hard drugs can do.

"We weren't at all sheltered," says Johnny Jordan, son of Annette Flowers of the Dead office. "Things were in our face, whether it was drugs or sexuality. One way or another we saw it all. So we ended up going through things a lot earlier than most kids, and growing up faster."

"All of us kids have seen enough drugs to know what they do and the lifestyle they lead to," adds Creek Hart. "If you're into hard drugs it's a bunk deal— you isolate yourself with those kinds of drugs, and most of us kids are more outward than that. I think it's good to have kids know about drugs so they're not intrigued by them."

While everyone interviewed fo r this piece agreed that most of the kids in the scene have rejected hard drugs, one noted, "Alcohol has been a problem for some. It's so easy to get and everybody's parents had it around. It's not labeled as a hardcore drug so people think it's OK. But in general the kids are pretty together."

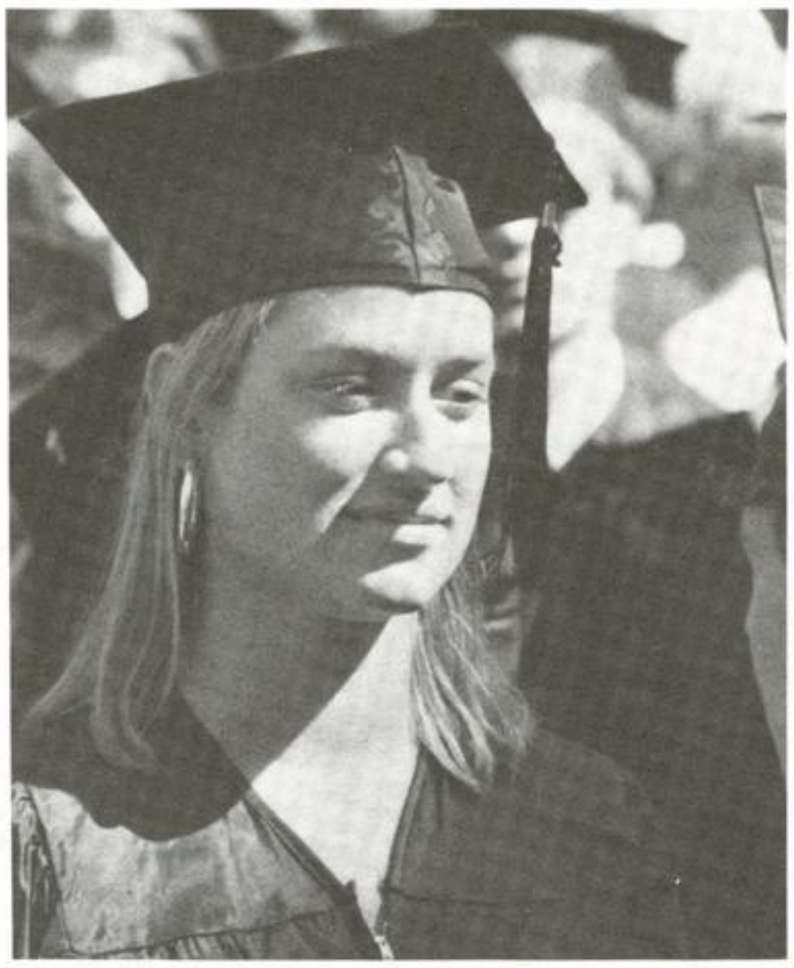
On the positive side, one of the main things the Dead kids seem to have gotten from the scene— aside from the feeling of being part of a protective extended family —is a sense of nearly unlimited possibilities. After all, consider the model at the core of the Dead family: a group of misfit musicians who followed their dreams and their bliss and became successful far beyond anyone's most extravagant expectations. The Grateful Dead have gone through life the same way they play mu-

sic—making it up as they go along. There is a sense among the kids I interviewed that they, too, will be able to create their own future if they stay true to their hearts.

"I've seen a change in these critters in the last couple of years," comments Calico, a longtime Hog Farm collective member and a senior staffer in the Dead ticket office. "It seems like a few years ago when a bunch of them were 14, 15, 16, they went for the Marin trappings a bunch— the clothes, the yuppie thing — and they didn't want to listen to old hippies like me. Now that they're older it's different and a lot of them are turning out to be good friends. They see us differently now because we've hung in there and mainstream America has picked up on some of the things we've been saying and doing for years. I think as they get older they appreciate more the differences between their upbringing and straight kids'."

"There are a lot of creative kids in the scene," says Annabelle Garcia, Jerry's daughter. "We definitely don't have any mathematicians or accountants in our group. We all have the chance to do whatever we want with the full support of our parents because our parents broke the rules when they were our age and did whatever they wanted to do, so it's almost impossible for them to pull the parental things like, 'Well, I didn't do that when I was your age, so you can't.' They did *everything* — including a lot of things we'll never do. So it's up to us to either break their rules — become an accountant or something — or just live our lives as fully as we can, which is what I'm looking forward to."

"The Bus is always rolling," says Calico. "What all these kids have had to learn is how to hop on and off."



AMBROSIA HEALY

# EIGHT PROFILES

"I didn't really understand that what my dad did was special until I went away to college," says Dan Healy's daughter Ambrosia, who turns 24 this March. "When I was younger I was embarrassed by what my dad did. I went to Catholic school, and most people's parents seemed to be firemen and bankers and policemen, and I was like this hippie outcast kid who always wished my dad was a fireman or something. I didn't think of his working for the Grateful Dead as anything special because most of my friends were Grateful Dead kids and we didn't make a big deal out of it. Then, when I went back East to college, all these people knew who my dad was, which was totally a surprise to me. Then his job made me different in a more positive way than in the teenage years, when being different was really awkward."

Born in 1968, Ambrosia spent much of the first eight years of her life on the move. Dan and Ambrosia's mother, Christine, had split up when Ambrosia was 2, and then complicated circumstances required that Christine, her new boyfriend and Ambrosia move every few months. Ambrosia saw her dad only a few times a year, mainly at Dead shows. She went to live with him full-time, though, when she turned 9, and as she notes, "My childhood, as I remember it, really begins when I moved in with my dad, because that's the first time I had something in my life that seemed stable."

Surprisingly, the first few years she lived with her father, Ambrosia didn't go to many Dead shows. "My dad tried to keep me pretty sheltered," Ambrosia says. "Until I was 12 or 13 I only went to a few shows a year. I think he wanted to give me as normal an upbringing as he could, away from the scene." Home for the Healys was in rustic Woodacre (Marin County), and later in Redway, in the heart of Humboldt County's Emerald Triangle.

"My mom tells me about bringing me to the Fillmore," Ambrosia says, "but I don't remember that. I do remember the backstage at Winterland being blue, and playing ping-pong there with other kids." Like many of the other Dead kids around her age, though, Ambrosia's fondest backstage memories come from countless hours spent at the Oakland Auditorium (now called Kaiser Convention Center). "Those were the hell-raising years," she says with a laugh. "It's where we smoked our first cigarettes, where we did a lot of things for the first time. All the kids would be together and we'd just go wild." Her crowd included Cassidy Law (whom she still regards as her closest friend), Bill Graham's son David, Justin Kreutzmann, Creek Hart, Sunshine Kesey and Nikki Scully's daughters Spirit (she's now Acacia) and Sage. "A lot of times we'd get to the show at 2 or 3 in the afternoon and not leave until 2 or 3 in the morning, and we'd be playing that whole time," Ambrosia says.

It wasn't just a carefree life of fun and games, of course. The down side was "your parents go on the road for a couple of weeks at a time and so there you are at 13 or 14 alone at home. It's not the kind of childhood I'd like to give my children. I'm not saying I had a bad childhood at all— I didn't —but to stay home alone for a week or two when you're so young is really a lot of responsibility.

"People say, 'Oh it's so neat you grew up in rock ' n' roll, but it's not; it's really sad. There were a lot of casualties along the way and it isn't pretty seeing people you know and love strung out for so many years. That's not easy for a kid to see; it's not easy for anyone."

When she graduated from high school, Ambrosia moved to upstate New York to attend St. Lawrence University. "I went there in part to get away from the West Coast for a while," she says. "The Grateful Dead family is all I'd known and experienced and I wanted to get away from it. I wanted to go start completely fresh and be myself and make friends based on me, rather than the Grateful Dead. It worked for a while, until people found out who my dad was," she adds, chuckling.

"I think it's great people think my dad is great. I do. He's my hero. To me, he's the coolest person in the world."

Last year she graduated from St. Lawrence with a B.A. in English (American literature is her specialty), and since then she's worked part-time at the Dead ticket office while pondering her next move in academia—her long-term goal is

to go to graduate school and get a Ph.D. in American Lit, then perhaps be a professor.

"St. Lawrence is a very conservative school. The attitude there is you're supposed to get out of school and get a job and do the whole career thing, so I came back here and I was really uptight about that at first. It's been good for me to work here [the ticket office] because people said, 'Ambrosia, relax a little. What are you so worried about? Take your time.' So the hippie mentality here has been soothing for me."

Still, she notes, "Education is my thing. School is what I'm good at and I've always enjoyed it. All the kids [in the Dead scene] who have dropped out of school are smart; they're all very creative and into different things. But for what I want to do, graduating from college is no big thing; I need a much higher degree."

Growing up around the Dead has also been an education for her: "I used to take the Grateful Dead for granted, but last fall I read the interview with Jerry Garcia in *Rolling Stone* and for the first time I felt really, really lucky to have had all these people as the adults in my life. They've encouraged us to be creative instead of just succeeding for its own sake. They've encouraged us to follow the yearning within for what we love to do. And that's what a lot of us are doing."



CREEK HART

Call the number at Creek Hart's San Rafael house and you may hear a very different kind of "hotline" message— one announcing the upcoming gigs of his band, Gahundza. The 24-year-old son of Jerilyn Brandelius and Mickey Hart has been drumming his whole life, though only in the past few years has he resolved to try to make a career of it.

"Being around musicians since I was a baby, it always seemed like a totally natural thing to do," Creek says. "It's what I saw. I didn't see a lot of plumbers or lawyers or contractors. I did see a lot of drummers. Still, my dad never pushed me to play. I think he was more surprised by it than anything. He said, 'I didn't think you'd *ever* want to be a drummer.' Well, I didn't either. But I started playing more seriously and after a while I said, 'This is where my heart is.' "

Creek says that "most of the earliest images in my head are of music. I spent a lot of time sleeping onstage and running around concert halls as a kid. I remember being onstage and watching the band. The other thing I remember clearly from when I was a little kid is running around the studio. I spent a lot of time in there."

The studio in question is the "The Barn," which occupied one of the buildings on Mickey Hart's Novato (Marin County) ranch from the late '60s until the mid-'80s; in other words, nearly all of Creek's life. Growing up on the ranch, Creek was exposed to an endless parade of musicians who came to work in the studio or just hang out— Crosby, Stills & Nash, the Rowan Brothers, the Diga Rhythm Band, various Airplane/Starship folks, and of course, members of the Dead.

"It was an exciting place for a kid to be, and there were always other kids living there," Creek remembers. "We all had chores and things to take care of, but we had the run of the place. The studio was as much my place as the house. I was never told not to hang out there, so I'd hang out there a lot — there was always action there; some kind of session."

Creek says he first got an inkling that he was living a different life from the other kids in his grade school when his classmates would ask him about the backstage passes that he used to decorate his desk. Creek says, "I'd tell them, 'Oh, I don't know. I go to these concerts and pick 'em up. They look kind of cool.' Around that time I started to realize that what my dad did was something special and different from other kids' dads."

One of the by-products of living in a such a rustic environment and being the son of a hard-working musician. was, "A lot of times my parents didn't want me to bring kids home because they didn't want a lot of outside people hanging out there," Creek says. "So I grew up a little isolated. A lot of the kids who grew up in the [Dead] scene and around us grew up together, so I did have close friends; just not that many from outside the scene. But I was never hurting for companionship."

Once Mickey re-joined the Dead in 1976, Creek got to go on the road fairly often, sometimes even missing school for a short out-of-town swing. "My dad liked having someone to keep him company," Creek says, "and of course it was really fun for me. I got to check out a lot of different towns; see the world a little." And though Mickey and Jerilyn split up in the early '80s, Creek still managed to spend a lot of time with Mickey, which meant spending a lot of time around drums.

But not exclusively: "I took piano lessons from Evelyn Cipollina [John's mom] and I would play the baby grand in the big room of the studio when nobody was there. But all along I've felt that I wanted to play the drums. So I started taking music classes and learned how to read [music] and got into concert band and jazz band in school."

He also began playing in loose bands outside of school. Though he cites Led Zeppelin skins basher John Bonham, The Who's Keith Moon, and Hendrix drummer Mitch Mitchell as major influences on his playing, "I get in these local bands and they all want to hear how I'll play Grateful Dead music," he says with a smile. "Sometimes they're songs I've never even played before. Say these bands want to play 'Truckin'— I've heard it a thousand times but I don't really *know* it. By now I've learned a lot of those shuffles; they're not that easy."

Neither is the music that Creek's band, Gahundza, plays. The tape I heard was somewhat in the vein of such young, funk-driven bands as Psychefunkapus and the Red Hot Chili Peppers — both heavily rhythmic outfits. He says that although he doesn't pay the rent with the money he makes from the band, "my goal is just to keep playing music, because it makes me feel good." Spoken like a true Hart.

Creek lived with Mickey for the past five years until Mickey moved farther north and Creek decided to stay in southern Marin. "My scene is down here now," he explains. "It's important for me to get

ALICE G. PATTERSON

on my own two feet and get my trip going. Because when I'm with my dad I end up doing a lot of his stuff— working on this or that project— and what I want to do right now is play music as much as I can. So now I'm putting myself in a situation where I'm playing with my band and with various friends."

And that can even include his dad. "Every now and then we'll be in the same room and there'll be a bunch of drums and we'll end up playing together. It's very spontaneous." This past New Year's, father and son got to play together in public— as the band kicked into their showending "Sugar Magnolia," a grinning Mickey plunked Creek on his drum stool and the two rocked out together for the entire song. "I was pretty nervous," Creek admits, "but it was also a lot of fun."

Creek enjoys a close relationship with his 9-year-old brother, Taro (whose mother is Bay Area DJ Mary Holloway), and reports the youngster also may be a Rhythm Devil in the making: "He loves the drums, he loves rhythm and he loves low end," Creek says.

As for Creek, it's easy to tell he's in the world of rhythm for the duration: "Spirtitually I know what drumming does for me and how it makes me feel. It gives me a center and somewhere to jump from."

"The first time I really remember being linked with the song," says Cassidy Law, "was at the Orpheum in '76. I was 6. I was running down the halls backstage crying because I couldn't find my mom. I remember seeing Bobby sitting in his dressing room and he said, 'What's wrong?' 'I can't find my mom.' And he said, 'Did you hear me play your song? I played your song tonight!' But it wasn't until later that people really started coming up to me about it. Then I started getting introduced as the song instead of the person!"

Yes, she is *the* "Cassidy," or at least part of the Bob Weir-John Barlow song that bears her name. Merry Prankster Neal Cassady is in there, too, she notes: "Barlow said it was sort of a hello to Cassidy Law and a goodbye to Neal Cassady. I guess the part about the Cadillac must be Neal," she says with a laugh.

The 21-year-old is one of the few people in the Grateful Dead scene to be mentioned by name in a Dead song (Weir's "Sage & Spirit" instrumental is also named after two GD kids)— talk about being born at the right time and place! In this case the time was 1970, the place was Bob Weir's house in Nicasio, in western Marin County. Cassidy's mother, Eileen Law, who has been the band's chief liaison with Deadheads for the most of the past two decades, was living out at Weir's house at the time of her pregnancy.

"Eileen had gone to the doctor a few days before I was born and they'd said, 'No you're not in labor. Go back home,'" Cassidy relates. A barbecue with members of the Airplane and a group called The Shags went on as planned that afternoon without incident. The next evening, though, Eileen went into labor for real



CASSIDY LAW

and, as frequently happened in the Dead scene in those days, a party slowly came together at Weir's house to celebrate the impending birth. It was during this time, too, that Bob started experimenting with the song that became "Cassidy." Eileen's labor outlasted the party— quite a feat in that crowd— and when Cassidy was born, in Weir's bed, in the early afternoon the next day, only a few of the revelers remained.

Cassidy has few memories of her father, GD road crew member Rex Jackson, who was killed in an automobile accident Labor Day weekend, 1976. She admits to being curious about him, "but it seems like nobody talks to me about him, like they're afraid to or something. One night on the last tour [fall East Coast] Steve Parish [of the road crew] started telling me all these stories about my dad and about when I was little, and it was the first time one of his close friends had ever done that. Oh man, it's what I'd been waiting for!"

Cassidy and Eileen lived with Bob Weir and his then-mate Frankie off and on and also touched down in Oregon for a brief period before they eventually settled in Forest Knolls in western Marin County. Although as an infant she went to Dead shows at the Carousel Ballroom on Eileen's hip, Cassidy's first recollections of the rock 'n' roll world come from the time when she was 4 or 5. "I can remember running around backstage, terrorizing the place with some of the other kids," she says. "I also remember waking up in [road] cases on the side of the stage. Our generation didn't have the kids' room they have now. I think that came in around 1980 at the Warfield, but by then I thought I was too old for it." She was 10. She relieved the boredom of long nights at the Oakland Auditorium in the early and mid-'80s with endless games of football in the darkened hallways of the Calvin Simmons Theater, which adjoins the auditorium. "It was like a big playground for us all," she says. "Then as we got older it was like, 'Oh yeah, the *music*! Let's go watch the show!'"

Cassidy began working part-time for the Dead at the ripe old age of 12, helping Eileen after school when she could. It was an era when the Dead were not exactly the toast of the town in the culture at large. "People used to bug me, saying, 'Man, the Grateful Dead are just a bunch of hippies who take acid every time they go onstage. Ugh! Your mom works for them?'" Cassidy says. "So I basically kept it quiet and only told a few people about it. Then, when I got to high school, the Dead got to be popular and those same kids were saying, 'Wow, she works for the Grateful Dead — They're great! Can you get us tickets?' " She chuckles at the recollection. "That's when I knew the Dead had hit the big time!"

Around the time of the Dead's success with "Touch of Grey," Cassidy began taking on a greater role in the Dead office, even teaching Eileen how to computerize the band's guest list information. Today she works for the Dead full-time, sitting side by side with Eileen and Diane Geoppo in an upstairs room in the Dead office, dealing with sundry production tasks and helping with the avalanche of mail from Deadheads that comes in every day. Cassidy characterizes the mail these days as "mainly really nice, positive things. We get a lot of requests for different things. There are a lot of touching letters, but there are also a lot of crazy letters that make you real nervous— threats to bandmembers and stuff like that."

Cassidy says that although she enjoys

BLAIR JACKSON

her job with the Dead, "there's still a big part of me that wants to do other things. I think I want to go back to school at some point. I regret not taking all the classes I needed for college. Now I'm at a point in my life where I'm trying to find my niche. I'm thinking about the future a lot."

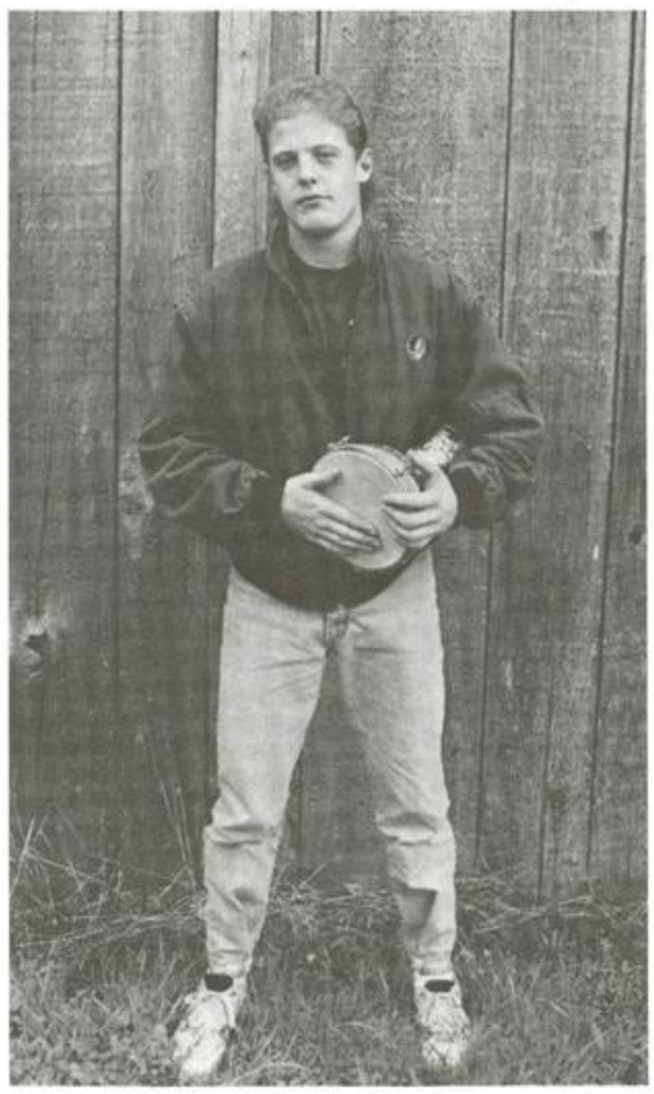
And what of the past? Does Cassidy suffer from the feelings of '60s envy that afflict so many Deadheads her age? "Not really," she says. "When I see pictures of the Summer of Love, it doesn't turn me on much. I'm not that loose a person to be into the free love and free everything. But I would have liked to have gone to the dances and seen everything when it was much less crowded and popular. I sometimes feel envious about how my mom got to go through all the stuff she did and I think, 'Why aren't I doing that?' The other thing is now everything seems to be just business, business, tour, business. I did get to see the party scene when I was young and I don't think it should be like that again, but I'd like to see things loosen up again."

The Grateful Dead have deep roots in Oregon, and 20-year-old Rudson Shurtliff is a proud member of that wing of the Family, even though he grew up in Northern California. His father is the veteran road crew titan known as Ram Rod, a native of Hermeston, in northwest Oregon. "My dad still likes it up there and so do I," says Rudson, whose name is a corrupted version of "Rod's son." "We used to go up to Oregon every summer and see Kesey. I'd always spend a couple of weeks with him and hang out with Whip, [Prankster] John Hagen's son. We're about the same age and we were best friends for years. We'd go canoeing down the Willamette River and help Jed and Zane [Kesey] around the farm, doing the irrigation and things like that. It was a lot of fun.

"My first memories relating to the Dead," he continues, "are probably going out to Jerry's house in Stinson Beach with my dad, bringing him equipment. I also remember being at shows when I was a little kid, running around backstage and drinking too much Coca-Cola. We'd be back there making forts and raising hell, doing all the things regular kids do. I always liked the music, too, though nothing like the way I do now."

After several years of working primarily with Garcia, Ram Rod went on to work mainly with Mickey, so it's not surprising to learn that Rudson, too, grew up being fascinated by percussion and today is a serious drummer himself. "I've always liked the drums," he says. "I used to love it when they'd do the Rhythm Devils and they'd let other people play with them; they'd let friends pick up an instrument and play along with Mickey and Billy. Actually, the last time I remember doing that was in Egypt. I played a 'fish' [a wooden percussion instrument]. It was great."

In the late '70s and early '80s, Rudson recalls, "I used to go to Mickey's ranch all the time and hang out with Creek, playing different instruments there. I think that probably had a big influence on me wanting to play." Today he is in the process of getting a band together himself:



RUDSON SHURTLIFF

"We play everything from meat and potatoes blues rock 'n' roll to jazz and fusion stuff; it's a mixture.

"I've never played a Grateful Dead song," he says. "I think you've got to make it playing your own stuff. Being this close to the Grateful Dead, I'd feel weird playing their music, at least for the time being."

That independent attitude hasn't prevented him from working with the Dead on and off through the years, however. He worked as an equipment manager—along with his father—on Mickey's *Planet Drum* album, transporting different instruments to and from sessions, and helping engineers Tom Flye and Jeff Sterling with drum set-ups and even some miking in the various studios that were used. "I was there for 99 percent of the sessions," he says. "It was amazing being around all those great drummers and sort of being a part of it. It was inspiring— what better place to learn than from the masters?"

Working with the ever-energetic Mr. Hart can be taxing for some, but Rudson says it wasn't a problem for him. "If I hadn't grown up with him it might have driven me crazy. I sure wouldn't throw any rookies in there with him," he says with a smile. "But I know the guy and I can listen to the thousands of things he wants done and know which ones he really needs to have done first. I know better than to let him get me flustered."

Though Rudson has done his share of equipment work with Mickey and others, he claims he isn't particularly interested in following so literally in his father's footsteps. "I like *playing* drums," he stresses. "I like settin' 'em up, too, but playing is in my heart and soul. I'll never stop playing drums. I'd rather be a drummer and be poor than a businessman and be rich." Still, he's enjoyed the limited work he's done in the Dead Family. "I like working with friends and family. It's fun and it's a real comfortable atmosphere. What more could you want?"

Well, in Rudson's case, he wants more schooling. He has his eye set on attending the University of California at Berkeley somewhere up the road, perhaps studying ethnomusicology in that school's superb anthropology department. "I'm the kind of person who thinks that if I put my mind to it and work hard," he says, "I'll be able to do whatever I need to do. It's not like I think, 'Oh, it doesn't matter; I can always work for the Dead.' It's not like that."

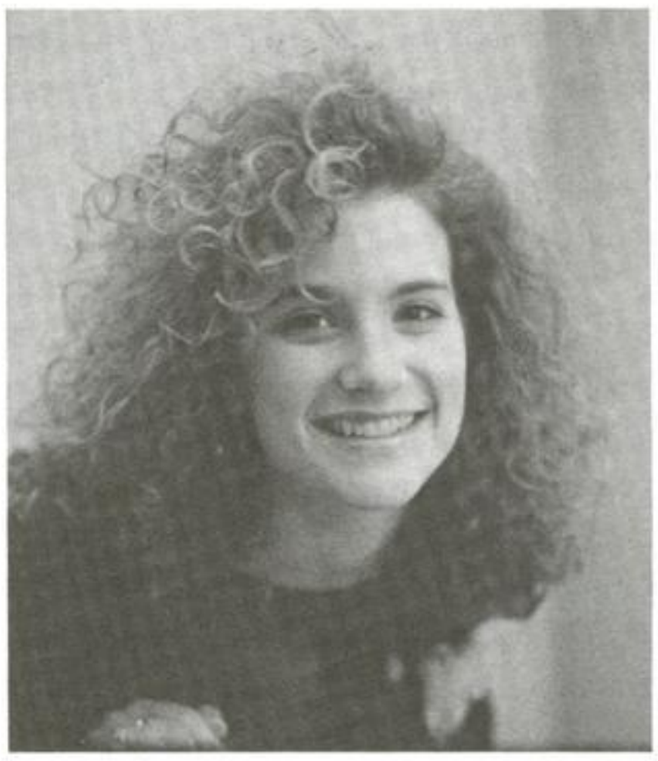
In fact, Rudson notes, the only career advice his mother Frances or Ram Rod gave him was "don't be lazy and don't depend on the Grateful Dead for anything. They're right, too. These guys aren't going to be here forever. It's amazing they've been there this long. We have to make our own lives apart from the band."

RAM ROD

Nineteen-year-old Eden Greene, the daughter of legendary San Francisco photographer Herbie Greene and longtime Grateful Dead production assistant/tour accountant Maruska Nelson, is quick to admit that she's only liked the Grateful Dead's music for about a year, even

though it's been part of her world her entire life.

"The music was everywhere around me when I was growing up," she says. "My mom loved it and listened to it all the time. I used to go to shows with Cassidy [Law] when I was little, and as I remember it, she



HERBIE GREENE

EDEN GREENE

liked the music. I just wasn't really into it. I didn't hate it, but it wasn't something I'd listen to on my own."

Eden says she "vaguely remembers Winterland, but mostly I remember running up and down the ramps at the Oakland Auditorium. I used to get really tired at the shows and fall asleep backstage. If I knew a lot of kids were going to be there it was usually OK, but there were times I'd go and it would be so boring; I'd have nothing to do, and I wasn't into listening yet."

Herbie and Maruska split up when Eden was fairly young, and Maruska married New Riders guitarist David Nelson when Eden was still in elementary school. After having worked for Bill Graham and then the Riders, Maruska eventually went to work for the Dead. "It's funny," Eden says with a giggle, "before my mom started working for the band, I hung out with Cassidy a lot and through her mom [Eileen] I got a laminate, so I'd get my mom backstage at shows— 'That's OK, she's with me!'"

In high school in Petaluma (Sonoma County), Eden listened mainly to Top 40 music and admits, "I used to be afraid of what people would think if I said I liked the Grateful Dead, because most people didn't know them or thought they were really weird. In high school I was really insecure about what other people thought, so that's a big reason I didn't say I liked the Dead. Then, when the Dead came out with the 'Touch of Grey' video, a lot of kids started appreciating the Dead. Now I don't care as much what other people think. Back then I'd never have worn a tie-dye T-shirt because it wasn't me, but now I would."

Interestingly enough, Eden has worked at the Dead ticket office off and on since she was in seventh grade, "and of course they listen to Dead tapes all day long there," she says. "It used to get kind of annoying actually, but now I like it and don't mind it a bit. The ticket office is a great place to work. It's a comfortable, friendly atmosphere. It's actually fun to come to work here." At the office she mainly works filling ticket orders, a job that is made more pleasant, she says, by the variety of letters and artwork sent in by ducat-seeking Deadheads: "Some of the envelopes have artwork on them you can't believe. There are some really artistic Deadheads out there. Some people send you stickers, snapshots of themselves, or whatever else they can think of. There's a lot of begging — people who have to see a show because it's their birthday or something. You get people sending copies of their birth certificates and driver's licenses. We've heard every story there is. But the mail is great!"

The Deadheadization of Eden Greene was gradual: "I found myself going to more and more shows and after a while I thought, 'God, this is fun!' Then more and more I'd go onstage with my mom and I started really listening and I really liked it. The music has really grown on me through the years, and within the past year is really the first time I've looked forward to Dead shows. I have tapes in my car now, too."

She is frank in saying that school is still a higher priority for her than Dead shows. She's currently enrolled at Santa Rosa Junior College and hopes to transfer to UC Davis. "I try to go to as many shows as I can now," she says, "but if I have a test the next day or a lot of homework I'll stay home." She says she'd like a steadier job than her part-time gig at the ticket office, "but if I could I'd like to stay in the [Dead] organization. It's not that I'm not interested in other things, but it is a great place to work."

Ever have the desire to really "get away from it all"? Well, when Annabelle Garcia, the 22-year-old daughter of Jerry and Carolyn Garcia (a.k.a. Mountain Girl) got that notion a few months ago, she took it to the extreme— she moved to Alaska. "A lot of people have been asking me why," she says cheerfully over the phone. "I'm not really sure. I wanted to live in a place where there was winter, and I wanted to be in America, but not America-proper. Alaska's the largest state and has the fewest people in it; I liked that. I'm in a little town called Homer, which is right at the end of a peninsula near the Aleutian Islands near Kodiak. I drove in my car from Skagway up to Anchorage and then drove around Alaska, basically going on all the paved roads I could find. Homer was at the end of the road. I got here and I said, 'This looks like a nice place to stay. It's got mountains and glaciers and the ocean and very nice people— a lot of Aleuts, Russians and Swedes. There's an artist community.

"It's about a five-minute walk from my little house here to a cliff overlooking the ocean," she continues. "There are animals everywhere. Last night I was driving home from this little cafe and there were three moose in my yard. They're very, very large. A pair of bald eagles lives in a tree outside my house. There are porcupines and wolverines around. It's pretty wild."

And what does she do with her time way up there at the end of the road? "I'm really working on my drawing," she says. "My art is going in some interesting directions up here."

It's not dramatic landscapes or furry animals that occupy this budding artist's time, however. It's monsters. "I've never drawn anything but monsters, ever," she says. "My mom tells me I used to draw pages and pages of this family of monsters that all had big, sharp teeth and little bat wings. I guess I'm addicted to claws and fangs and talons. My monsters aren't your classic dripping, slimy, gangrenous monstrosities that are coming to eat you in the middle of the night. They're more wild creatures that definitely don't belong to this planet. I used to just draw the monster and not really deal with the background, but since I've been up here I've started to put them in settings."

This particular obsession of Annabelle's is one that we can lay at least partly at the feet of dear old Dad, who has been a comic book freak forever, and even a collector of the gory EC Comics. "He has hundreds of them," Annabelle says, "and I've been reading them as long as I can remember, so I'm sure that has something to do with it."

Jerry and Carolyn were living in Larkspur (Marin County) when Annabelle was born on Groundhog Day in 1970. Shortly after that, they moved to nearby Stinson

Beach for a few years; the widely seen photos of Annabelle as a baby in the *Garcia: Signpost to New Space* book were taken there. The couple split up when Annabelle was still in elementary school, "but my dad was away so much of the time I don't think it really had that much of an effect on me. I missed him, but I'd get sent back summers and get to tour with him sometimes, so I'd see him every now and then."

After several years of moving every few months "for reasons my mom still hasn't really divulged to me," Annabelle says, Carolyn and her three girls (Sunshine, by Ken Kesey, is older than Annabelle; Theresa, by Jerry, is younger) settled for the first half of the '80s in that infamous Merry Prankster vortex: Eugene/Pleasant Hill, Oregon.



ANNABELLE GARCIA

"My mom had a farm about five miles from the Keseys," Annabelle remembers. "One of Ken's favorite things was to invite all his friends over—people like my mom and Ken Babbs and all the other Pranksters who were up there— and they'd bring their kids and then *we'd* have to go feed the cows or move irrigation equipment while the grown-ups had a good time. So it was our duty as children to try to get away from that. We spent *hours* hiding from those guys and not doing any work! But it was a fun farm to hang out on. I think my mom did the right thing when she took us up to Oregon for a long period of time and gave us a little of the country life."

It was a time when Annabelle didn't see much of her father, whose drug addiction during that era made him somewhat distant and difficult to be around. "That whole period of time has a real strange, surreal, dreamlike quality for me," she says. "And for a lot of other people, too. Everybody always felt like they were walking on eggshells around him. People kept asking me, 'Why don't you say something about it to him,' but I didn't want to sever any bonds with my father. I was afraid that if I said anything to him he wouldn't want to see me anymore. That was my big fear at 13 or 14 years old.

"Later on I decided, 'Well, I'm me and he's he,' and I did talk to him. Finally, when they pulled him into detox before he collapsed I was right there saying, 'Well, Dad, I'd kind of like you to be around to see my children, if I have any.' And hopefully that made some impression on him, because I'd never spoken up about it before in terms of, 'Dad, you're really doing a stupid thing.' I think he knew the whole time he was really, really screwing up, but he couldn't stop because he has an addictive personality." Not surprisingly, Annabelle says "that whole time made me realize I will never, ever get started on any kind of hard drugs. I've never used cocaine in my life and probably never will."

After Garcia's near-death in the summer of 1986, Carolyn, Annabelle and Theresa moved down to the Bay Area, in part to offer moral support to Jerry during his recovery. "We all really love each other," Annabelle offers, "but we're not really a family unit. We have our separate lives, and that's fine. We're still close."

Annabelle freely admits that it has not been easy going through life as the daughter of a celebrity, and feels that only in the last couple of years has she asserted her independence from that identity.

"All my life people have said, 'Oh you must be be so thrilled to be in this position,' and I always say, 'Not particularly. I'd rather have had a normal family— one with a mother who made cookies and a father who came home from work every night.' I wanted to have the Brady Bunch as my family when I was younger. I think I was 18 before I really accepted who my parents are.

"I always found it kind of annoying that people have always treated me with deference because of who my dad is. And then I feel I've had to treat people in certain ways and tell them what they want to hear because of my position. Part of my coming to Alaska is cutting some of the last ties of my younger childhood."

You probably won't find Annabelle Garcia listening to Dead tapes as she draws monsters on those long, long nights in her Alaska abode. In fact, she says, "I don't own a single Grateful Dead album. I never listen to them on my own time. To be honest, their music doesn't really hold that much for me, except that it's a sound I've been hearing my entire life. It doesn't speak that much to me in a musical way. I'd rather listen to Peter Gabriel or Siouxie & the Banshees or The Stranglers. I don't see any reason to listen to [the Dead] when it's all in my head anyway. This music has been pounding around me my whole life. I suppose when I'm older I'll listen to it for remembrance's sake."

This lack of reverence for Dead music seems to run in the family. She describes her 17-year-old sister ,Theresa, as "heavy into rap. I don't think she relates to the Dead much at all. She's extremely normal, real prom queen material—into boys and dresses and that kind of thing. I'm sometimes a little jealous of that. We're very, very different. I've always been more on the loner side."

Annabelle says she doesn't know how long she'll stay up in Alaska, but one senses this self-described "independent spirit" is going to move around a lot before her roaming days are done. "There are so many things I want to do in this life, I don't know if I'll have time for them all," she says with typical enthusiasm. "I'm really interested in just about everything. I know I'd like to keep doing artwork for the rest of my life, but beyond that I don't know. I just know the kind of person I want to be when I'm 80 years old. I want to be extremely well traveled. And I want to have my own place in history— not just the one I was born into."

His mother is Annette Flowers, who ran with Neal Cassady in the mid-'60s, and who's been part of the Dead's scene since their earliest days, working for the last several years as an administrator for the Dead's publishing company, Ice Nine. "My father was a man named Jim Jordan, who died when I was 4," says Johnny Jordan as he sits in the patio behind the San Rafael house where his employer, Grateful Dead Tickets, is located. "I don't know that much about my father, actually. I heard he was a revolutionary-type guy, one of the first people to burn

his draft card in college."

Born in 1968, Johnny's given name was Che, after the Cuban revolutionary hero Che Guevara. "But when I was little I couldn't pronounce 'Che' so I changed my name to Johnny. I grew up in a very loving environment," he continues. "I didn't have a dad, so I basically hung out with the [Grateful Dead] crew and a lot of Hell's Angels. The Angels were around a lot when I was little. I didn't really miss a father figure because I hung out with so many different men. And in general, there was a lot more of a community scene than there is today, so I grew up around a lot of people.

"I was going to rock shows before I knew what was going on," he adds. "I went to Altamont when I was 1, but of course I don't remember anything about that. I *do* remember when I was older sleeping on the Dead's p.a. and being awakened by Phil's bass lines. That's one of my earliest memories."

Johnny is the only one of the eight kids I interviewed for this article who went through a period when he had no contact at all with the Dead scene for an extended time. As he explains, "I lived away from my mom for about four years [in the early '80s]. My mother was going through some hard times and the scene was kind of dispersing there for a while, and there were a lot of drug things going on. So I went to live with this couple who were old friends of my mother's near Sacramento, and they took me in the exact different direction than my mom was going in. They wouldn't let me listen to Dead music at all. It was quite a shock.

"They thought the [Dead] scene was really bad and that it had turned a lot of people into drug addicts, and they didn't want that to happen to me. So they sheltered me from a lot of things that were happening. I went from listening to The Beatles, Dead, New Riders and bluegrass to listening to rock 'n' roll on the radio. That was rough. I didn't see a Dead show for five years. I remember really wanting to go to one of the Greek shows one year but [his surrogate parents] grounded me and I couldn't go. That was one of the things that eventually made me want to figure out a way back into the scene."

Ironically, during the period that he lived his Dead-deprived life, "all I had to wear were Dead T-shirts, because that's all I owned," Johnny says. "I used to get harassed about it constantly in school because everybody thought the Dead was a hippie band, like that's a bad thing. The school I went to in Sacramento was very straight, and when I was in seventh and eighth grades, almost nobody in my classes had ever been to a concert before, much less a Grateful Dead concert. Then in high school it started being a fad to like the Dead and it became, 'Wow, what a cool band. Where'd you get that great T-shirt?'"

By 1984, Johnny's mother had a good job in the Dead organization and he was able to move back with her and start going to Dead shows again. He observes, "Once I made the decision to go back, I really saw the difference between a supposedly straight upbringing and what I'd had before that. I think I got a lot more love in the Grateful Dead scene. I think people [in the GD scene] are a lot more willing to show their true feelings and not suppress so much."



JOHNNY JORDAN

Johnny dropped out of high school after 11th grade "because the teachers were totally lame and I wasn't getting what I should out of it." At 17 he landed a job as a roadie for the Jerry Garcia Band, working with Steve Parish and Billy Grillo. As a budding musician himself, Johnny found his tenure with the JGB both instructive and fun.

"I really learned a lot, particularly on the big tour we did with Frank Zappa," he says. "I needed to be around musical equipment to learn how to hook things up. It's a lot of work and the hours really take some getting used to. You're pumping a lot for an hour, and then you're not pumping at all for three-and-a-half hours. Eleven or 12 comes around and you're working again, then you drive home or go to a hotel. It's hard to unwind from that, and when you get off the road you're on this totally weird schedule. But everything I know about electronics I attribute to Steve and those guys. It was a good education."

After working odd jobs for a couple of years, including stints in construction, a record store and a recording studio/rehearsal space, Johnny landed a spot at the Dead's ticket office, where he works today. "After working with the Jerry Band I told myself I wasn't going to live off the Grateful Dead," he says. "I wanted to do my own thing and not feel like they were supporting me. But they've always said to all the kids, 'You've got a job if you need it.' Now I need the money, so I'm working here. I found it very hard to have a straight job and play music, which is what I really want to be doing."

Johnny played in a Grateful Dead cover band called Loose Gravel for about three years, but these days he plays bass in a hardcore interracial reggae band called Jihad. "I've had to relearn some things for reggae because the Grateful Dead affected my playing so much and reggae is such a particular music," he says. "You can't bring a blues lick into it, or a pentatonic scale, and think it's going to fit perfectly, like it might in the Grateful Dead."

He harbors no illusions about being able to make ends meet just playing music at this juncture; rather, he seems content living his life with one foot in the Dead's world and the other in his band. "The [Dead] scene gives you a look at everything," he says. "We've got a lot of smart kids in our scene and people who are interested in different things. A lot of the kids are really articulate and a lot of them are really artistic, too. Being around this scene you find a lot of different ways of thinking about things, and there are always people you can turn to. In that way it really is like a family."

BLAIR JACKSON

Of all the kids in the Grateful Dead scene, 22-year-old Justin Kreutzmann probably has the most public profile. At 16 he directed the best-selling video about the making of the Dead's "Touch of Grey" videoclip. He played small behind-the-scenes roles in the creation of *In the Dark*, *Built to Last*, *Without a Net* and the live Garcia Band CD. Last year he directed Garcia, Grisman and a large cast of extras in a fanciful promotional video of the "The Thrill Is Gone." And the winter of '92 finds him busy in an editing room working on the Dead's next longform video project. No doubt about it, Justin has found his niche.

"I've been attracted to film almost as long as I can remember," he says as we sit in the San Rafael house he shares with his girlfriend, Gillian Grisman (David's daughter) and Creek Hart. "I've never really been interested in being a musician, but I like the *process* of making music and recording it, and I admire people who make music.

"But I never wanted to be compared to my dad. I'm sure he would have been happy to teach me and work with me and buy me drums and all that kind of stuff, but he was the kind of guy who encouraged me to do whatever I wanted. Also, I didn't want to have to compete with Creek."

As for his interest in film, Justin notes, "I think I got the filmmaking bug from my grandfather. He was into home movies and documented my dad's life from day one up through the teenage years. He even has footage of my dad playing his very first drum and breaking the head."

When Justin was still in elementary school, his father gave him a super-8 camera "and he said, 'Come film some shows,' so I'd go down to Winterland and shoot the Grateful Dead and the people backstage." In sixth grade he collaborated with a few friends on a fake documentary about the Rolling Stones (shot in Mill Valley) that was good enough to get shown to three different classes at Justin's school.

But the real turning point, Justin says, came when he got to spend time with one of the film world's great masters: "When Mickey, Phil and my dad were working on the music for *Apocalypse Now*, Francis [Coppola] would come by with his family and I got to watch him work and hang out with the family," Justin says. "He'd show different prints of the film as he was working on it, and explain how he was cutting it. He'd explain the movie in detail to the musicians, and he's the kind of guy where even if you're a 10-year-old kid, he won't talk down to you. I thought it was really interesting, and I'm sure it had an effect on me."

Unfortunately, Justin found that the high schools he attended were not very sympathetic to his interest in learning about film. "I went to a series of boarding schools that I completely hated," he says. "When you've had a life like we had, school seems so boring. They teach you things in slow, little increments and they discourage you from learning things until they say you're ready to learn them. In my high school, they wouldn't let me in the film program because they said I was too young. I'd already made some videos, so that really freaked me out. I thought any school that won't bend its curriculum to let somebody in, even when it's obviously the one thing they're interested in — well, screw it."

He dropped out of school, but by then he'd gotten his first real break. "Arista had wanted to make a making-of-the-first-video ["Touch of Grey"] and everyone thought it was a pretty stupid idea, so Jerry said, 'Well, if we have to do it, why don't we let Justin do it?'" he recalls. "So it was handed to me that way, and I don't think Arista realized how young I was because they sent me all these contracts and I had to say, 'Look, I can't sign these. I'm only 16.' Looking back now there are a million things I wish I'd done differently, but at the time it was hitting me so fast, it was like a wave washing over me." Justin's maiden effort hit #1 on *Billboard*'s video sales chart.

These days Justin is making his own breaks. For "The Thrill Is Gone" he found a backer to finance the clip, wrote a treatment based on his vision of the song "as kind of '30s, Cotton Club kind of thing," and with Gillian and a few others put together the elaborate production. "Being the director, you talk a good game up until the day of the shoot," Justin says. "Luckily, everyone was very professional; the people in the crew were great and it all went very smoothly."

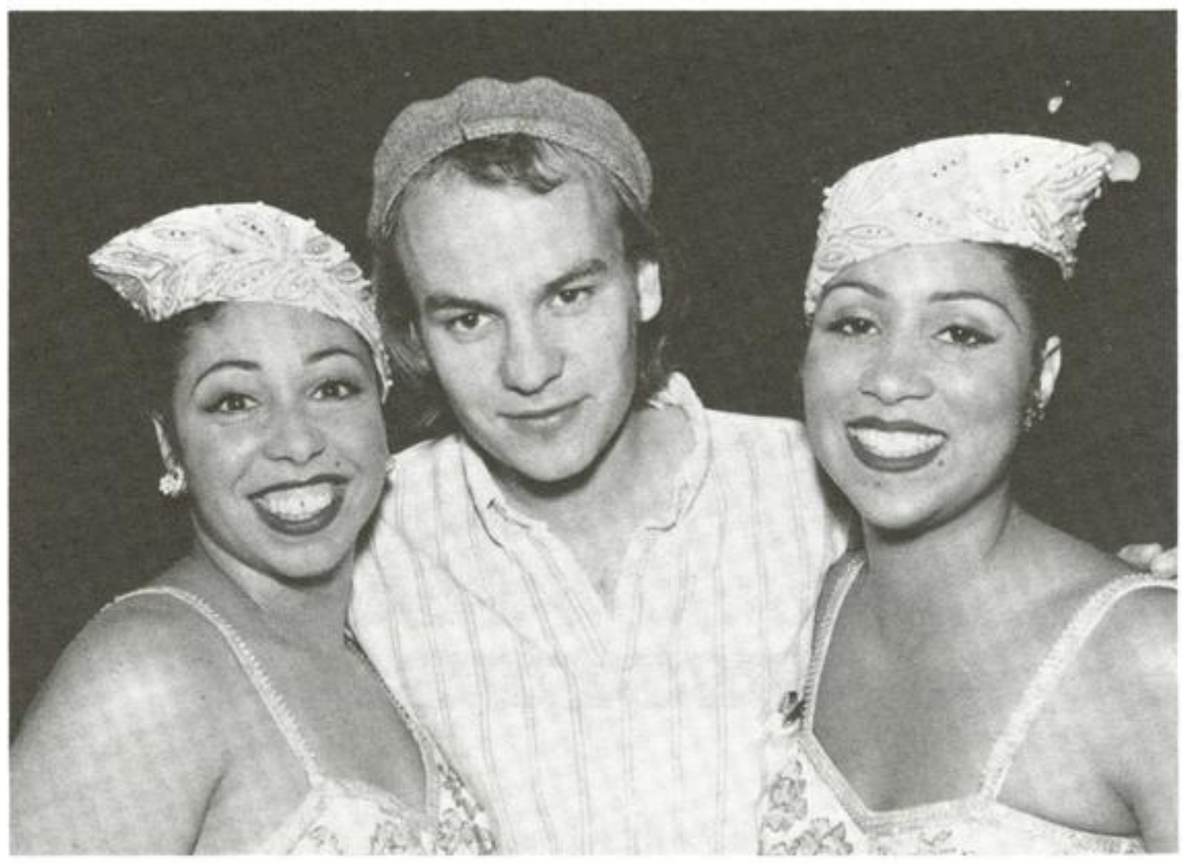
Justin speaks admiringly of his father and the Grateful Dead, noting, "It's such a thrill that people my age enjoy their music. I've always loved it, but there were periods when not a lot of people did. The kids on the [school] bus didn't give a shit who the Grateful Dead were and they made fun of the whole hippie thing.

"Listening to the way a lot of people, even friends of mine, made jokes about the Dead, they didn't seem to understand that this is my family. I took it very personally."

Justin knows he's lived a special life growing up around the Dead (even getting to cut school occasionally to go on tour with Dad), "but then again I don't have any other life to base it on, so I don't know what a 'normal' life would be like," he says. "Everything in my life has been played with the Grateful Dead in the background. Even though we [GD kids] aren't the ones onstage, we're always there in the shadows playing out our lives to that soundtrack. And not a lot of our lives has been lived behind closed doors. Once something happens, everybody in the scene knows about it pretty much. It's such a unique scene that sometimes I feel like only people who are in it can really understand where we're coming from.."

He says he's been thinking a lot about the future and about a conversation he had with Garcia before the first show after Bill Graham's death in October. "Jerry said to me, 'We can keep going for so long, but it's you guys who are going to have to do something. You guys are going to have to make the decision — are you going to twist people's minds and show them your world whether you're making $2 or whether you're rich?'

"And it's not like I feel like he was handing me something," Justin continues, "but I definitely feel like there's something here I want to keep going. What's going to be the new trip? Maybe Creek will be playing and David [Graham, Bill's son and a close friend of Justin's] will be promoting shows. We can only live off our parents' fun for so long. Now I want to create our scene. I want to see what our version is going to be."✪



JUSTIN KREUTZMANN

ALICE G. PATTERSON (video extras are Amber and April Ryan)

# Bob Bralove

## GROWING, PRUNING AND FEEDING

# Infrared Roses

## A JOURNEY INTO THE BELLY OF THE BEAST AND OUTER SPACE

IT'S IRONIC THAT perhaps the best album to come from the Grateful Dead in the past decade, the all-Drums and Space CD *Infrared Roses*, was put together by a relative newcomer to theDead scene, Bob Bralove. The tech wizard has been working with the Dead full-time only since the summer of 1987, when he hired on to help the band explore the potential of the latest generation of sophisticated electronic musical technology. ➢ THE PASSAGEWAY INTO the Dead's new world of sound was carved by a development known as MIDI (Musical Instrument Digital Interface), a system that allows different electronic instruments and devices to share information, often in the form of pre-recorded "samples" of sounds, which can then be called up and manipulated by a controller like a keyboard or guitar. Suddenly Brent's keyboard exploded with the sounds of actual fiddles and saxophones, usually combined with more conventional synth patches and piano sounds, and the drummers had everything from train noises to a sampled *birimbau* at their disposal. By the summer of '89, the band's three guitarists had entered the MIDI realm as well, and the Space portion of the show took on hitherto unimagined dimensions, as the timbres of oboes, flutes, trumpets, strings and a million varieties of indescribable interstellar sonorities were at the bandmembers' fingertips. ➢ DRUMS AND SPACE has always been viewed by the band as a kind of experimental testing ground where they can try out new sound ideas in an unstructured, low-pressure atmosphere. After all, Deadheads *expect* Drums and Space to be weird

and confusing; it's usually both. But it's also, as Bralove recognized, the place in the show where completely *new* music is created— music on the cutting edge, when it's "music" at all. As Bralove writes of that part of the show in his liner notes for *Infrared Roses*, "The only mandate is to explore new territory. It's an environment where rhythm, tone, color, melody and harmony can be explored without rules or predetermination; a musical adventure where composition and performance are one."

*Infrared Roses* brilliantly captures a few of the disparate places the band visits during Drums and Space, but there's more to it than that. Rather than merely stringing together a few complete performances of those sections, Bralove has, in a sense, "composed" segments that seamlessly integrate passages from multiple shows, or which jump around within a show, all in a an attempt to lend some structural coherence to this often anarchic music. On one track he might repeat a short riff and use it almost like a theme to suit his purposes. On another he might use layers of sampled sounds and/or signal processing to augment what's already in the performance.

In drawing from five years of tapes — multitracks recorded by John Cutler for the Dylan/Dead and *Without a Net* albums, as well as Dan Healy's stereo DAT masters — Bralove had hundreds of hours of some of the Dead's most challenging and difficult music to sift through to find the gems he's turned up, and in many cases, altered. That it's such a triumph on every level is testimony to Bralove's deep and passionate understanding of what makes this music *work*, and his technological prowess. That he got the go-ahead to do it at all is proof of the bandmembers' respect for his integrity and taste. Bralove even coaxed Robert Hunter to come up with the fanciful titles for the CD's different pieces, and got Garcia to create the graphics for the package. Feedback from the band about *Infrared Roses* has been extremely positive so far.




JAY BLAKESBERG

Not surprisingly, Bralove's background is in both music and computer technology. A native of the wealthy New York City suburb of Scarsdale, Bralove, who's 36, played several instruments as a youth and straddled the worlds of rock 'n' roll and so-called "serious music." In the early '70s he studied psychology at ultra-progressive Hampshire College in Massachusetts, but soon he heard the siren call of the West. He moved to the Bay Area and transferred to San Francisco State, where he created a second major in music composition; he was mainly writing chamber music during this period. On the side he took piano lessons from Art Lande, leader of the jazz group Rubisa Patrol, which was one of the early ECM groups.

An affinity for computers led Bralove to do work for MicroPro translating software from English into other languages. He parlayed that into a computer consulting business and a gig with Osborne Computers, one of the early giants in the industry (and also one of the first to go under).

Then came the phone call that would change his life: he was hired by Stevie Wonder (an Osborne user) to develop software that would allow Stevie's computers, and later, his musical instruments, to speak to him through a speech synthesizer. (Though this is not uncommon now, it was fairly revolutionary at the time.) "He wanted more control over his instruments and I helped him get it," Bralove says of his tenure with Wonder.

In the course of his job, Bralove became an expert in MIDI technology and even went on tour to make sure that Stevie's extensive array of keyboards behaved night to night. For a while, Bralove commuted between the Bay Area and Los Angeles (where Stevie lives) and was essentially at the beck and call of this somewhat eccentric genius, who's long been known for his idiosyncratic work schedule.

In 1985, Bralove met Merl Saunders at a Grammy Awards "Keyboard Summit" featuring Stevie, Herbie Hancock, Howard Jones and Thomas Dolby, "and that was when Merl asked me to check into *The Twilight Zone*," Bralove remembers. You'll recall that the Dead had been asked to write the theme for the revived *Twilight Zone* series, and Merl was chosen to be music supervisor for the show. This led to Bralove's first work with Mickey Hart, who was doing a lot of music and



effects work on the show.

"Mickey and I shared a vision almost immediately," Bralove says. "There was something happening in the weirdness end of life that we saw in each other. Getting weird sounds and making them work— the kinds of things we do every show now— the spirit of that was clear to us right away."

Though Bralove had seen the Dead back in '71 at the Capitol Theater in Port Chester, New York, and a few other times through the years, he was not a Deadhead by any stretch of the imagination. So when John Cutler gave him a call in 1987 to help work on Brent's keyboard overdubs for *In the Dark*, for Bralove it was like stepping into a new musical world.

Five years later, Bralove works with all the members of the band doing tech support and development. He still mans an onstage mixer (stationed behind The Beast) during Drums and Space to help mix electronic effects, and he also works very closely with Vince Welnick— as he did with Brent— developing keyboard textures. Bralove co-wrote "Picasso Moon" with Weir and John Barlow and says he's been writing a new song with Vince: "It a real bluesy, soul-y kind of thing. Vince has a real expressive place to put his voice that most people haven't heard yet. The song I'm thinking of may not be the one that eventually comes out, but it's a start." The man stays busy, to say the least.

In early December, Bralove sat down with writer/poet/Space connoisseur Steve Silberman and me for more than three hours to discuss the making of *Infrared Roses* and Drums and Space in general. So put on the CD (or tape) and dive in ...

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**Blair:** As I recall, the first time you mentioned this project to me, a long time ago, it was going to be all drums, wasn't it?

**Bob:** Right. I started out with the Grateful Dead mixing the drum solos and designing the electronic drum stuff for the drum solos in the summer of '87 at Ventura. That was the train effect, and the [electronic] birimbau and that kind of stuff. I have a vivid memory of that drum solo. My impression of it was— electronically, anyway —that it was pure distortion from beginning to end, and pure havoc. [Laughs] It was one thing to work things out in the studio, but Mickey, in particular, live onstage, is a different animal than Mickey in the studio. So all of a sudden we went from this controlled scene in the studio to impassioned slamming of the drums and slamming The Beam and hitting the [electronic] triggers, and we went from fairly calculated routines to inspiration and changing ideas on the spur of the moment.

So given that I had started early in my career in the drum scene, and that was something that I'd been working on all along, I started talking to Mickey about doing something, because he was listening off and on and I was listening constantly to tapes of the drum solo to try to improve it, to try to figure out when certain kinds of feedback were desirable or not and that sort of thing. So we listened a lot and then I'd say a year or two into it, we started discussing the possibility of making a record of this drum solo material. At that point I started going back and listening to all the drum solos and what happened is I began to realize that there were sections just before the drum solo that I liked and sections after the drum solo I liked, and even though I was trying to tell myself to only listen when the drums were happening and nobody else was playing, it started to feel incomplete given the context of a show, and given that these performances were intended to have something before and something after.

So then I said I wanted to have more than just drums on the record and I went to everyone and asked if I could expand it to include the improvisational stuff after the drums. And once I got that agreement I said, "Can I do anything I want to the performances? Can I cut and paste from one show into the next, try to weave something together?" And I got an OK for that.

**Steve:** Which is really a huge question, because an OK on that entrusts you with being a co-composer.

**Bob:** Yes. It was definitely a generous and trusting OK, but there was this feeling I also got, which was "Good *luck*!" [Laughs] "If you want to delve into all of that and sort something out, good luck!"

**Blair:** I've always gotten the impression that that's exactly how *everything* gets done in the Grateful Dead universe: whoever has the drive or energy to actually make something happen will be allowed to pursue it.

**Bob:** Well, that's certainly been true for me. Once I got into it people were very supportive. Billy was very excited about it, and he was really supportive through the whole thing. Billy's been a total mensch through the whole process; he's just been great. He's given me a kind of artistic support that everyone should have.

**Blair:** What do you mean?

**Bob:** Well, there are times when a project like this gets certain kinds of negative reactions from people. When you're doing something like this, the issue of its marketability, given your investment of time and money, gets questioned — is this really worth it? Why are you doing this? And Billy was just really strong about staying with the music — he said, "If you make the music good, it will all work out."

**Steve:** Which is what the Dead have practically embodied through the years.

**Bob:** Yeah, that's true, but you don't always get somebody saying that to you when you're in the midst of it, and it was real important for me to hear it.

**Steve:** Was it pretty much left up to you what would be on this? Did Mickey or Billy or the others say, "Please use this," or "Please don't use this"?

**Bob:** No. Everyone just approved the final product.

**Blair:** Did you sound them out for ideas

on the kinds of things they like or don't like? Surely, from your years of being with them and in effect being part of their performances, you must have a sense of where their magic lies and when what they're doing is working, and when it it isn't.

**Bob:** Well, early on I did talk to each of them individually about the kinds of things they might want to see on this record. So at that initial stage, we would discuss certain kinds of feelings. On a given night I might talk to Jerry about something he did. Like in "Little Nemo in Nightland," which was the first one I put together, Jerry comes in with these bird-like sounds ... the night that he did that I had a little discussion with him about that and how excited I was that he did that, and so in that way there was a note about that performance. But they never made any specific musical requests.

**Blair:** And by mentioning that sort of thing to him, that wasn't like requesting that he try it again another night was it?

**Bob:** Oh no. We had it on multitrack, so I didn't need him to do it again. That particular section [of the piece] comes from that show, and nothing else does.

**Blair:** How aware of what they'd done in Space at a given show would Bob or Jerry or Phil be a night or two later?

**Bob:** Well, you've got to understand that I discuss that sort of thing with them all the time, because that's the place where their systems are experimented with. That's where the whole MIDI trip gets worked on. So it's always a constant concversation about how the machines are responding, what the voices are like, what they need, how to juxtapose sounds, how to manipulate the pedals, how to influence the sounds with other controllers — all that kind of stuff. I think if there's a problem, they're totally aware of it the next day. If there's something I might have felt really good about, they generally know what I'm referring to, but only a certain percentage of the time do they have the same feeling about it. [Laughs] Actually, it's a fairly high percentage, because by now I know what they're looking for, but earlier on I wasn't quite used to listening to them — and that's a big part of the process for me: listening to them performing and listening to their systems, watching their faces as somebody pulls out something new.

**Blair:** From our standpoint in the audience during Space, there are times when the music the band makes seems really carefully constructed — almost "composed" in a sense — and other times it sounds like they're just fucking around, seeing what kinds of noises they can make. "Infrared Roses," for example, has that quality of sounding arranged, like great 20th-century music.

**Bob:** Right. Well, it's the Grateful Dead. It all depends on the night and the performance. It has to do with listening to each other and the moods of the players.

At the end of "Infrared Roses," Phil is playing this long sort of French horn-y string line and then it's obvious that Jerry was listening to him because he does this little fiddle tune in response. And then the way they just end up at that big chord and then pull into the "Miracle" lick ...

**Blair:** To be honest, I wish you'd left off the "Miracle" part.

**Bob:** Some people feel that way.

**Steve:** I think it's funny, because it reminds you of the kind of music that surrounds Drums and Space, and it's a funny signpost of ordinary mind in the midst of these layers of trance mind.

**Bob:** Yeah. And on that track you've wandered through this maze and you end up in this baroque thing, and one of the things I like about this section of the show and that I think I successfully capture on the record is the feeling of turning a corner. And that corner they turn just like that, and for me it's not even about it being "Miracle." It's about turning that corner and finding those sounds. But I agree there is a sense of humor about it that I like.

**Steve:** A lot of the humor in the Dead's music depends on their blues sensibility, which is one of the things that is most dispersed in Drums and Space. But what's so interesting about the Dead is that they are able to go from [blues] spaces like that to spaces where a French horn is being answered by a fiddle, and where you're really at the cutting edge of 20th-century improvised music by anyone's standards — and yet after they turn that corner they can end up in "I Need a Miracle."

**Blair:** And you're back into blues.

**Bob:** Right. I tried it both ways, with it and without it. And I don't know, there was something so wacky about it being there that more than 50 percent of the times I listened to it I liked it better with it there.

**Steve:** Another thing that really helps this record work is that there are buried melodies running through it, like the "Dark Star" melody, that haunt the music. "Silver Apples of the Moon" is like an incredibly beautiful deconstruction of "Dark Star," and finally the melody is stated at the end of the piece. But just after that, you go into "Speaking With Swords," which is like an ocean washing the "Dark Star" away as quickly as its written. I think it's very interesting the way you use fragments or shadows or implied melodies throughout the record that really give it a sense of coherence and journey, like the "Uncle John's" riff in "Riverside Rhapsody."

**Bob:** I'd love to take credit for it, but it's the band's music of course. I hope they're good performances. I'm sure there are all sorts of references in there I don't even understand yet. The ones that you're familiar with because of the Grateful Dead context tend to weave through it because it's the Grateful Dead. Who knows what other stuff might be in there that's outside of the context we know? Bartok in the bass lines or whatever. [Laughs]

> "IT'S THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE MOMENTS WHEN THEY'RE STANDING THERE SAYING, "THIS IS WHAT I THINK MUSIC IS."

**Blair:** Isn't "Silver Apples of the Moon" the name of a Morton Subotnick album?

**Bob:** Actually I wasn't aware of that until [technical writer] Larry Oppenheimer told me about it. Apparently it was the first piece of music commissioned for record only — Subotnick was commissioned to write a piece of music for a recording.

I don't think Hunter was thinking Subotnick [when he came up with the title], though. I think he was thinking [W.B.] Yeats.

**Blair:** How and why did you put together the crowd sculpture that opens the disc? It's so cool the way it evolves from this

simple scene in the parking lot to this chaotic, echo-y bacchanal and then moves inside the arena into "Parallelogram," the first of the drum solos on the disc.

**Bob:** Because of my own sense of general panic working in the scene and just trying to catch up — with the music and all sorts of stuff — it took me about a year and a half before I went outside the hall to check out what was happening outside the shows. *Leave the stage?* I might miss some important cue, or somebody might need something! Of course I fucked up plenty of times in that year and a half, but at least it wasn't because I wasn't on the stage. [Laughs]

So anyway, eventually I got comfortable enough with what I was doing that I took the time to go outside, and when I did the whole scene out there just really blew me away. So I took this Sony DAT recorder and I started sampling outside shows just to see what it was like, because it seemed like such an audio-rich environment. Then, when I started working on this album, I had about 20 hours [of crowd material] from all over the country to pick from. And it became a sort of a distillation of what goes on out there and a blending of different places. Technically, it was fairly difficult finding the right moments to go into it, because you have cars going by and a lot of extraneous noises, and if you're going to create a montage where you're cross-fading after the important moment and pulling that out, you don't want to be pulling out somebody's voice while a car is coming up. You end up with all sorts of compositional problems.

**Blair:** I love the dogs. It's such a great touch.

**Bob:** I remember the moment when I got the sample of those dogs. There were these dogs off to the side and somebody by a car opens a beer bottle, and the bottle cap drops on the floor and rolls in front of me and it rolls across the stereo field. That's on there; you can hear it real clearly. And at the very end of it — and I can't remember if this part is on it — somebody says, "I just washed those tires, too!" because his buddy was pissing on his tires. [Laughs]

**Steve:** One of the most interesting things about it is that it's field sociology in this funny culture which, as much as it's talked about, is still relatively unexamined except perhaps by Rebecca Adams [the University of North Carolina sociologist who led a class on tour a couple of years ago and who is working on a book on the sociology of the Dead scene]. I think eventually the subculture around the Grateful Dead will be as much an object of study as the music.

**Blair:** It already is, practically. That's all most reviewers and newspaper reporters talk about.

**Steve:** Right, except that they don't get it. Eventually it will be talked about by people who get it — ideally, people who were there.

**Bob:** Well, it's such a strong experience out there. The kids who are out there drumming get this part of the show [Drums and Space]. They're out there making this impassioned music, too. Mickey keeps talking about transformational music and transportational music. Well, those kids — those drummers in the parking lot — want to be transported. That experience is very strong for them, and to me, that connection with the record is important. Because when that part of the show works, it *really* works for the audience. It's not like academic music, which gets abstract and cerebral.

**Steve:** No, it's like life and death, especially if you're tripping, because one of the uncanny things about Drums and Space is the way it fits into or mirrors psychedelic experience, because it's a time when predetermined structure is abandoned, and that's what a lot of the people at shows are going through inside their own heads — the composition of their ego is being abandoned for a while and they're improvising ...

**Bob:** ... as to who they are! [Laughs]

**Steve:** Right! Exactly. One of the reasons I've been going to shows as long as I have is because they're great places to think about who I am and what is happening in my life, and the meaning of life, really. There aren't too many other mass entertainments where you can both concentrate on the entertainment and also come to realizations about your own existence.

**Bob:** You know, Jerry and I once had a conversation about that part of the show one night when the music had gotten particularly weird and sort of unmanageable, but it was very exciting. Everyone was experimenting with their equipment and there was some real high-energy music happening. I said, "You know, a lot of the audience seemed like they were completely confused by it." And Jerry said, "That's OK. It's all right if they sit up every once in a while and wonder why *the fuck* they're there!" [Laughs]

**Blair:** Can you talk a bit about the relationship between what you're doing and what Healy's doing during a given Space?

**Bob:** On the record, "Sparrow Hawk Row" is a lot about what Healy is doing.

**Steve:** It's quite beautiful. It's so strange. That sparrow sound is so chilling.

**Bob:** That beginning sound? I think that's a brilliant sound.

**Steve:** Who's making it?

**Bob:** Actually it's somebody in the audience, and Healy picked it up. Dan has a mike in the audience and he can do processing [of sound] from the audience mike. As I was making this album I thought it was really lacking in what Dan does, so that piece is about six or seven shows from Dan's mix that I put together, layered a couple on top, added a little smoothing processing and delays, but the idea is to feature Dan's processing on that. That [sparrow] sound, for example, happens only once in the show it's from, but it was so cool that I laid it down, and laid it down again, laid it down again, so you could have the feeling of it being a motif.

More generally, I send Dan four tracks of electronic drums. On these recordings I sent him two tracks, stereo left and right, of drums. Early on in our relationship I wanted it to be clear about what I was sending him and he said, "Look, you can send me anything you want, but I reserve the right to do *anything I want* to it." [Laughs] So basically he has all sorts of processing. The opening of "Sparrow Hawk Row" has this stereo trip going — that's the kind of thing he does gorgeously.

The way this piece evolved, I basically went back to the last five years of Drums and Space and listened to them all to try to find the material for this album. And there were times when I would listen to Dan's mixes — that was my first step — and I'd love a section of it, go into the multitracks of the same show, and sometimes what I loved wasn't there — because it was processing things Dan was doing. That's when I realized I really wanted that on the record — for the completeness of the experience, for somebody who likes that part of the show. I love the way that came out. There are all sorts of hovering images for me, futuristic *Blade Runner* things.

**Steve:** At the deepest level, what does Drums and Space mean to you in the context of the music? It really is a unique phenomenon, certainly among rock 'n' roll bands. How do you *feel* about that music?

**Bob:** [Long pause] To me, it's the music that is on the personal edge for the musicians. There's something about it for them that puts it on that edge — you're taking away their safety net. There's something about it that's so *bold*. Somebody described it as "team sports without rules."

**Blair:** It's audacious.

**Bob:** It is. The kind of magic that can happen when it really works is so brilliant that it's worth the effort when it doesn't.



JAY BLAKESBERG

There's something about those moments when they're sort of standing out there naked saying, "This is what I think music is!"

**Steve:** "At this moment!"

**Bob:** "This is what I think music is. And music *is* this moment." It's not a reference to the last moment, or the moment that's coming up. It's really *right now*. Of course, that's the essence of music in general.

**Steve:** Improvised music.

**Bob:** Well ... Even if it's composed music it doesn't live without some expression, and that expression is making it work *right now*, even though you have a context. A poorly executed climax in Beethoven just doesn't work. The moment that it's supposed to happen doesn't work.

So in the Dead what they're saying is, "I'm trying to reach some moment here. Can I do that without a score? Without a tune? Can I strip it down to the barest artistic human essentials?"

That's the magic of Drums and Space to me. In listening to five years of it, the thing that was strongest about it was the sections that ended up on this album *screamed* at me. They really spoke to me; they would not go away. I could listen to one — and I took extensive notes along the way — and not really have much to say about it. I'd listen to the next night and the previous night would in effect go away. But sometimes it wouldn't go away; it kept coming back to me.

**Steve:** Allen Ginsberg, quite a master of improvisation himself, has a little slogan: "Vividness is self-selecting."

**Bob:** That's how I felt. In fact, the opening double trap-set solo, "Parallelogram," is one of those ones that kept screaming at me. And it wasn't on multitrack; it was a DAT master. I kept looking for things on multitrack, but it kept coming back: "This is the one!" It's two guys, really strong, playing *together*. It's not trading back and forth. I wanted to open with this powerful feeling; this strength.

**Blair:** Is all of "Parallelogram" one performance?

**Bob:** No, the Beast and timbales is multitrack, so that stereo panning came from our mix.

**Blair:** Which piece has the most different performances in it?

**Bob:** I'd say "Little Nemo." That's 12 to 18 performances.

**Steve:** And you have snippets playing against each other? One voice is from one performance, and another voice at the same moment is from a different performance?

**Bob:** It can be, but my tendency was to look for ensemble playing that felt magical. Like in "Little Nemo," there might be an ensemble bed that I feel is magical, so in the beginning I would establish what Bobby is doing in the opening lines. It was a very subjective thing. But basically what I would do is listen and try to find the point where I felt the energy would drop. I found that I got better and better at it. I was extremely critical about that on "Little Nemo," which is why there are all those pieces in it. I may have learned to manage that better, so I could do it with six or eight pieces.

**Blair:** But obviously you had some idea what "Little Nemo" would become or you wouldn't know what to look for.

**Bob:** Right. Each of the pieces was treated very differently, but it would have something that it was about for me. The whole first movement, for example, is no synthesizers. To me, it was about pieces and and performances that created moods that went way back for them historically. This was the beginning of my experiences with them. It comes a lot from the Dylan-Dead performances. There were no synthesizers in the guitars yet.

There's also something very sexy about the slowness [of "Little Nemo"], and that was a little tough to maintain. Things tend to spiral in that part of the show, as they do in other pieces on the record, but maintaining that slowness and that softness about it was part of the trick of having to move back and forth between performances — so it wouldn't spiral into something else.

**Blair:** Are there points where we're hearing more than one Jerry or Phil line at once?

**Bob:** Yes, but they're managed so you

don't really hear it that way. There are times when things cross-fade and you're hearing more than one performance at a time. It was important to me to take the perspective of each performer throughout a piece. I'd sit down and say, "OK, let me listen to this from Jerry's perspective." Then I'd listen from Phil's perspective, and so on. Jerry said when he listened to it he said, "You know I really like this. I finally gave up trying to figure out who's playing what!"

**Blair:** Did you have any trepidations about doing the fade-in at the end of the "Uncle John's" on "Riverside Rhapsody"?

**Bob:** Originally I did. To me that piece is about the abandonment of the song, and the moment where you feel like it's Alice falling down the rabbit hole. It has a very strong feeling of letting go.

**Blair:** I thought of the scene in *2001* where the astronaut drifts away from the capsule into deep space.

**Bob:** Yeah! Or you're in a booster rocket and you jettison part of it. You leave that stage behind. That's the kind of thing the Dead have in their music and I really wanted to get that feeling in. That particular piece is from one performance, although certain pieces of thematic material have been reinforced— lifted and expressed again for coherence. Some of Brent's lines, for example are reiterated.

**Blair:** Can you tell us a little bit more about the construction of the Vince-Bruce duet, "Silver Apples of the Moon"?

**Bob:** Well, of course it wasn't actually performed as a duet. Bruce played his part straight through in one show. Everyone just sat back and let him play. It was London [11/1/90]. Then Vince's parts come from the insides of about four "Dark Stars" that I cut together and matched.

**Blair:** This represents their first recorded work together.

**Bob:** It became important to me that that happen on this album. In terms of my own development with the band, there was this whole thing of losing Brent and separating myself from that, and investing myself in this new energy. I wanted that event to be reflected in the record.

**Blair:** I was really surprised by how nice Brent's playing is on this, because in general I didn't think of him as being a spacey guy or someone who was that comfortable playing space music.

**Bob:** That's really interesting, because a lot of the performances which were used for this came from a tour where I'd told Brent that we were going to multitrack the tour and he said, "I want a new synthesizer." And I said, jokingly, "I'll give you a new synthesizer if you *promise* me you'll play during Space." [Laughs] Because at that point I'd already envisioned the album, and I wanted him on there. His parts are great on this record. They really sing. He has some really nice stuff in "Infrared Roses" and "Magnesium Night Light."

"Magnesium Night Light" moves from that distorted, aggressive kind of thing into this pretty quartet. When I listen to that quartet now I can really place the sound in the room as a quartet, and I hear them playing to each other and the pairs change. Brent's playing some traditional keyboard sounds, but it's so tasty! He was a great listener.

**Steve:** His work was really foregrounded on *Built to Last*. He had so many lead lines on there.

**Bob:** He heard melodies really well. Those little lines he came up with, like on "Foolish Heart," were pretty strong. Answer lines to phrases— they had a soulfulness that was really great. On his bad nights none of them sounded that good necessarily, but on the good nights they had so much presence and power doing these really quite simple moves. Like on "Foolish Heart"— it's not complicated or heavily contrapuntal —it's within all the chord tones, but there's a way he approached his part there that had the right lightness to match the tune. I think he did the same thing with "Picasso Moon," coming up with counter lines that made it sparkle.

**Blair:** It seems as though Jerry was somewhat resistant to working with a MIDI system for a long time. He thought the triggering was too slow ...

**Bob:** I wouldn't say he was ever resistant to the concept, but he had to get the right system. The thing about Jerry and Jerry's system—and this I learned from listening and focusing on his playing a lot —is that a lot of his expression and the uniqueness of his sound comes from the subtle but *constant* movement in his left hand, fingering the notes. A note rarely ever sits flat. It's always alive, always moving.

**Blair:** That's his style. It's almost like a mini-vibrato effect.

**Bob:** Right. He's a real master of it. But you give him one of the early [MIDI] systems or one that's not real customized and you take that nuance away from his playing. So it took a lot of effort to hear, "Well, he's doing a subtle thing that's going in quarter tones, and I'm hearing half-steps." So setting up the system so it's really tweaked out for him, which is constant because each sound needs its own attention technically, was the challenge. The first things we tried were slow and not responsive. But the technology has improved greatly over the past few years and now the [MIDI] controllers are a better match for his performance style.

**Steve:** How many MIDI voices can he combine at once?

**Bob:** We don't usually go into that at this depth, but I'd say he can play about 20. I don't think he usually uses more than about four, but of course there are times when he uses one voice, but that one voice is made up of two voices that are already stacked.

**Blair:** On the pieces on *Infrared Roses* where you've actually taken a partial songwriting credit, what is implied by that?

**Bob:** Basically that it's come from enough different shows and the sculpting of the piece as it is on the record is so different from the performances that I'm credited equally as a writer.

**Steve:** How many performances are there in "Apollo at the Ritz"?

**Bob:** That's from one night [the 3/29/90 Nassau show, featuring Branford Marsalis]. It begins with the second part of the "Dark Star" and ends with the some of first part of it. The whole opening part, which I like a lot, with Jerry playing church bell and all, was pieced together phrase by phrase with the intent of finding a place to get into this place that I wanted where they're playing in this amazing ensemble.

When I was trying to piece this together, what I ended up with was places I knew I wanted to be, but it didn't mean that right before that place, there was a way to get in. "I want to be in *that* room, so I have to build a door." So I'd listen to more tracks and more often than not the tracks from the "room" would suggest the "door." Sometimes the door was there, but it was ten minutes earlier, so I had to piece it together. Or, like in "Post-Modern Highrise Table-Top Stomp," that performance was about 25 minutes, and on the record it's somewhere over four minutes. People left the stage; not everyone was always there. But that thing that Willie Green [of the Neville Brothers] plays is so tight and right-on that I could lift phrases from earlier performances before the others left the stage and match them up to everybody. And the playing they do is so responsive to what went on earlier in the show that it became a question of finding the piece that says, "OK, here is how Jerry responds to what Mickey was playing earlier."

**Steve:** That's one of the things that's always struck me about the Dead: How what sound like musical narratives get

developed over the course of not only a show, but sometimes a whole run of shows, or even a tour. It's almost like a *dramatis personae* of voices are introduced, and they have interactions with each other in melodic fragments or just in kinds of sounds.

**Bob:** Right. I notice Phil and Jerry doing that a lot.

**Steve:** I really think it's one of the elements in their music that actually *creates* Deadheads, because it's a level of coherence that you can only recognize if you're really familiar with the music. If you bury treasure, someone will draw a map to get to it.

**Blair:** Bob, you spoke about how the first part of the record has a thematic tie. Is that true for the other three parts, too?

**Bob:** Well, after Number One was created, I ended up really liking the three-part format, because obviously that's unusual for what is traditionally a two-part section [Drums and Space]. Beyond that, it was very important to me to make each piece be about something very different from each other. You could grab any of the cuts and you'd know exactly where you were. If you were listening to "Speaking in Swords," there was no doubt that it was that, and not "Parallelogram" or "Crowd Sculpture" or "Little Nemo." In other words, each piece had to have its own identity. And that became an interesting process, because by defining these identities, you end up limiting what's going to be on the record. So I became very focused and told myself that every piece was going to be about something, and no piece was going to be about *everything*. Otherwise it felt like less of a good *record* experience. This isn't like a live performance, strictly speaking. Things that did take 25 minutes to perform live and worked in the live performance context wouldn't necessarily work on a record. You can say things a couple of times in a live performance that maybe only need to be said once on a record.

> "I DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO FEEL RIPPED OFF, BUT I'D SAY, "LOOK, THE BAND HAS SPENT 25 YEARS MAKING THIS KIND OF MUSIC. THIS IS WHO THEY ARE, TOO."'

**Steve:** One of the things that treating the pieces so differently does is give the album a sense of journey. Each landscape sets up the following one, like water flowing down an inevitable course.

**Blair:** It's my understanding that there was some resistance in parts of the Dead organization to calling this a "Grateful Dead" album because that might mislead people.

**Bob:** I'm not too concerned with people in the organization's concern about that. I am a little concerned about the buyers. The responses I'm getting so far are overwhelmingly positive. There have been a few negative responses. I figured out what the sticker on it should say: "Parental Warning: Explicitly No Lyrics." [Laughs]

I certainly don't mean to misrepresent


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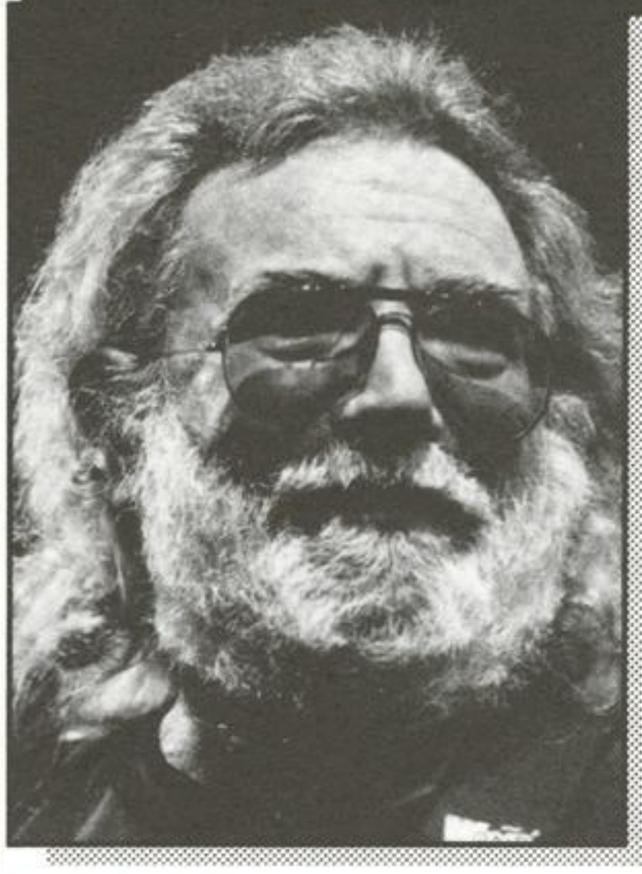
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this, and I think that's the concern of some in the organization— that people will be confused and feel cheated if they don't know what it is before they buy it. That's a valid concern. I don't know— maybe they should use this to go to the bathroom, like they do at the shows. [Laughs] I don't want those people to feel ripped off, but I'd say, "Look, the band has spent 25 years making this kind of music. This is who they are, too."

**Steve:** It's a great concentrated dose of one particular area of their expertise.

**Blair:** What gave this project closure for you? How did you know that this 55 minutes was *it*?

**Bob:** That's hard to say. I knew I wanted it to be about an hour. At some point, the balance of it felt right. To me also there's a wonderful feeling of starting the album with "I need a ticket" and ending it with all the players blowing their minds out. The performances on "Apollo at the Ritz" are just *wild*.

**Steve:** It's totally celebrational music, but it's celebrating from the "outside." They didn't have to come into a melody in order to celebrate together.

**Bob:** For "Post Modern Highrise," I used to think of the *Star Wars* band— percussion music aliens would play! [Laughs]

**Steve:** I think this is one of those records that will survive well into the future. There's some music you can listen to — like stuff that Art Tatum was playing in the '30s and '40s — that not only doesn't sound dated, but who can do it *now*? I think that this album, encompassing as it does an ethnic music base in "Parallelogram," which could be something played by two guys by a real river on folk instruments, to "Apollo at the Ritz," containing Branford's embodiment of the whole stream of African-American improvisational music, to completely science-fiction landscapes, just has so much matter and meaning drawn from so many different streams in 20th-century music that it will inevitably be heard by *someone* in the distant future as a very rich storehouse of the kinds of sounds that were available to 20th-century human beings.

**Bob:** Great! [Laughs] I hope so.

Making it was very intense, but it was still a playground for me. It was fun. The whole thing was following energy. When was it over? It was over when the next note seemed too much. Where was I going to go after "Apollo at the Ritz"? We'd gone all the way from small ensembles to full orchestra.

**Blair:** How did the titles for the pieces come about?

**Bob:** Oh, that was real tough—I gave a tape to Hunter and he came up with the titles. [Laughs]

**Blair:** Did you have your own working titles?

**Bob:** For some of them. Most of the time I just used very descriptive things. But I think "Speaking in Swords" I called "Just When You Thought You Were Safe." [Laughs]

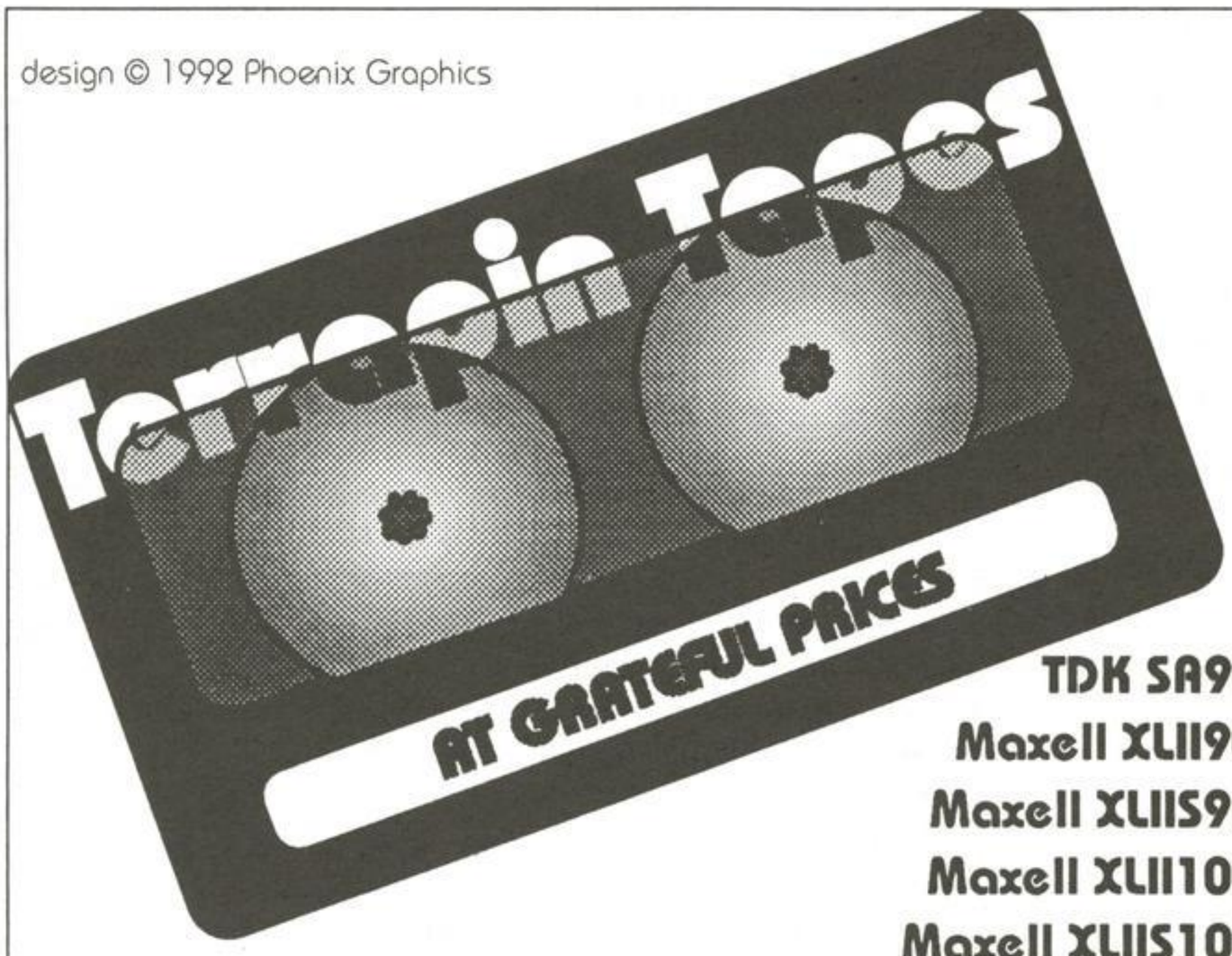
**Blair:** I think it's great you got Hunter involved. It adds that extra layer of fun and Grateful Dead context to it.

**Bob:** I agree. For me, *everybody's* contribution to the project magnified it and amplified it from angles I never imagined, from Jerry's artwork to Hunter's titles. I was blown away by Hunter's titles. They're like another light source on the subject.

**Blair:** An obvious last question: Might there be another volume of this?

**Bob:** Who knows? I've got a lot of ideas and a lot of interest from certain members of the band, but I don't really want to talk about it too much—it's still too up in the air. I will say, however, that I'd love to take it into the studio and see what we can do there. We'll have to see what the response is to this one, but certainly *I'd* like to do more.


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# The Dead in the '60s

# A History Lesson From the BBC

*Note: During our hiatus, we were lucky enough to come across this short radio documentary about the Dead's early history, produced by the British Broadcasting Corporation shortly after the Dead's 1990 European tour. We've transcribed it exactly as it was spoken by veteran British radio personality Reg Twigham. The product of hundreds of hours of research and interviews, the program uncovers many little-known facts about the Dead's formative years.*

**The scene:** Wembley Arena in London. The date: First November, 1990. They've come by motorcar from Piccadilly, from Luton, from East Grinstead and Chipping Camden. They've come by hovercraft and ferry from France, puffing on pungent Gauloise cigarettes and carrying colorful pouches filled with smelly cheeses. They've flown across the pond from American cities far and wide — from Akron, Ohio, from Newark, New Jersey and Muncie, Indiana. Outside this venerable arena, which hasn't looked so festive since the grand celebration of Coventry's shocking victory over Ipswich in the 1963 match final, thousands of young hippies mill about as if at some bazaar in Marrakesh. Trinkets are spread on patterned blankets in hopes of raising a few quid for the show inside. In a scene reminiscent of General Gordon's arrival at Khartoum a century ago, long-locked gypsies stand in loose circles beating hand drums and dancing, Dervish-like, on the cold pavement as curious passersby, heading home from Fleet Street and Soho, cast dazed glances. Desperate ticket-seekers hold hand-scrawled signs with messages like "Please, sir, won't you help me? I do so need a ticket!"

Inside, it's as if we have pulled the throttle on H.G. Wells' fanciful time machine and landed in San Francisco's Hashbury in the late 1960s. The throng stands shoulder to shoulder and dances that peculiar formless wiggle so characteristic of the psychedelic era. Scents of patchouli and sandalwood intermingle with those of bangers, Branston pickle and kidney pie. And what a brew is being served up by the seven musicians onstage! The Mississippi Delta blues of Robert Johnson sit side by side with country strummings and bashing rock 'n' roll. There's a voyage to outer space and journeys to the inner mind. There's even a bit of a jab at Mrs. Thatcher courtesy of Bob Zimmerman's "Maggie's Farm." In short, it's just another night with that most singular oddity from the Colonies, the Grateful Dead.

Who are these modern-day Mandrakes whose magic spells set the world's children to dancing like rodents after the Hamelin Piper's mellifluous song? Are they the last bright hope of a generation that long ago turned from the quest for peace and love in favor of shillings and tuppence? Or are they, as some postulate, messengers of Mephistopheles himself, engaged in the ruthless acquisition of young minds to do his evil bidding for purposes so nefarious that Sir Arthur's own Professor Moriarty would but resign from the path of darkness in the face of such overwhelming wickedness? And what, one might reasonably inquire, is the secret of their longevity? After all, this is a band that has been with us for a quarter-century now — longer than The Cream, longer than Herman's Hermits, but still considerably shorter than the glorious 64-year reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

I'm Reg Twigham, and tonight, on *BBC Music Break*, we'll examine the early history and music San Francisco's Grateful Dead, the band once described by no less a pop music pundit than Lord Mountbatten as — and I quote — "really rather odd now that you mention it."

**Our story begins with a** young musician named Geraldo Garcia, known to his friends as "Jerry" or, more often, simply "Hey you." A descendant of the original family of musicians that played lutes and gourds at show-trials during the Spanish Inquisition in the 16th century, young Jerry was bitten by the music bug early in life. After the resulting fever and hives subsided, he took up the ocarina and devoted every waking hour to its mastery. Were it not for an ill-fated romance with a lovely young girl in Garcia's first all-ocarina band, Garcia might have gone on to be become the veritable Horowitz of this queer instrument, called "the sweet potato" by American GIs. Instead, inspired by the famous goateed musician Burl Ives and his hit "Little White Duck," he built a crude banjo using a fruitcake tin and wires pulled from his brother's orthodontic appliances. Learning the banjo came easily to Garcia, though he was hampered by the loss of

most of the middle finger on his right hand to a snapping turtle — a tale later immortalised by his partner Robert Hunter in the epic song "Terrapin." The early '60s found Garcia playing in a series of popular San Francisco Bay Area bluegrass bands, including the Squashed Skunk Spleen Lickers, the Horny Mountain Ramblers and, of course, the beloved Mystical Testicle String Band.

Meanwhile, just a few miles from Garcia's home base in Palo Alto, a young misfit named Bob Weir was learning how to play the guitar — one string at a time. Diagnosed early in life as severely dyslexic, Weir literally learned how to sing and play most of the great songs from the American folk canon backwards. While he was eventually forced to abandon this style for commercial reasons — he was appreciated only among Palo Alto's sizable Serbo-Croatian community — years later he would return to these roots to compose the song "Victim or the Crime," a tune which has been accurately described by *Daily Mirror* music critic Anthony Harrington as "musical dyslexia dementia."

In an oft-recounted story which has taken on the warm glow of some Round Table legend through years of fond retelling, Garcia and Weir met when the two absent-minded youngsters drove into opposite ends of a car wash and crashed head-on. This would become the central metaphor of their musical relationship for the next two-and-a-half decades.

Ron McKernan, whom the duo encountered whilst playing miniature golf shortly after their own meeting, was cut from a very different cloth. An altar boy, Eagle Scout and apple polisher known to all his elementary school classmates as Mr. Clean, young McKernan became infatuated with the blues when, as a teen, he stumbled into a nightclub where the immortal Memphis singer called Deaf-Dumb-and-Blind Willie McPoon was performing. That's all it took for McKernan to start living the blues life. McPoon taught Ron all three blues chords and also gave him the nickname that would follow him for all of his too brief life in music — Pigpen, after the porcine squeals McKernan elicited from the Hohner harmonica that was his constant companion.

Along with a couple of friends whose names have now faded into the mists of history, this decidedly unholy trio formed a jug band called Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions, named fondly after a landlady Garcia had stiffed for rental payments for 16 straight months. The jug band was short-lived, however, for in the spring of 1964 a different kind of music was taking America by storm. This was electric rock 'n' roll — all twanging guitars and cracking drums — and Garcia and Weir knew that if they worked hard they could be the next Gerry & the Pacemakers or — dare to dream — the next Dave Clark Five.



The BBC's Reg Twigham at work

**In the early days they held court five nights a week at a local pizza pie restaurant called Magoo's, playing endless out-of-tune versions of some of the most annoying hits of 1965.**

First, though, they needed a skinsman for their new group. For Billy Kreutzmann, playing triangle in the high school orchestra proved a far cry from his dream of, as he once put it, "hitting things — lots of things; hitting them hard and hitting them fast." It was a school guidance counselor who had suggested that the lad's aggressive tendencies might be better suited to a pursuit such as music instead of professional wrestling, and when he heard that Garcia, Weir and Pigpen had started a unit called The Warlocks, he wanted in.

That left only a slot for a bassman, and here the group settled on a lanky blond with a Prince Valiant haircut named Phil Lesh, an avant-garde composer and troublemaker from nearby Berkeley. Lesh, whose best known composition during his college years had consisted entirely of the yowls of 12 Siamese cats being pulled across the strings of five grand pianos, two of which were sitting in giant vats of tapioca pudding, had never played the bass before. In the twisted logic of that peculiar time, however, his qualifications for the position were deemed to be perfect.

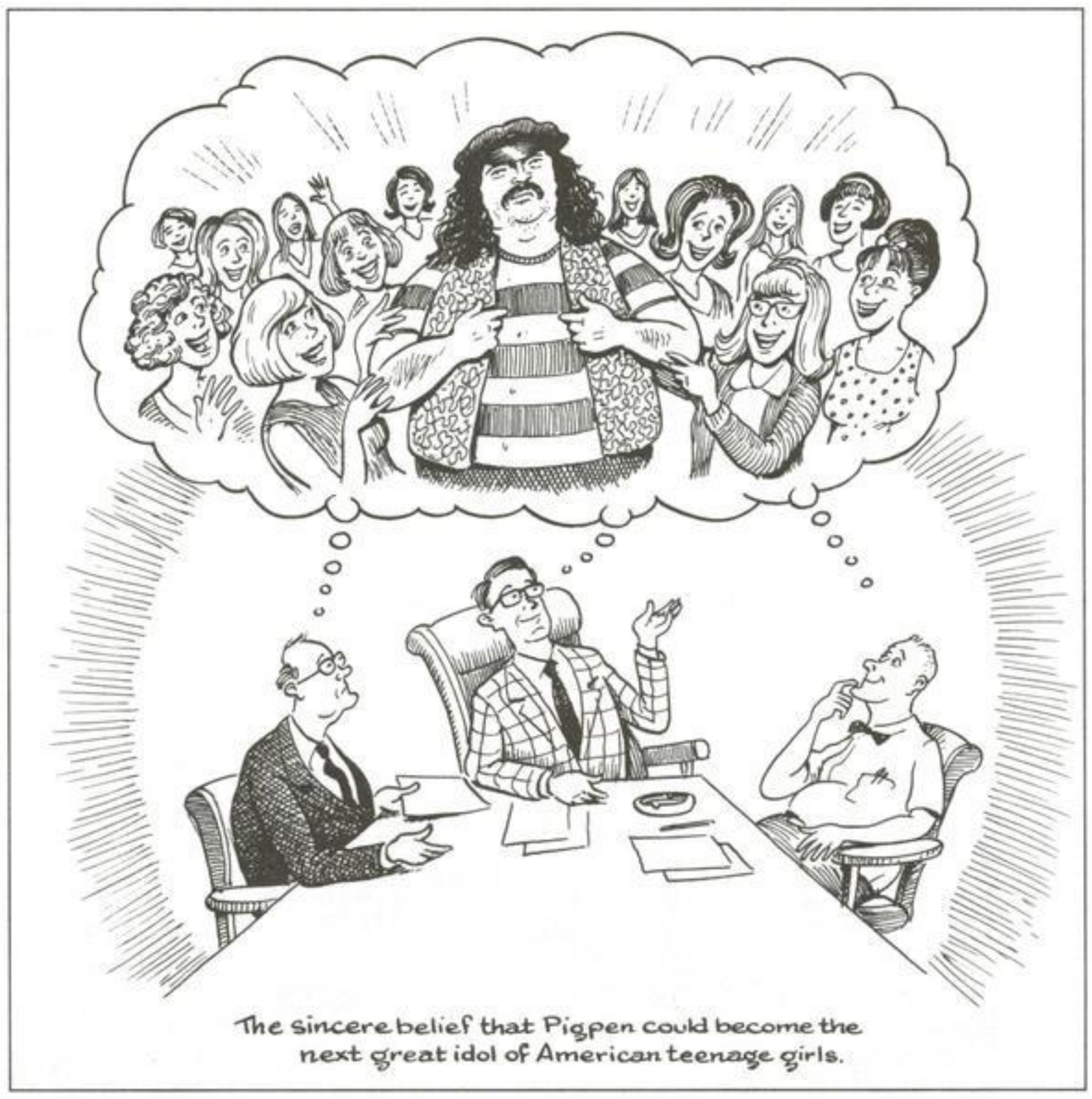
Besides, he had his own motorcar.

**And so The Warlocks were born.** The band quickly earned the reputation as the strangest rock combo in the area. In these early days they held court five nights a week at a local pizza pie restaurant called Magoo's, playing endless out-of-tune versions of some of the most annoying hits of 1965, including "Hang on Sloopy" by The McCoys, Petula Clark's "Don't Sleep in the Subway" and the theme from the American television programme "The Man from UNCLE." Mostly, though, they just ate pizza — lots of it, both with and without anchovies — until the owner of the restaurant was forced to terminate their employment.

This turned out to be quite a fortuitous turn of events, however, for right around this time The Warlocks encountered the brilliant but eccentric young writer Ken Kesey, author of the popular novels *One Flew Over, But the Other One Was Eaten For Supper* and *Sometimes a Great Something or Other*. Kesey had shaken America to its very foundations a year earlier when he and 12 of his madcap friends, known collectively as the Jolly Lads, had driven across the country in a chartreuse Volkswagen Karmann Ghia called "Elsewhere." At the wheel of that now-legendary vehicle was none other than Neal Cassady, the hipster hero who had so inspired Kerouac, Ginsberg and, most of all, the great comic genius Jerry Lewis. Yes, the same Neal Cassady who, it is said, could drive an automobile, play backgammon, do the wash, finish a bit of knitting *and* carry on 34 completely different conversations in

pig Latin, all at the same time.

Together, The Warlocks and Kesey's circle threw a series of parties worthy of Dionysus himself: the fabled Antacid Tests, so named because of the enormous quantities of Tums and Rolaids that were required after everyone had consumed untold scores of cucumber finger sandwiches and Darjeeling tea. At these free-form events *anything* could happen — in one corner of a room two Jolly Lads might be engaged in a fierce match of mah jongg. In another, Kesey or Jolly Lad Ken Babbs might be reading aloud from Milton or Keats. Depending on the mood, The Warlocks might be playing, bending minds with skull-splitting, hour-long renditions of commercial jingles. Or, just as likely, they'd be watching the telly. In short, there were scant few rules other than look neat, be polite and try not to spill anything on the oriental carpet, please.



The sincere belief that Pigpen could become the next great idol of American teenage girls.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

What had started as parties with just a few dozen crazies in attendance soon evolved into mammoth affairs in that magical city where topless-bottomless entertainment was born — San Francisco. Every week, it seemed, new bands sprang up like March daffodils — first, Jefferson Airplane; then Big Brother & the Holding Company; then Miss Thompson's Dirty Knickers Experience, Zeke Wombat & the Paisley Toupee... and on and on. But no band, it is safe to say, had its finger more on the pulse of modern rock 'n' roll than The Warlocks. They became justifiably famous for singing three or four songs at the same time, leaving revelers in ballrooms all over San Francisco tired and puzzled. "They're not the worst at what they do," said rock impresario Bill Graham, who quit his job as dean of a local charm school to put on dances, "or maybe they *are*, but at least they don't play *every* night."

At the end of 1965 the Warlocks were forced to change their name after several *real* warlocks, upset over the band's off-key singing on the Donovan Leitch song "Season of the Witch," changed Bob Weir into a chicken for a fortnight's time. The story of how the group decided on a new name is probably already well known to most of our listeners tonight, but it deserves retelling just the same. While carrying a bowl of Campbell's alphabet soup across his flat one night, Garcia tripped and spilled most of the bowl's contents on top of the band's black cat, Mortimer. For a brief instant, the hot macaroni letters spelled the words "GRATEFUL DEAD" on the startled feline's ebony coat. The rest, as they say, is history. It was only later that Garcia and company learned the marvelous irony of the name they had chosen — that the term had originally referred to a group of ancient Babylonians who had hurled themselves from a hundred-meter tower to avoid having to listen to the king's notoriously bad chamber musicians. Grateful Dead indeed.

**1967. It was the year** when youth around the world rose up against the establishment and shouted, as if with one voice, "We *want* to wear plaid shirts, rainbow-hued pants and all manner of silly hats, and you can't stop us!" Nowhere was that cry heard more loudly than in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, where the Grateful Dead had taken up residence a year earlier. For the five Deadsters, the hippie credo to "do one's own thing" was taken as a license to live a life of complete freedom — sleeping in until 9:30 on Sundays, occasionally wearing mismatched socks and sometimes even foregoing the usual Saturday night bath. Musically speaking it meant writing their own songs for a change — putting pen to paper, fingertip to guitar string and hammering away until something that was vaguely interesting — or at the very least, recognizable as music — appeared from the chaos. It almost happened a couple of times. Still, the heart and soul of this band lay not in the formal structures of pop songs, but rather in free-form explorations — in technical music parlance what's called "mucking about."

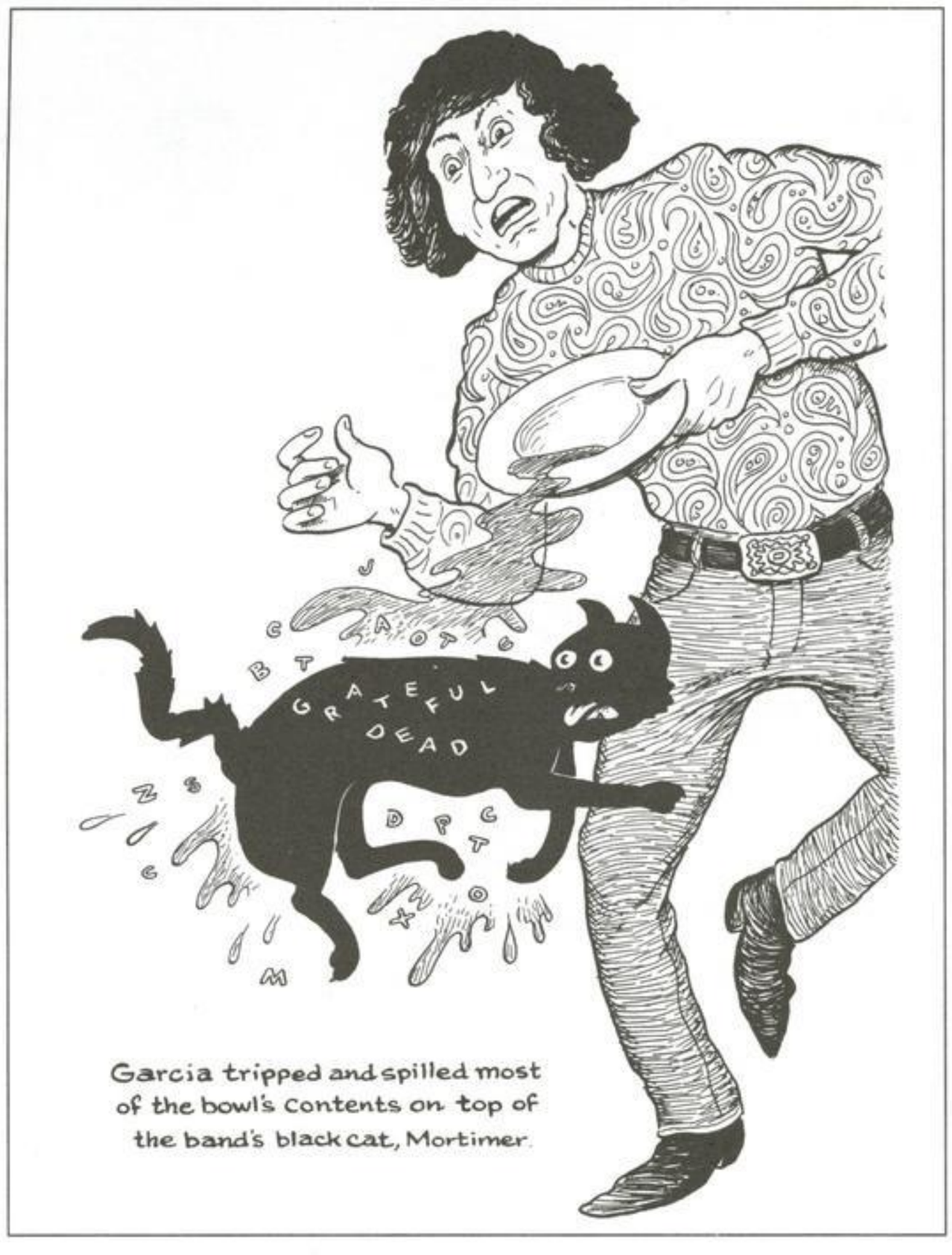
It was in part this spontaneous quality — the purposeful directionlessness; the bold rejection of conventional vocal strictures such as pitch and melody — that attracted the attention of Warner Bros. Records; that and the sincere belief that Pigpen could become the next great idol of American teenage girls. It was, a Warners vice-president later admitted, a slight miscalculation. "Maybe putting 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl' on the first album wasn't such a good idea," he said. Whatever the case, a proposed Pigpen cartoon programme was abruptly shelved by nervous television executives in Los Angeles, and the income the band had hoped to channel into the purchase of matching tie-dye robes for their stage show never materialised. So one could say it wasn't *all* bad news.

In September of 1967, the Dead took on a sixth member, a brash young New Yorker named Mickey Hart, who'd worked for several years supplying drum rolls for daredevil circus performers. For the other members of the group, this represented an opportunity to increase the odds that *someone* might be playing on the beat at any given moment, so Mickey was a welcome addition indeed. Hart also brought to the band an interest in exotic musical forms from around the world — everything from Brazilian department store elevator music to Yiddish circumcision chants.

Later that fall the band entered the recording studio to begin work on their second album, a bizarre and ambitious concept project called *A Man and His Thumb*, later changed to the similar but more commercially palatable title *Anthem of the Sun*. Although known primarily as purveyors of good-time dance music, for this recorded outing the group was intent on capturing something truly profound: the sound of sound itself; in other words, sound in its most sound-like state. It was an audacious experiment, one that sonologists are still debating to this day,

but this much *is* clear: almost no one bought the record, and those who did invariably suffered from confusion headaches after listening to the disc.

It was during this period, too, that the band's association with lyricist Robert Hunter was established. The one-time *wunderkind* of Hallmark's sympathy cards division, Hunter, in the late '60s, was spreading his wings, artistically speaking, transcending early influences like Rod McKuen and Sonny Bono, and playing with language in ways that few others were. For example, one of his earliest compositions for the Grateful Dead, "China Cat Sunflower," consisted entirely of words randomly cut out of one issue of *Field & Stream* magazine. His choice of subject matter was also unusual for the pop idiom: there was "St. Stephen," his plucky ode to the macho American actor Steve McQueen; "Cosmic Charlie," a thinly veiled attack of French president Charles de Gaulle; and scores of songs touching on his favorite themes — rose cultivation, the history of playing cards and the transitory nature of both life and luncheon meats. One might fairly say that the first Dead album with which he was associated, the 1969 opus *Oxominoxodil*, was *his* album. Of course no one bought it, either.




ROBERT ARMSTRONG

Still, by the waning days of the tumultuous '60s, the Grateful Dead were clearly still ascending to lofty new heights. True, they were in debt to their record label, to their parents and to each other. Yes, they had muffed their appearance at the famous Woodstock festival when, in the dark of night, they set up and played their entire set facing the wrong direction. And, of course, the infamous Altamont festival in December of 1969 had been a great disappointment to the band, as well, what with the chilly weather, the shortage of port-a-potties and whatnot. But this is a band that has, time and again, bounced back from adversity, risen up Lazarus-like ... if only to dig itself an even deeper hole. After all they are ... the Grateful Dead. ✪


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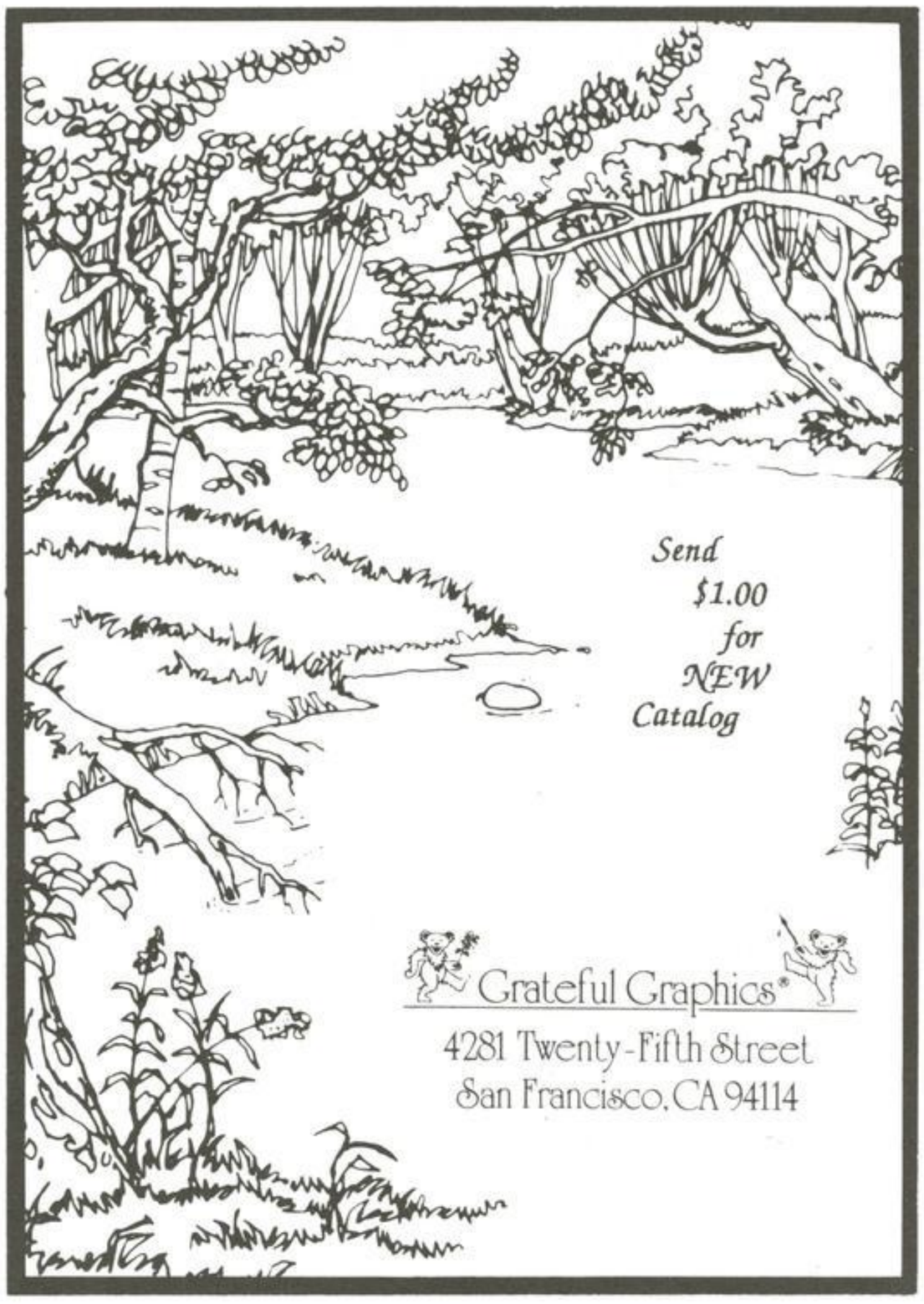
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# ROOTS



Louis Armstrong

**This issue we take a look at the origins of the new cover tunes introduced by the Jerry Garcia Band during the last 18 months, as well as covers on the Garcia-Grisman disc. ("Russian Lullaby" was previously discussed in "Roots" in Golden Road # 12, and "Two Soldiers" in GR #16.)**

**"Lay Down Sally"**—The JGB sticks pretty close to Eric Clapton's very well known original, which appeared on his million-plus-selling album *Slowhand* in 1977. Though this relaxed shuffle sounds like it might have come from the pen of J.J. Cale (a favorite of Clapton's) it was in fact written by Clapton and two of his bandmembers, guitarist George Terry and singer Marcy Levy. *Slowhand* stayed on the *Billboard* charts for almost a year-and-a-half, and "Lay Down Sally" made it all the way up to #3 on the Hot 100 in January of 1978. (Clapton's only #1 hit was 1974's "I Shot the Sheriff.")

**"See What Love Can Do"**—I was thrilled when I heard the JGB had introduced this cover at the Warfield Theater in April (4/22/91) because it's my favorite Eric Clapton song of recent vintage and I had long thought it would be a perfect vehicle for the band. With its catchy hook, soulful backup vocals and bright mid-tempo clip, Clapton's version already sounds like a Garcia Band song!

The tune was written by Jerry Williams for Clapton's excellent album *Behind the Sun*, which was recorded in Montserrat in 1984 and released in 1985. On an LP filled with songs about disintegrating relationships (mirroring Clapton's problems with his then-wife Patti), "See What Love Can Do" stands as a joyful, uplifting number, and Ted Tempelman's crystalline production suits the song perfectly. Jerry Williams sang backup on the tune with Marcy Levy. It was an FM radio favorite in 1985 and was also released as a single, making it to #89 on the *Billboard* charts.

**"You Never Can Tell (C'est La Vie)"**—In my opinion, this is an example of how Garcia's well-known propensity for slowing down songs can do a disservice to the spirit of the original. Without that crankin', almost manic Chuck Berry rhythm, the playfulness of Berry's lyrics is lost to a degree, and it also misses the song's cajun/French feeling (which Emmylou Harris so beautifully picked up on in her 1977 Top 10 country version.)

Chuck Berry, who has been discussed in "Roots" a couple of times before, essentially had two fruitful songwriting periods. In the mid-'50s he turned out most of his acknowledged classics: "Johnny B. Goode," "Roll Over Beethoven," "Rock and Roll Music," "Maybelline," etc. But in December of 1959, he was arrested for violating the rarely enforced Mann Act, which forbade transporting a minor across state lines for illegal purposes (like sex)—the girl turned out to be 14, not 20 as she'd told Chuck. (And on top of that she was a prostitute.) His first trial was thrown out after the judge kept referring to Berry as "that nigger." But he was convicted on the second go around and ended up spending close to a year in the slammer. Three years of his career were effectively ruined by his legal troubles.

But Berry made the best of his time in jail; in fact, he wrote several of his finest songs there, including "No Particular Place to Go," "Nadine," "Promised Land" and "You Never Can Tell." He cut "You Never Can Tell" at Chess Studios in Chicago in January of 1964. It was released as a single in July of that year and it quickly cruised into the Top 20 nationwide. That September the song was the title track for Berry's first post-prison album of new material.

"You Never Can Tell" has been covered by a number of different artists through the years. My favorite version (besides Emmylou's) is John Prine's, on his superb *Common Sense* LP from 1975.

**"The Thrill Is Gone"**—What an inspired arrangement Garcia and Grisman came



Hoagy Carmichael

up with for this one! Of course the most famous version of this song is B.B. King's languid, strings-laden 1969 recording, which remains the only Top 20 hit of the 66-year-old blues legend's illustrious career; in fact the song has become his signature tune. But not many people know about the original version of "The Thrill Is Gone," which was a substantial hit for the song's author, Roy Hawkins, back in 1951.

For a man who had two Top 10 (R&B) hits for L.A.-based Modern Records within two years—the other was "Why Do Everything Happen to Me," later covered by James Brown and others—Roy Hawkins is quite the mystery man. Incredibly enough, there are no known photographs of him (shades of Robert Johnson!) and the circumstances of his birth and death are completely unknown. Much of what's known of his life in between those two milestones is, alas, tragic. But then, this *is* the blues.

Hawkins is believed to have migrated to the San Francisco Bay Area in the mid-'40s, when he was in his late teens, settling in Richmond, a working class city north of Berkeley. As an aspiring pianist, singer and songwriter, he managed to gig in some of the many blues- and R&B-oriented clubs and bars in Richmond and nearby Oakland; in fact he was "discovered" by producer Bob Geddins (best known for his work with Lowell Fulson) in an Oakland nighterie in 1948.

Under Geddins' guidance, Hawkins did his first recording work shortly thereafter, but in 1950 he was seriously injured in an automobile accident and was left paralyzed in one arm—a rough fate for a pianist, to say the least.

After "The Thrill Is Gone" charted in 1951 he never recorded another hit, and he drifted in and out of music over the next two decades. Hawkins' good friend, bluesman Jimmy McCracklin (who has unsuccessfully claimed partial authorship of "The Thrill Is Gone" through the years), says that the hard-luck singer drifted around a lot in the '60s, never quite finding his niche in life—for a while he even sold vacuum cleaners in Los Angeles. Unfortunately, Hawkins never saw any money from B.B. King's version of "The Thrill Is Gone," and according to McCracklin, Hawkins died penniless some time in 1973 at the age of 42 or 43. The cause of his death and even where he died are still not known.

As far as I know there are no Roy Hawkins albums available on CD, but his original of "The Thrill Is Gone" can be found on an LP called *Why Do Everything Happen to Me* on the relatively obscure Kix label. Versions of the song by B.B. are available on any number of his albums. I never cared much for the over-produced studio original — check out one of his live recordings of it instead, such as the version on his *Live at Ole Miss* album.

**"Lazybones" and "Rockin' Chair"**—I guess we should all be thankful that Garcia's parents named him after that master of American songwriting, Jerome Kern, instead of the incredibly talented and prolific author of *these* classic bits of Americana, Hoagy Carmichael. Hoagy Garcia? I don't think so.

Hoagy (his given name was Hoagland) was born in 1899 in Bloomington, Indiana. He was a self-taught pianist who specialized in ragtime before he got interested in jazz and blues. He led various small bands at the University of Indiana, and in the mid-'20s began writing songs; in fact Carmichael's very first song, "Riverboat Shuffle," was recorded by his idol, the troubled wunderkind cornetist Bix Beiderbecke. Though he continued writing songs, Carmichael didn't expect it would pan out into a career so he went to law school and actually practiced law in Miami for a brief period in the late '20s. Then, in 1929, he wrote "Stardust," which instantly established him as a songwriter to be reckoned with. (It remains one of the most recorded songs ever.) And from there it was one success after another for the next three decades: "Georgia on My Mind," "Heart and Soul," "Lazy River," "The Nearness of You," "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening," etc.

"Lazybones" (debuted by the Garcia Band in May '91) and "Rockin' Chair" are fairly typical of Carmichael's relaxed *oeuvre*. Both are evocative portraits of the simple pleasures of life far away from the hustle and bustle of big cities. I can almost picture Hoagy sittin' on a back porch in rural Indiana, piece o'straw between his teeth, whittling a piece of wood while he was writing these — but then I'm an incurable romantic. With their molasses tempos and blues inflections, these were a far cry from most of what was being churned out by Carmichael's Tin Pan Alley contemporaries.

"Rockin' Chair" (from Garcia-Grisman) was written in 1929 and recorded originally by Louis Armstrong. As Carmichael remembered in his quirky, very conversational 1946 autobiography, *The Road to Stardust*, "Louis Armstrong came to town and we made 'Rockin' Chair.' Those big lips of his, at the mike in front of my face, blubbering strange cannibalistic sounds, tickled me to the marrow."(!) Throughout his career, Carmichael worked with many of the finest jazz players — besides Armstrong and Beiderbecke, he also collaborated with the likes of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, Benny Goodman and Gene Krupa, to name a few. "Rockin' Chair" became enormously popular and it, too, has been covered by many different artists (though probably not many recently).

"Lazybones," which dates back to 1933, was co-written by Carmichael and the great Georgia-born lyricist Johnny Mercer ("Moon River," "Blues in the Night," etc.). Bandleader Ted Lewis had the first big hit recording of the song, but later it became closely identified with singer Mildred Bailey. It was even revived sucessfully in the early '70s, when British singer Jonathan King covered the song.

Carmichael remained active in show business until his death in 1981. In addition to the hundreds of songs he wrote, he also appeared in numerous films as an actor. The guy was a true American treasure.

**"Walking Boss"**—This traditional folk blues has been kicking around the rural South at least since the end of the 19th

# ROOTS



PAT JOHNSON STUDIOS

Roy Rogers and Norton Buffalo

century; probably a lot longer. The most widely known recording of the tune is by the pride of Deep Gap, North Carolina, Doc Watson, who cut a version on his album of some years ago called *Memories*. Watson learned the song from a neighbor who was an old-timey singer of note himself, Clarence "Tom" Ashley.

Ashley was born in Tennessee in 1895 and began playing banjo and guitar when he was quite young. By the time he was 16, he was playing and singing professionally in traveling medicine shows—remember, this is still before the advent of radio or records. Though Ashley later cut his share of 78s with groups like the Carolina Tar Heels and the Blue Ridge Mountain Entertainers, he continued playing in medicine shows until the Second World War. He all but retired from music later in life, but he was rediscovered by a whole new generation of pickers (like Garcia and Grisman) through the seminal 1961 Folkways LP, *Old-Time Music at Clarence Ashley's*. That LP contains a version of "Walking Boss" sung by Ashley accompanying himself on banjo.

According to that record's liner notes, "Tom Ashley remembers this track-lining [railroad] song from the days when he used to sing — he calls it 'busting' — outside the pay shacks in the West Virginia coal fields, but he does not recall the source from which he learned it." The song apparently derives from the black work song tradition, and similar imagery can be found in other songs, such as this one found by song collectors in Alabama early this century: "When you git lazy and want ter lay off/You have a little talk with the walking boss."

Thanks to the success of *Old-Time Music at Clarence Ashley's* (and a second Folkways LP), Ashley was able to play the folk festival circuit until his death in 1967. It should be noted, too, that those Folkways albums also helped launch the (national) career of Doc Watson, who was featured prominently on many tracks.

**"Shining Star"**—This pretty, if schmaltzy, love ballad certainly represents a departure for the JGB. The original was a Top 5 hit in 1980 for the New Jersey-based soul group The Manhattans.

Formed in Jersey City, New Jersey, in 1962, The Manhattans were an outgrowth of two rival doo-wop groups, and indeed, through the years, they have remained relatively true to those roots, resisting the temptation to veer into whatever style of R&B happens to be fashionable at the moment. They have always specialized in velvety ballads featuring impeccable harmonies, and obviously they've done something right—since their first smash in 1965, "I Wanna Be (Your Everything)" through the 1987 hit "All I Need," The Manhattans have put 41 songs on the R&B charts, half of which made the Top 20. Their biggest hit was 1976's "Kiss and Say Goodbye," which hit #1 on the pop and R&B charts and sold more than a million copies. Among their other late '70s hits were "Hurt," "Am I Losing You" and "It Feels So Good to Be Loved So Bad."

Though members of the group wrote many of The Manhattans' biggest hits, "Shining Star," which went to #5 on the pop charts (and #4 on the R&B charts) in the winter of 1980, was written by Paul Richmond, who was the leader of Amuzement Park, the one-time backup band for the fine Chicago group The Impressions.

**"Everybody Needs Somebody to Love"**—The sounds you may hear at the beginning of this song on Garcia Band audience tapes are people going crazy because they think they're about to hear "Scarlet Begonias." It *is* an eerily familiar intro in the JGB arrangement. "Everybody Needs Somebody" is a bona fide soul music classic, written (along with producers Bert Burns and Jerry Wexler) and originally recorded by the underrated Philadelphia singer Solomon Burke.

If you've ever heard Burke's records, you can tell his background is in church singing; indeed, in 1948, at the age of 12, he had his own gospel radio show as "The Wonder Boy Preacher." By the mid-'50s he'd been signed by Apollo Records and released both gospel and secular records, a few of which were regionally popular. When he signed with giant Atlantic Records in 1960, however, his career took off and he had a string of hits over the next few years, including "Cry to Me," "If You Need Me," "Got to get You Off My Mind" and "Tonight's the Night." "Everybody Needs Somebody to Love" was only a moderate hit for Burke when it came out in 1964. Most people today know the song either through the Rolling Stones' version (on *Rolling Stones Now*); they also covered Burke's "You Can Make It If You Try" and "Cry to Me") or Wilson Pickett's 1967 recording of the tune.

Though Burke never attained the level of success many predicted for him — he was variously compared to Sam Cooke, Ray Charles and even Otis Redding — he

still tours periodically and is reportedly in excellent shape as a singer and performer.

**"Ain't No Bread in the Breadbox"**—Introduced on the JGB's fall '91 East Coast tour, this song is from one of my favorite CDs of 1991: *R&B*, an album of acoustic music by slide guitar ace Roy Rogers and harmonica wizard Norton Buffalo, Bay Area local heroes. (In fact, the disc had only been out about two months when the JGB tackled the tune; fast work by the J-Man, eh?)

The song was written by Buffalo, who is truly one of music's great undiscovered treasures. Not only is he without question the most *versatile* harmonica player I've ever heard, he's also a fine songwriter and an excellent, very soulful singer. He's probably best known for his harmonica work on Steve Miller's tours and on Bonnie Raitt's late '70s cover of "Runaway" (in all he's been on more than 60 albums), but he also put out a wonderful, long-out-of-print solo album called *Lovin' in the Valley of the Moon* which showed the full range of his talents.

(Roy Rogers, is also one of the best players around, as his various independently released albums show. In the last couple of years, he's become a producer of some note, working with John Lee Hooker and others. He brings blues authority and grittiness to the Rogers-Buffalo team, while Norton adds a confident smoothness to the chemistry. Their *R&B* CD, on the independent Blind Pig label, is a tremendous showcase of styles, from hard acoustic blues to country-tinged ballads.)

"Ain't No Bread in the Breadbox," actually dates back to the late '70s, Norton told me. "It was one of the tunes on a tape I made for Capitol. It was one of the songs I'd thought might be on my next album, but Capitol didn't like any of the songs, so I left the label. There were a lot of good songs on there, songs I still play today. I think the way I did ["Ain't No Bread.."] on the tape back then was just me *a capella*, four or five parts.

"I have a lot of friends who homesteaded property or live out in the boonies, and this song kind of comes from that space. I have a picture in my mind of a couple — they're not real old; they're sort of hippies and they're having a tough time making ends meet. Where I live in Sonoma it was never quite that rural, but I lived in a barn on a hayfarm for a long time, so I wasn't that far from it. It's like you wake up in the morning, you're cold, you've gotta start a fire, you've got no money. You have to sort of scrounge for food. I can feel it and I can see the whole scene: draggin' the wood in, cookin' on a woodburnin' stove. It's not saying 'We're tired of being hippies' or 'I'm tired of being broke.' It's more like 'I'm tired of working so damn hard and not gettin' anywhere.' And that's what happens sometimes when you separate yourself so far from civilization. Some people can hang there for a long time, but that song is from the point of view of someone who couldn't."

But leave it to Norton Buffalo to make this potentially downbeat theme into an uptempo romp. A great song! (If you can't find *R&B* in your local record shop, write to Blind Pig Records, P.O. Box 2344, San Francisco, CA 94126. You won't be sorry!)

**"What a Wonderful World"**—This song was one of the last hits in the 50-plus year career of the man who was arguably the most influential musician of the 20th century, Louis Armstrong. His legacy is so enormous and all-encompassing that I can't possibly do it justice in a brief space,


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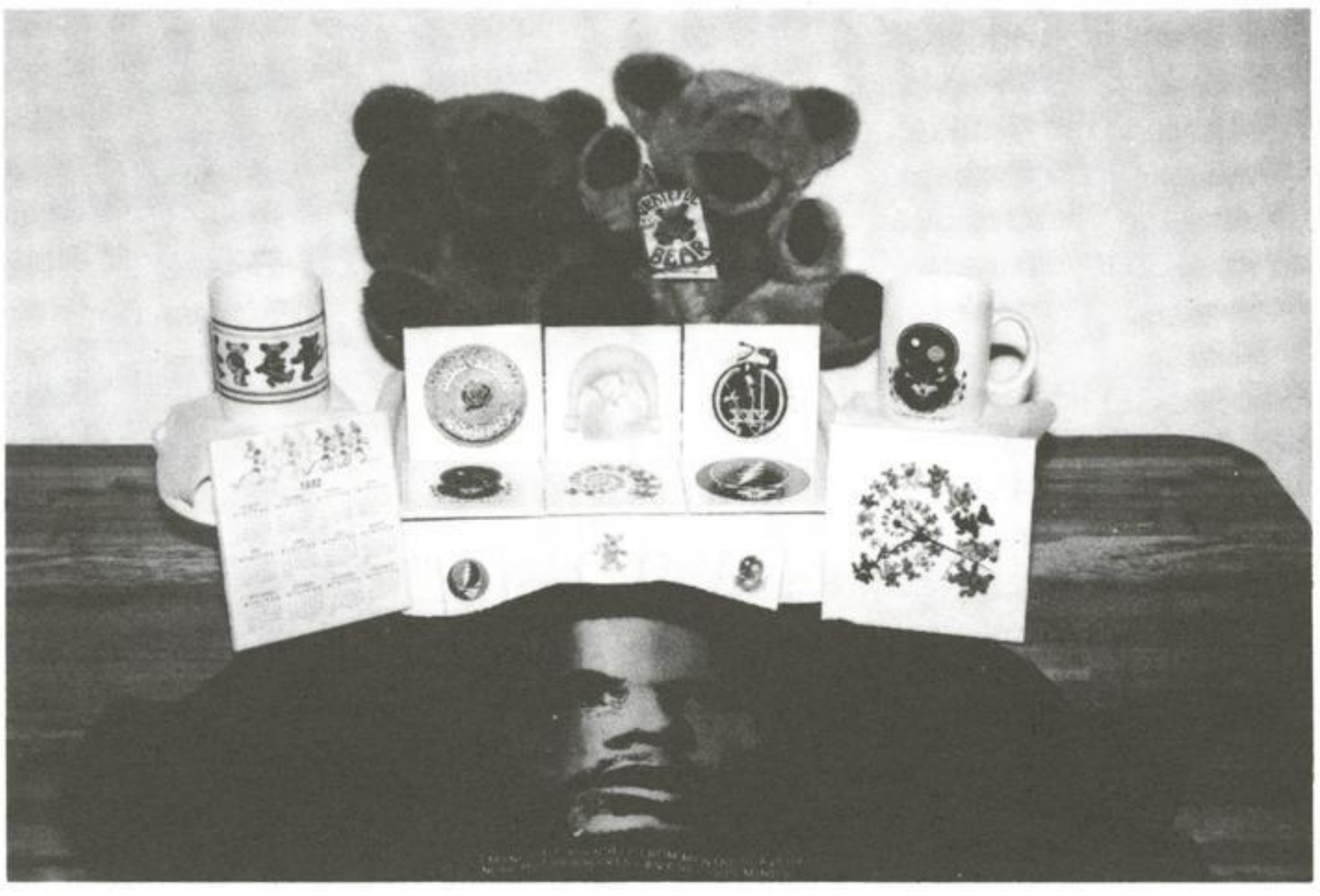
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except perhaps to note that his early recordings so defined both vocal and instrumental jazz improvisation that he affected music nearly everywhere recorded music penetrated in the '20s and '30s. Or as Santa Cruz record collector/musicologist Glenn Howard told me in an interview a few years ago, "You find that Armstrong influenced Hawaiian records, Finnish records, Irish records. Somebody like John Coltrane or Charlie Parker influenced jazz and even classical music, but they didn't influence Okies and musicians all over the world. The art of using a vocal to play with the beat and drive the music is a *major* contribution." (And, of course, both Bird and Coltrane were influenced by Armstrong.) Would there be a Grateful Dead without Satchmo? I doubt it (but that's a whole essay in itself).

By the time he got around to "What a Wonderful World," which was penned by George Douglas and George David Weiss in 1968, Armstrong's best years were long behind him (especially as a player). But he could still turn a phrase beautifully in that distinctive gruff, slurred voice, and his recording of "What a Wonderful World" is an affecting piece of work. In fact, Armstrong's version has enjoyed something of a renaissance in recent years, appearing prominently in the film *Good Morning Vietnam* and even making it onto the *Billboard* singles chart more than 20 years after its initial release.

**"Bright Side of the Road"**—For a minute there in the late '70s, it appeared Van Morrison (who has also been discussed in "Roots" before) might really break through commercially to a mass audience. His 1978 *Wavelength* LP fairly bubbled with infectious, radio-ready tunes, and the title track became an FM staple and nudged its way into the Top 50. Bill Graham had come on board as his manager and was determined to turn Van into a *star*. Graham got Van booked on *Saturday Night Live* and even convinced the reclusive, publicity-shy singer to do—shudder!—an interview with *Rolling Stone*. The only problem with Graham's plan was that Van didn't like it; he'd always preferred to work in his own idiosyncratic way with relatively minor input from outsiders.

So on the album Van made following *Wavelength*, titled *Into the Music*, he returned to a less commercial, more flowing and meditative style. Some have pegged the record as Van's first overtly "religious" album (Christian imagery has turned up on every album since in varying degrees). But the buoyant "Bright Side of the Road," arguably the finest song on that disc, is more in the mold of Van's best love songs—it wouldn't seem out of place on one of his early '70s LPs. Garcia's version is fairly close to the original. A nice choice for the JGB, but I'm still pulling for them to tackle Van's '72 masterpiece, "St. Domenic's Preview." ✪


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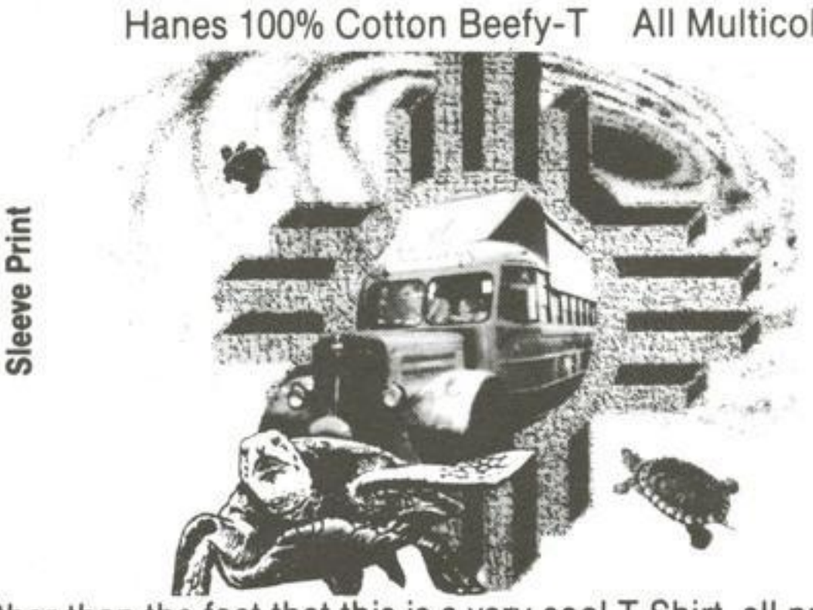
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# FUNSTUFF




SUSANA MILLMAN

Deadheads altered this Budweiser billboard during the band's Boston Garden run last September

**The Crank Beat:** A couple of times a year we run across newspaper or magazine articles in which some "expert" accuses the Grateful Dead and their fans of being satanists. In a piece from *Spy* magazine last June about a three-day conference for cops who specialize in solving satanic crimes, officer Gordon Eyler of Essex County, New Jersey, noted that satanism is pervasive in "heavy metal" culture: "Just look at the names of the groups: The Grateful Dead, Lynyrd Skynyrd, KISS. They are obviously satanic in origin. People who listen to the Grateful Dead are called Deadheads. Their symbol is the skull. They have quite a large following. 'KISS' stands for Knights in Service to Satan." And if you play the original *Mars Hotel* version of "Ship of Fools," Phil can be heard whispering "All hail Mephistopheles!" Honest—ask Geraldo Rivera!

**No, Not Satanists — Nazis!** Some folks in the usually Dead-friendly town of Madison, Wisconsin, evidently feel the Grateful Dead are leading the youth of America down a very dangerous path. A group of conceptual artist types in Mad City got together last Memorial Day to put on a street theater production called *The Resurrection of Goebbels*, which likens the Dead scene to Nazi Germany. Yow! These guys are serious!

The flyer for the event showed the Dead's skull-and-lightning bolt symbol with a swastika where the lightning should be, and a long description of the premise of the performance: "In this piece a cultural-ideological parallel is drawn between the Nazis and the Grateful Dead. Both groups provide a unified prescribed program of belief, behavior, camaraderie, pomp and circumstance. In an attempt to transcend the dominant culture, ironically, both groups become primary conductors of control." Some of the alleged "parallels" include "Mass spectacles/The Shows' — Alpine Valley 1991 (sic) becomes Nuremburg 1934," "Narcotized Leaders — Hitler and Jerry," "The Grand Masquerade/Rigid Dress Code — Swastikas and tie-dye; Volkswagen." Unfortunately we were unable to review the actual event. Maybe it'll come onto cable someday.

**The Law Come To Get You If You Don't Drive Right:** In the new book *A Speeder's Guide to Avoiding Tickets* (Avon Books), the author, a retired New York state trooper, Sgt. James M. Egan, writes the following in a chapter about how police officers look at the cars they pull over:

"Let's not overlook your car windows. Are there any decals that might be offensive to the cop? The decals that most frequently raise the hackles on cop necks are the ones relating to musical groups such as 'The Grateful Dead.' I grant you it's a free country, and you should be free to display any decal you want, but the police who patrol most of the interstates have, every summer, run into a group of people who are known collectively as 'The Deadheads.' Many of these people travel from city to city following the Grateful Dead's concert tours.

"When they come through, it's as if we've been transported back to the 1960s. Tie-dyed clothing and Volkswagen vans with peace signs are seen in abundance. I always enjoyed watching them pass through. The average Deadhead is so laid back you could describe them as docile. Most cops dislike them because of the drugs that seem to be part of their lifestyle, yet I've never seen a Deadhhead give a cop any trouble. They just want to be left alone to 'do their own thing.' Because of their potential for drugs, most cops abhor their presence."

**A Great Awakening:** You may have heard of Dr. Oliver Sachs, the famous neurologist whose book about his own work was the basis for the Oscar-nominated Robin Williams-Robert DeNiro film *Awakenings* a couple of years ago. Well, last August he met Mickey Hart at a Senate subcommittee hearing on a Medicaid bill, where both testified about the value of music therapy. They hit it off and Mickey invited the good doctor to come to a Dead show, which he did at Madison Square Garden last fall. Dr. Sachs' reaction (as quoted in New York *Newsday*): "Wow! It was incredible to see 20,000 people acting as one organism!" Sounds like he "got it."

Among the other celebs who made the scene backstage at Dead shows on that East Coast swing were guitarist Pat Metheny, Massachusetts governor William Weld, Tom Petty, Tony Bennett (!), John Mellencamp, Livingston Taylor, Ornette Coleman and 91-year-old Mitchell Parish, who co-wrote "Stardust" with Hoagy Carmichael (see "Roots") and who happens to be the cousin of Dead road crew ace Steve Parish.

**Up Against the Wall, Garcia!** Ever since the first rumblings of the punk movement 15 years ago, there's been a parade of punk and new wave bands who have insulted

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and/or mocked the Dead for being boring, self-indulgent dinosaurs trapped in a '60s time warp. Remember the Pop-O-Pies' immortal version of "Truckin'" back in '83 ("Sometimes the lights all shinin' on me/Other times it's raining out")?

There were other tunes that trashed the Dead in that era, but none compares with "Kill Jerry Garcia," which came out last summer on an album by the San Francisco band Colorfinger. Actually, most of the album, D*eep in the Heart of the Beast in the Sun*, is excellent — hard-edged but usually still melodic rock with a slight country feel *a la* John Doe (of X) or some of the mid-'80s purveyors of "cow punk." The band's leader and principal songwriter, A.D. (Art) Nation, is adept at painting vivid, if dark, portraits of alienation. Stylistically, "Kill Jerry Garcia" is in a whole 'nother ballpark — it's speedy thrash metal all the way. Over an electric blitz, Nation spits out his lyrics: "I don't want to hear about the Summer of Love/I'm not going back in time/I don't even want to let love rule/I want to break the back of brotherly love/I don't want to go back in time/I wanna kill Jerry Garcia. ...I wanna kick that skeleton in his teeth/I'd wanna kick Pigpen if he were alive. ... Kill Jerry/Kill Jerry/Kill Jerry." At a couple of different points in the song, sampled riffs from the Dead's recordings of "Truckin'" and "Casey Jones" waft up amidst the chaos.

Whoa! What's the story? Is this supposed to be funny, provocative, mean, or what? Well, *of course* I had to give Art Nation a call about this to get the skinny. "I'm not a violent person at all and I'm not espousing violence," he told me. "What I'm doing in the song is using Jerry as a symbol of the recitivism of music and the whole '60s and '70s retro thing. I have nothing against people borrowing from the past, but only if it's done to create something new and unique.

"People have seen our sticker with the line through the peace symbol and asked me if I'm anti-peace. I'm not. But the peace symbol in the sticker is the '60s symbol for peace and I'd like to see us come up with something new for this age. I want to stay away from dated forms of expression."

**Bootleg Bozos:** You may have noticed that bootleg CDs of Grateful Dead shows are turning up increasingly in used record shops in major metropolitan areas. As was the case with bootleg LPs, the quality ranges from pretty good to really bad. These are not folks who care about low-gen tapes, I'm afraid, and a CD is only as good as its source. Most of the CDs are manufactured in Italy and Luxembourg, two countries without strict copyright laws concerning bootlegging of this sort, and then distributed through a large, semi-underground network. Prices are high— the going rate I've seen is $40 per CD, though I've heard it's lower on the East Coast, which is where most of them are sold, according to my sources.

There doesn't seem to be much rhyme or reason for what shows the bootleggers choose to turn into CDs. L*ive at the Greek Theatre '82* is a mediocre first set. *Live USA 1988* is a slightly better first set. *Acoustic Daze* is the acoustic set of the famous 5/2/70 Binghamton show, with the electric "Viola Lee Blues" tacked on as the "encore." *Live at Nassau* is a two-CD set of the 3/30/90 radio broadcast. *Dead DeLuxe* is a motley collection of tracks from the Dead's '72 Radio Luxembourg show.

As usual there are some strange titles that crop up on the discs. The Nassau CD, for instance, features "Rollaway" (that's "Help-Slip-Frank"), "Back to New York City" ("Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues"), "Don't Murder Me" ("Dire Wolf"), and my personal favorite: "Calassic of My Life" ("Attics of My Life"). The Greek Theatre disc, which misidentifies the Greek as the L*os Angeles* Greek Theatre, includes the popular tune "It Look Like Rain." *Dead DeLuxe* features a song called "Don't Expect No Help At All," which must be "Chinatown Shuffle."

Our message to you is simple — you're going to be disappointed by the quality of these CDs. The bootleggers are slimeballs who don't know jack about the Dead. So don't buy 'em!

A fairly comprehensive critical listing of Dead bootlegs appeared in Issue #24 of the always-improving British Dead fanzine S*piral Light*. Their address again: 212 Park Place; Amersham, Bucks; England. (However, I do take exception with the mag's subtitle: "THE Grateful Dead Magazine." Ahem.)

**Wrong Place, Wrong Time:** There's no question that the unwritten rules of who is allowed to watch a Grateful Dead concert from the side of the stage are Byzantine and arbitrary. Getting a security clearance for a nuclear test facility is probably easier that getting onstage behind Garcia's amp. To say the least, things have changed since the late '60s and early '70s when the Dead's stage was more often than not ringed by ecstatic dancers — "family" and friends mostly. Today, the Dead's road crew is a bit more, er, *protective* of the stage. Or as Garcia said in his last *Rolling Stone* interview, the road crew is "merciless. They'll just gnaw you like a dog. They'll tear your flesh off."

With all that in mind, pity poor John Kasich, a four-term Republican congressman from Ohio, who had the misfortune at last year's Dead show at RFK Stadium to loudly insist that his backstage pass gave him the right to watch the Dead's set from the side of the stage. Let's call it an honest mistake: Kasich had been invited to watch Dwight Yoakam's opening set from the wings and had been told by Yoakam's people that he could watch the Dead from the stage, too.

As he approached the stairs to the stage,




Editorial cartoon from the Milwaukee Sentinel last summer

# FUNSTUFF

however, he was blocked by Dead road manager Cameron Sears. According to the Washington Post account of the incident, Kasich repeatedly yelled out his name so everyone would know he was a congressman, and generally was very argumentative and disruptive. One witness described Kasich's behavior as "obnoxious."

"He was potentially a threat to the show," a member of the Dead's entourage told the *Post*. "The man wanted to be onstage with the group. We don't allow anyone we don't know onstage...We have equipment. We have lights. We have cables — it can be dangerous. Someone can trip on a cable and knock out an amp."

Kasich denies that he yelled at Sears, noting that he had to shout to be heard above the music. After a few minutes of verbal tangling with Sears, Kasich left. "I probably should not have argued with the guy," Kasich said later. "I don't think I was angry. I'm a pretty upbeat guy."

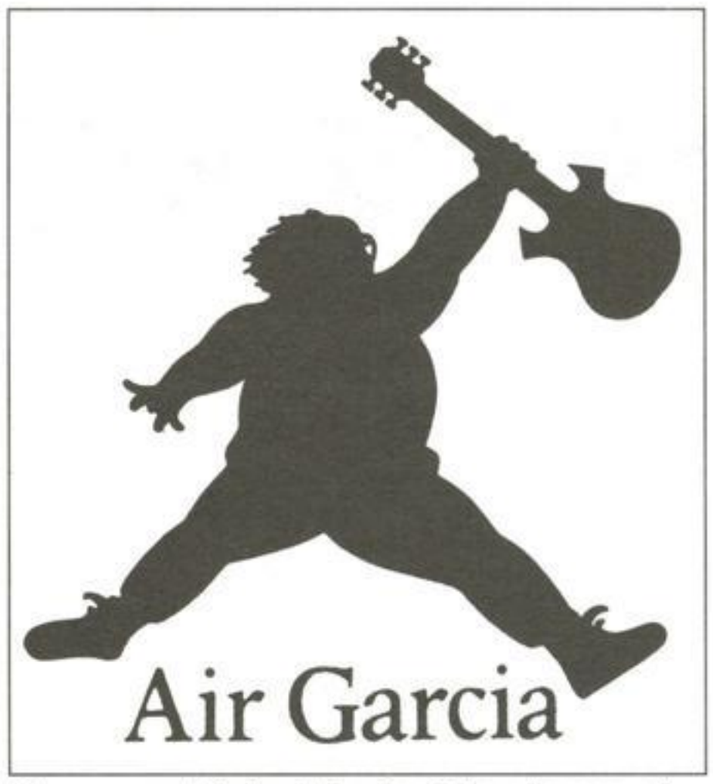
No word on whether Kasich stuck around long enough to catch the second set "Dark Star." Two other congressmen, Democrats Mike Kopetski of Oregon and Neil Abercrombie of Hawaii, were, in fact, guests of the Dead, and enjoyed the show without incident.

**Religious Studies Update:** I like this description of a GD reviewer's dilemma from New York *Newsday's* review of the second Giants Stadium show last June:

"Reviewing the Grateful Dead is like reviewing the Pope; you can't write about the Dead and ignore the audience any more than you can write about the Pontiff and ignore the church.

"And it was high mass at Giants Cathedral Monday night, the second of two, and by most reports the better performance. But again, reviewing the Dead is, like Papal criticism, sort of futile: If you don't like it you don't get it. If you do you're preaching to the converted.

"Add to this the fact that no matter how good or bad or wildly erratic the Dead are, some things never change: Bob Weir is never going to be a singer, Jerry Garcia (looking more and more like that other American icon, Walt Whitman) is always going to careen from fits of melodicism to infuriating noodle music, and Phil Lesh's bass will, from time to time, burp like Mount Pinatubo. Their audience doesn't care; it doesn't consider Grateful Dead shows individual events anyway. All the shows are part of the continuing and transcendent work of art that is the band itself."




Move over, Michael Jordan! Here's one of our favorite bootleg shirt designs from '91

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band in the Orlando Ledger last spring, Vince Welnick noted, "Picking up on what's next — that's the biggest problem. Jerry's easier to anticipate because he'll play around with a melody on his guitar before starting the song up. Bobby is just as prone to count off a beat and you hope you're playing the same song. Usually then I'll just listen to the first row. You hear a Deadhead say 'Stranger,' and most of the time they know."

**Eat a Bowl, Save a Tree:** Bob Weir, guru/raconteur Ram Dass and Ben Cohen (of Ben & Jerry's ice cream) are among the investors in a new company called Rainforest Products, which last summer introduced a pair of new cereals, Rainforest Crisp and Rainforest Granola. "It's a 100% everybody-wins situation," says Weir, who is donating his share of the profits to the group Cultural Survival, which helps people in rainforest areas earn money by using the fruits of their forests, instead of cutting them down. The delectable edibles are available primarily in health food stores. Up next for the company: granola bars and a lower-fat cereal.

**Those Were (Almost) the Days:** You know that old saw about how if you can remember the '60s you didn't really experience them? Well, former Jeferson Airplane singer Marty Balin remembers stuff that didn't even happen: "I remember one time we had done a set at the Fillmore East for about 5 1/2 hours," he told a writer for the Cape Cod Times, "and then the Dead beat us with 6 1/2 hours, and then the Allman Brothers beat them with a 7 1/2-hour set. People just sat there, because they were so stoned, and watched till dawn came." In your *dreams*, Marty. (Actually, there were a couple of times at the Fillmore West where the Dead and Airplane did trade off sets into the wee, wee hours, but I'm afraid there are no 20-hour shows on record, and no bills with those three bands.)

**It's SUPERBRUCE!** You think *you* had a busy busy 1991? Well, sit back in your easy chair and read this list of some of the stuff Bruce Hornsby did last year.

- Co-wrote with Robbie Robertson the song. "Back to Your Woods" for Robertso.n's superlative second solo album, *Storyville*. He also sang and played on that track..
- Produced Leon Russell's upcoming album for Virgin Records. Leon, as you may know, was a big influence on Bruce.
- Recorded "Madman Across the Water" with his band, The Range, for the Elton John-Bernie Taupin tribute album, *Two Rooms*. He also appeared on the TV special of the same name.
- Recorded "Jack Straw" with The Range for *Deadicated*.
- Wrote a pair of songs for the soundtrack of the Ron Howard pyrofilm, *Backdraft*.
- Performed the National Anthem with Branford Marsalis at the NBA All-Star game.
- Recorded music with Marsalis, Garcia and Rob Wasserman for a Levi's commercial directed by Spike Lee.
- Performed on Bonnie Raitt's album, *Luck of the Draw*.
- Played on two songs on Bob Seger's new album. Seger called him "The best piano player I've ever seen play rock 'n' roll."
- Played on three songs on jazz artist Dave Samuels' new album.
- Recorded four songs with the band Liquid Jesus for their debut album.
- Played 22 shows with The Range, including an Earth Day celebration at Foxboro Stadium.
- Participated in the Bonnie Raitt and Lenny Kravitz/Sean Lennon "Give Peace a Chance" videos.
- Played more than 60 shows with the Grateful Dead.


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•Wrote songs for his upcoming fourth solo LP.

**The Toast of New York:** The generally staid *New Yorker* magazine hit the nail on the head with this capsule preview of the Dead's Madison Square Garden appearances last summer:

"A Grateful Dead concert is an institution old enough and strangely American enough to warrant an exhibit at the Smithsonian. It's a movable Chautauqua, a portable Mardi Gras, a temporary city where any evening of the week can be the weirdest Saturday night of your life. It's an even bet whether the music will lift off towards ecstacy or meander and noodle through the swamps of repetition, but, either way, the bumper sticker is correct: There is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert."

Times sure have changed for the Dead in the Big Apple over the last quarter-century. In an interview with New York *Newsday* last September, Garcia recalled that when the group arrived in NYC on June 1, 1967, the Summer of Love, "somebody picked us up at the airport in VW buses. We hit town and there was a little parade. The hippies from the East Village came, and we took our gear to Tompkins Square Park and played with The Fugs. It was fun."

**The Role He Was Born to Play:** Deb Hoffman of Oakland was the first of several *Golden Road* readers to point out that none other than Vince Welnick has a cameo role in the atrocious rock 'n' roll B-movie called *Ladies & Gentlemen... The Fabulous Stains*, which came out several years ago and was just released on video. Vince and a couple of his other Tubes bandmates appear as — what else? — a rock band. The irony of ironies, though, is that Vince ends up dying of a drug overdose— just like his predecessor in the Grateful Dead! Whoa mon, that's too heavy for me. The movie's a riot, though: bad rock, ugly punk hair, spike heel fu, Vince Fu, No beasts. Check it out if you dare!.

**Byte Me:** "Songtracker" is the name of a cool Grateful Dead songlist software developed by a San Francisco company called Cryptical Development. It's designed to be a personal resource for the user, so he/she can not only call up complete set lists from 1975 to the present, but make notations about the show. Of course everything in the database can be called up with simple typed commands, whether it's the complete list of all the versions of "Terrapin" or what guests have played with the Dead through the years. There are many other features we don't have room to get into. The catch: it requires an IBM PC or compatible computer, with hard disk, DOS 3.x, and a floppy drive. For more info write Cryptical Development, 1390 Noe St., SF, CA 94131.


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Wanted: 6/15/68 Fillmore East—my first show. Jim, 4279-I Washington Dr, Andrews AFB, DC 20335

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Looking for St. Louis trader with HQ tapes 68-80. Mike Blair, 41 Berrywood Dr, St. Louis, MO 63122

Want crispy copy Dylan 5/11/80. Have lots Dylan, Dead, JGB. Joe Corey c/o P.L., Class. Dept., P.O. Box 498, Quincy, MA 02269

800 hrs. Need 91 Boston and Orlando. Hash Brown, 20015 Mallory Dr. Frankfort, IL 60423

Thompson, Dylan, Young, pre-75 Dead wanted. 3000 hrs to trade. Larry Slavens, 7018 Airline Ave, Des Moines, IA 50322

Need 10/20,21/88, 7/4/89, 7/6/90. have 400+ hrs to trade. Noel Swanson, 2050 Parkside Dr, Park Ridge, IL 60068

Looking for Richard Thompson tapes. Much Dead and others to trade. Bob Grappone, PO Box 206, Middle Village, NY 11379

400+ hrs quality GD/JGB. Let's exchange lists. Jim & Dixie, 7048 Beech Ave, Orangevale, CA 95662

Still rebuilding lost collection. Help! Will send blanks. Audrey Adams, 20600 Broadview, Perris, CA 92570

Wanted: Your favorite audio and video in trade for mine. R. Deutsch, 1028 Mill St, Springfield, OR 97477

11/12/81 JGB Springfield? Long list. A. Raine, 28 Roger Ave, Concord, NH 03301

2/5/78 UNI Dome: my 1st show. Can you please help? Patrick Kelley, 2110 Dennis Lane, Santa Rosa, CA 95403

Always looking for HQ GD. Have 500+. Send lists. Neil Cherry, 137 Appleton #3, Boston, MA 02116

Have a bunch. All lists welcome. D.B., 8775 20th St #17, Vero Beach, FL 32966

Lollapalooza—have/want video, digital or kind analog. Also Meat Puppets. Touchdown King, 3012 Darby St, Baltimore, MD 21211

Seek Allman Brothers, esp pre-72. 300+hrs. Also want hard to find Dead SBDs, Little Feat, The Band. Carl Schlenger, 801 Templecliff Rd, Pikesville, MD 21208

Zappa, JGB/Dead, CSN, Neil. Will trade videos and tapes. Rocco Muzzillo, 401 12th St Niagara Falls, NY 14303

Need Janis 68-70 and Country Joe & the Fish. James, 823 McGill Park Ave. Atlanta, GA 30312

Craving 1st show: Iowa City 2/24/73. Lots to trade. D. Bell, 1882 Russet Dr, Eugene, OR 97401

Looking for HQ 12/1/79, 6/24/70, 7/28/82 and Vegas 91. Have 200+ HQ hrs. Richard Rawal, 60 Pratte Ln, Wolcott, CT 06716

Need Spring 91s, Summer 90s, Europe 90s. Beta, PCM or DAT only. Dave Dimartino, 15616 Sombra Ave, Lawndale, CA 90260

Want full sets including songs played only once. HQ only. Michael Levy, Mammoth Lodge, PO Box 995, Mammoth Lakes, CA 93546

450+ hrs GD SBDs and growin'. J. Rausch, 250 Touchstone Pl. #94, West Sacto, CA 95691

Hankering for tasty GD, JGB, Bluegrass, Phish. Have 1200 hrs. Sean, Box 364, No. Pomfret, VT 05053

Digitals, Dead, non-Dead, PCM, videos, HQ, lo-gen, fast, reliable. Pinksy 238 W. 4th St, NYC, 10014

Cooder, Lindley, Thompson, Young and more to trade! Lists anyone? Willy Keats, 718 Cuesta Dr, Mountain View, CA 94040

Have 400 cassettes, 300 GD, esp. 75-85. Bay Area preferred. B. Eble, 501 41st Ave #6, SF, CA 94121

Looking for good live recordings. 1000+ hrs GD and many others. Rob Dunne, 245 W. Breckenridge, Ferndale, MI 48220

1600+ HQ hrs, need SBDs rare and recent. Mike Rodrigues, c/o Environmental Careers Organization, 286 Congress St, Boston, MA 02210

Need Garcia Band 72-91, SBD of Nassau 9/6/89. Peter Lomangino, 25 W. 10th St, Deer Park, NY 11729

Florida Head jonesin' for 90 New Year's run, Miami 89. Dan Murphy, 2009 Dekle Ave #3, Tampa, FL 33606

Want SBDs of 4/15/83, 4/29/84, 10/20/89, 6/17/91, 90 MSGs. Tom Whiteford, 48 Franklin St, Brentwood, NY 11717

Seeking bluegrass, Young, Van, Dylan. Have lots to offer. Nathan Wirth, 7450 Geary Blvd, SF, CA 94121

Looking for DC-area trades primarily. Sound quality most important. Dave Weltman, 1845 Corcoren St NW, Washington, DC 20009

Looking for Boston, Halloween, MSG 91. 400+ hrs. Let's swap lists. T. Taconetti, 1 Washington Park, Room 1104, Newark, NJ 07102

Wanted: Oakland 2/27/90, Mountain Aire 8/23/87, Cal Expo 8/13/91. Will send blanks. Pat Burba, PO Box 14230, S. Lake Tahoe, CA 96151

Wanted: Steeleye Span, other folk tapes. Trade for same or Dead. K. Genetti, Box 116, Stewarts Pt CA 95480

Help on the way? Seeking Oakland shows 89-91. Ed D-A, PO Box 4736, Davis, CA 95617

140 hrs Dead/misc. to trade. Prefer quality over quantity. RJY, 32 Surf Rd, Westport, CT 06880

Have/want R. Thompson, Ry, current GD SBDs, much more. All lists answered. Art Cohen, 281 Harvard St #24, Cambridge, MA 02139

Montana Deadhead looking for HQ pre-75 tapes. Andy Apple, 828 Highland Dr, Whitefish, MT 59937

Have/need HQ 72-72 GD and 91-92 SBDs. Esp. 12/28/91, 10/31/91. Victor D'Amato, 74 Maxwell Rd, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

Looking for lo-gen analog SBDs and DATs. Have 400+ hrs. Jimi Neff, 2309 Nueces, Austin, TX 78705

Just moved, have no list. Just 1500 hrs GD and 1000 other. Need 5/5/79, 8/31/79, 11/2/79, 11/4/79. Bob & Marsha, 5 Sagamore St, Plainview, NY 11803

Need HQ West Coast taping contact. Have 600 hrs Dead, mostly self-taped. Mike Rosenfeld, 46 Brittany Farms Rd K338, New Britain, CT 06053

Quality-oriented trader looking for GD (3/29/90), Tuna, Weir/Wass. B. Young, 128 NE 56th, Newport, OR 97365

Digital HQ SBDs to trade for same. Send list. Dana Taft/James Ptucha, 315 Pacific Blvd, Long Beach, NY 11561

Two Naks, 800 tapes, prefer SBDs, FMs. No blanks, please! Jim Willcox, 10016 Spring Run Rd, Chesterfield, VA 23832

5000 hrs to trade. Morrie Schaller, 514 S. Lucas #10, Iowa City, IA 52240

Have 450+ to trade. Need s'more. Van Troutman, RD 2 Box 153-B, Millersburg, PA 17061

Looking for 91-92 stuff to trade. 500+ hrs. Kerry Betkowski, 6250 79th St, Middle Village,NY 11379

1500+ hrs Nak or hifi. Fast, reliable, serious. James Reis, PO Box 714, Lafayette, NJ 07848

Have 1300 hrs JGB, want more. Complete list 4500 hrs. Walter, 16 Mather St, Boston, MA 02124

DAT 2 DATs digital clones. Trade DAT SBDs and aud. Craig Johnson, Box 972, Wheatland, WY 82201

1200+ hrs GD, others. Masters and lo-gen SBDs. 2 Naks. John Begley, 2258 Green Island Dr, Columbus, OH 43228

1200 hrs Dead/non-Dead. Dual Naks + D5/Nak300 shotgun masters. Seek HQ 70s. M. Smith, 520 Sheer St #4, New Orleans, LA 70118

Have 1300 hrs of mainly 60s and 70s GD. Looking for pre-75. Steve Bruzzi, 36 Home St, Pawtucket, RI 02861

Spreadhead taper wants to trade Widespread Panic + similar bands. Hardy Ross, 611 Estes Rd, Nashville, TN 37215

Fast, reliable. 550 HQ hrs, many recent. Want more. Tom Bellanca, 1210 Oakheath Dr, Harbor City, CA 90710

Digital trader w/PCM looking for non-Dead SBDs. Lots to trade. Harvey Lubar, 7411 Teasdale Ave, St. Louis, MO 63146

Let's trade. Also have some videos. Tim, 3007 Floyd Ave, Richmond, VA

Need live Television/Tom Verlaine. Many GD SBDs to trade. Marc Arbeeny, 2355 23rd St, Boulder, CO 80304

Have/want variety. Anybody have my Shining Star? MH, 39 Columbia St, Bethpage, NY 11714

Want 2/28/90 Mardi Gras show both sets. Diane, 1525 South 2200 East, Salt Lake City, UT 84108

Have 150+ pre-76 shows. Want more, better SBDs. Ihor Slabicky, 35 Hathaway Dr, Portsmouth, RI 02871

Wanted: Quality 11/8/69 Fillmore. Lots to trade. Christopher, PO Box 2161, Fond Du Lac, WI 54936

1300 hrs HQ GD, JGB, Tuna, Floyd. Send lists for mine. J. Hynes, NAS Adak AK, PS 486 Box 25-25, FPO AP 96506

Seeking HQ SBDS of JGB and recent GD. 1000+ to trade. Greg Vaccaro, 195 Longwood Dr, Englishtown, NJ 07726

Need Mickey at Keswick 11/24/91. Have 250+ old and new GD. JCP, 1151 George Rd. Meadowbrook, PA 19046

# TAPE TRADERS

Single camera videos! Trade dubs off my masters for same. Ken Dixon, 1400 E. 286th St Wickliffe, OH 44092

Seeking that elusive Watkins Glen and any other 'Weather Report Suites.' Sharon Ravin, 2626 Catharine St, Philadelphia, PA 19146

Need first show: 5/12/74 Reno. Have 80 hrs to trade. Dusty Rhoads, PO Box 1334, Carmichael, CA 95608

900 hrs lo-gen crispy SBDs. Seek same. Jocko, PO Box 22461, Salt Lake City, UT 84122

Need HQ Garcia/Grisman, early JGB. Much to offer. John Suter, 87 Thomas St, Brentwood, NY 11717

Vermont Deadheads unite! Always looking to trade, esp. SBDs. Jim and Ki Tornquist, RD #2 Box 2730, Middlebury, VT 05753

Have 150 hrs and 2 Naks. Your list gets mine. Mitch Sherman, 1311 Chicago Ave #304, Evanston, IL 60201

Looking for any 1970s Cleveland shows. Ken, 4730 Topanga Cyn. Blvd, Woodland Hills, CA 91364

Hey now! Looking for Eugene '90. Thanks! Pete and Paul, Box 251, Nederland, CO 80466

Wanted: SBDs 6/15-17/90. Have 450+ mostly East Coast. 605 Upper 8th Ave S., Jax Bch., FL 32250

Have GD video, want more + JGB. Send list. WAP, 1112 N. Dirksen Pky, Springfield, IL 62702

Does anyone record "Dead Aire" in Eugene? Let's talk! Mike Wilkinson, 8100 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115

130 Dark Stars, seek the rest. 1300 tapes, 500 pre-75. Jim Powell, 1240 Ordway, Berkeley, CA 94706

Serious trader looking to fill holes in massive list. Desolation tapes, 194 East St, Hanover, MA 02339

Beginner with small collection. Want to expand. Will send blanks. Richard Dunk, Box 547, Lotus, CA 95651

7/19/74 Fresno, 11/13-14/78 Boston. Need 'em baaad. Lots to trade. Gerard Eisenberg, PO Box 244, Fort Bragg, CA 95437

Looking for JGB 91 fall tour. Over 400 hrs to trade. M.H., 404 River Ave, Point Pleasant, NJ 08742

Want tapes of 91 Dylan Texas shows. Lots to trade. H.L., PO Box 163251, Miami, FL 33116

Iko! Let's trade. Qual not quan. Dale, 15 Garfield St, Cortland, NY 13045

Want HQ 6/26/74 Providence, 9/23-28/76. Have 800+ hrs C. Carlson, 145 Mill Creek Ln, Moreland Hills, OH 44022

Pittsburgher looking for HQ hometown shows. Will send blanks/postage. Tom, 6019 Ramsgate Dr, Bethel Park, PA 15102

Still looking for first show: 7/29/74. Please help! Jay Whitmeyer, 223 26th St. #7, Ocean City, MD 21842

Dead + other bands, most shows after 86. Will trade for blanks. Wharf Rat Paul, 1917 14th St, Sacto, CA 95814

Quick, reliable trader looking for older stuff. David Koehler, 20 Michael Ct, Bethpage, NY 11714

The music never stopped. Please send lists. John Cannistraci, 22 Adelphi Ave, Harrison, NY

Professional Deadhead seeks serious tapers with HQ SBDs. Send lists. C.C. Ryder, 4525 Henry Hudson Pkwy, Riverdale, NY 10471

Need 9/29/67, 10/20/74, 6/28/76, 9/6/79, 5/28/82, 5/13/83, Planet Drum shows. Michael Morin, 256 Kirk Terr., North Dighton, MA 02746

Looking for 8/5/90 JGB and mid'60s GD. Jo + Brian, 446 20th Ave, SF, CA 94121

1500 hrs, exchange lists. Be patient. My taping time limited. Joe Salmieri, 308 Chatfield Dr, Pompton Plains, NJ 07444

Looking for personal exchange traders. Have 70s SBDs, need recent shows. Randy Schechter, 55J Ridge Rd, Greenbelt, MD 20770

2500+ GD, blues, jazz, etc. Quality counts. Send lists. R. Buckley, 78 Crabapple Ln, Franklin Park, NJ 08823

Seeking GD OKC 72 & 73. Much to trade. David Loris, 21 Yotsuya I-Chome, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 160, Japan

Always looking to trade and meet DC area Heads. Drop me a line. Howard Park, 1249 South Carolina SE, Wash. DC 20003

Reliable trader looking to let it grow. Your list gets mine. Michael Windischmann, 84-17 Doran Ave, Glendale, NY 11385

Need 12/28/91. Have 300+ hrs to trade. Steve Haines, CGC Munro (WHEC 724), FPO AP 96672

Qual. traders wanted. 500 hrs audio, 100 video. Mike, PO Box 1752, Carmel, CA 93921

Have DAT, want more. SBD, aud, FM. Gatto, 431 3rd St, Marietta, OH 45750

Need Spectrum 8/30/80. 500+ hrs. Send for list. Paul Miller, 1501 Clairmont Pl, Nashville, TN 37215

Delaware Deadhead needs help to build collection. Cy Brinn, 107 Butler Ave, Wilmington, DE 19803

Have/want GD, non-Dead, esp. Blues Traveler. Trade lists. JP, Box 3348, Westchester, PA 19381

Searching for Dead video pro-shot Monterey, other early material. Rob Weiner, 3213 76th, Lubbock, TX 79423

Desperately need 5/17/74, 6/20/74, 7/25/74. Have rest of 74. JD, Box 291476, Tampa, FL 33687

Airplane, Tuna, Dylan, good GD to trade. Rob Chavez, PO Box 1353, Chesapeake Beach, MD 20732

Want HQ GD. Have 1200+. Send lists. Paul Steinberg, 67 Lawson Ave, East Rockaway, NY 11518

Need lo-gen SBDs: Albany/Boston 91. Others, too. Damon Ritter, PO Box 47, Epping, NH 03042

Have/need HQ Neil, Phish, Dead. 250 hrs. Dave Meier, Carleton College, Northfield, MN 55057

Still seeking 1st show: 4/12/71 Pittsburgh. Stephen Todd, 1004 Winchester Lane, Kingsport, TN 37660

Half-decent A to Z tape collection. Send list to Mike Biros, 727 Locust St, Reading, PA 19604

500 hrs Dead, 500 hrs other for trade. Send list. JSW, PO Box 71582, L.A., CA 90071

Want 74 Omni, Reno first set, Roanoke second set. Steve Benavidez, 994 Valencia Ct, Chula Vista, CA 91910

More than 1000 hrs GD. Your list gets mine. JKL, 1244 Sixth Ave, SF, CA 94122

Want 72-74 HQ SBDs. Lots to trade. List available. Ray Riescher, 13-A Seafoam Ave, Winfield, NJ 07036

JGB: Have 1300 hrs, want more. Complete list 4500+ hrs. Walter, 16 Mather St, Boston, MA 02124

Many HQ SBDs to trade. Your list gets mine. John Berg, 11471 W. Powers Pl, Littleton, CO 80127

Have 600 hrs SBDs, Need more + Allmans, Santana. Metheny. Steve Kohn, 36-24 Hale Pl, Fairlawn, NJ 07410

I help beginners! Send requests/lists. Kris, 2577 Hyde Ct SE, Salem, OR 97301


THE DEAD BOARD

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**In the Realm of the Wizard Garcia**

**...But in the realm of the Wizard Garcia,**
**With his bands of merry fools,**
**They were striving to find some gentler ways**
**By stretching all those rules**
**That were stopping joy and kindness**
**From glowing from within,**
**And blocking hearts from beating**
**With the pulsing life rhythm...**
**- A. Mandala © 1992**

**If you'd like a copy of the full text of this poem, send a SASE to POB 936, Bolinas, CA 94924**

GRAY AREAS IS COMING!

Finally, a magazine exclusively about tape trading and other gray areas of law. First issue will include a complete listing of all unauthorized Dead videos, Zappa's views on tapes and an interview with adult film star Kay Parker. SASE to: Gray Areas, Inc. P.O. Box 808 Broomall, PA 19008-0808.





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Looking to complete my 78 collection. 2000+ hrs. Send lits. Rob Kedward, 121 Park Place, Amersham, Bucks, HP6-6NQ, England

Have 30 hrs Beefheart live/studio. Will trade for same. Chris O'Riley, Box 4828, Boulder, CO 80306

Looking to trade crisp non-Dead recordings? Dave Herrling, 10428 Rapidan Ln, Manassas, VA 22110

900+ hrs. Seek relaxed, reliable trade partners. Kris Nyrup, 3842 NE 91st, Seattle, WA 98115

Have 1000 hrs GD. All welcome. Dave, 7106 Lincolnshire West, Dekalb, IL 60115

Just starting, but some excellent tapes to trade. Eric Perry, PO Box 158, Brookfield, MA 01585

Have 2500 hrs & 2 naks. Want 10/25/71, 3/30/73, 11/14/73 SBDs. Floyd, Tull. Chris Reading, 1172B Caminito Corriente, San Diego, CA 92128

Anxious to further analyze JGB 7/26/80 Asbury Park. Jesse Landis, 940 Driver Ave, Landisville, PA 17538

Wanted: Crispy SBDs of Boston 91 shows. 700+ to trade. Ed Bray, 640 Lincoln St, Worcester, MA 01615

11/12/81 JGB Springfield? Long list. A. Raine, 28 Roger Ave, Concord, NH 03301

Need JGB benefit for Rick "Rowdy" Hamlin in Rohnert Park, 10/78. Claudia Hergert, 580 5th St, Lakeport, CA 95453

1000+ GD, Tuna, Rads 2 trade for one show (my second): 3/15/73 Nassau. P.R., 18-D Bulger Ave, New Milford, NJ 07646

DAT taper seeks same for trades. Need 89 & 90 and East Coast 91. Todd Ashman, 737 I St, Petaluma, CA 94952

Very slow, lots to trade., Dead/other bands. beginners welcome. Terry Brennan, 2755 Glenmawr Ave, Pittsburgh, PA 15204

Need 5/4/79. 1000 hrs HQ/lo-gen to trade. Dave Malone, 39751 Greenview Pl #7, Plymouth, MI 48170

Have 800 hrs East, need West Coast and 6/12/80 Portland. Craig Van Wagner, 8802 Rustburg Cir, Gaithersburg, MD 20879

Wanted: Crispy boards of Boston 91. 700+ hrs to trade. Ed Bray, 640 Lincoln St, Worcester, MA 01615

Beefheart, Hendrix, blues, Zappa wanted. Have Dead, others to trade. Joe Rosolen, PO Box 247, Garfield, NJ

Cipollina, Pharoah Sanders, Leonard Cohen, Fugs, eclectic jazz, blues, folk. Mark Freeman, PO Box 16391, Seattle, WA 98116

Need 79 + 80 New Year's, 81 Greeks and 83 Ventura SBDs. Trade lists. Jeff Bryany, PO Box 21, Standish, CA

Want Phish and Velvet Underground. Have Dead to trade. Richard Kirwin, 82 Miller St, Franklin, MA 02038

Have 80+ hrs HQ GD I'd love to trade. Kristen Chamberlain, 7865 Sinaloa Ave #B, Atascadero, CA 93422

Have 1000 hrs Dead, want JGB, Weir, Nils Lofgren. M. Bell, 29-08 Honfers Glen Dr, Plainsboro, NJ 08536

Have 180 hrs GD to trade, looking for JGB. Send lists to Steve, 1139 N. Madrid Ln, Chandler, AZ 85226

All new in 92. 1200 hrs. Royal Johnson, 599 Jenni Ln, Carson City, NV 89706

2 Naks, Hifi VHS, 1000 hrs: HQ SBDs only. Dave Schaepfer, 20 New Chardon, Laguna Niguel, CA 92677

Many high quality boards to trade. Your list gets mine. John Berg, 11471 W Powers Pl, Littleton, CO 80127

Let's trade! Have 2400 hrs GD, 50 JGB and others. Send lists. Larry Steele, 201 E. 86th St #26F, NY, NY 10028

Have 1400 hrs GD. Trade same for 92 shows. John Sipple, 76 Forest Ave, San Anselmo, CA 94960

Hey now! Looking for anything interesting. Have 200+ hrs. Tom, 1459A Pohina St, Honolulu, HI 96818

Seeking 11/19/72 (complete) and 9/28/72. Please indicate generation. Jeff Lonergan, 7525 York Dr, Clayton, MO 63105

Still looking for JGB 8/10/84 DAR Hall. John Butler, 1441 W St NW, Washington, DC 20009

Looking for HQ GD, JGB. have 500 hrs, many SBDs. Dan Gutof, 607 Lavergne Ave, Wilmette, IL 60091

Need 7/10/89 Giants Stadium thunderstorm! Jeff Bellis, 30H Jane Lacey Dr, Endicott, NY 13760

Seeking HQ pre-78 SBDs. have 1200+ of same. Doodaman, 7 Stuyvesant Pl, Lawrence, NY 11516

900+ tapes, Nak, crisp SBDs, Nevilles, reggae, blues, JGB, Lindley. Jim Busch, 505 Finsbury Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20904

Looking for 6/9/73 RFK and 11/23/78 Cap Centre. Steve Hill, 8779 Tomislau St, Manassas, VA 22110

Searching for 3/13/82 Reno, 3/10/85 BCT and Legion 10/31/74 SF. Dave, 538 Mt View Rd, Berwyn, PA 19312

Have 1700 hrs GD, Tuna, Cipollina, blues, reggae, etc. Jeff Setzekorn, 34077 Paseo Padre #4-1, Fremont, CA 94555

Need Bromberg 11/8/91, fall 91 JGB. Lots to trade. Rick Stapleton, 1001 Pennton Ave, Lenoir, NC 28645

Trade SBDs: GD, Widespread Panic, Allmans, M. Davis, Phish. List exchange. J. Kilpatrick, 1710 W Academy St, Winston Salem, NC 27103

Have 400+ hrs (old/new), fast and reliable. Let's trade! Arnie Mayersohn, 3 Spoede Acres, St. Louis, MO 63141

Looking for 74-75 Good Old Boys and acoustic Dead. Robert Kleinman, Londonderry Ln, Somers, NY 10589

Still looking for 1st show: 12/10/73. Spin Disc Dave, 3213A Heathstead Pl, Charlotte, NC 28210

Need blues, Van Morrison, 60s/70s rock. Have 1000+. Russ Dugoni, 33065 Compton, Ct, Union City, CA 94587

Large collection of GD. Need other groups. Anyone welcome. Stephen Bedalou, 3245 Bradee Rd, Brookfield, WI 53005

Reliable SBD trader. Fast results. George Hartman, 64 Washington Ave #6, North Plainfield, NJ 07060

Montana, 500 hrs Nak decks, need East Coast shows, reggae. J. Hardin, PO Box 2971, Missoula, MT 59806

Northwest trader, 300+ hrs. Your list gets mine. Tiger Rose, 4210 S 350th St, Auburn, WA 98001

Have 300 hrs HQ, looking for more. Let's trade lists. Mark McKercher, 120 Parkway Dr, Newport News, VA 23606

Like to do it again: Europe 90 tapes please. Elle, PO Box 268, Montville, NJ 07045

Seeking JGB 87-91. Have small list + some gems. Sam Pratt, 684 Valley Rd, New Canaan, CT 06840

Looking for Santana, Feat, Beck, Dregs, Zappa. Have 1700 hrs. Steve Solko, 3297 Scranton St, Aurora, CO 80011

Have 1st gen Cantor SBDs. Trade for same qual only. JC, 22 Curtis Rd, Natick, MA 01760

Have 1500+ hrs. David, 2400 Sierra Blvd #83, Sacramento, CA 95825

Shake dem bones. 500 hrs low-gen SBDs. Send lists. Chuck Chiavarini, 5544 Wilmont Pl SE, Kentwood, MI 49508

Have list. Looking to trade and help out beginners. Rich Giroux, 24 Hillview Dr, N. Providence, RI 02904

Need SBDs of 7/8/87, 6/30/88, 6/6/91, 6/9/91, 7/7/87. 1000 HQ hrs. Barry Ramsey, 25 Carlton Scott, 600 Appalachian Dr, Blacksburg, VA 24060

Wanted: Dylan, Grape, Cipollina, Spirit. Phil Zisook, 1351 Eastwood, Highland Park, IL 60035

Need Anchorage 6/19/80 I & II, 6/21/80 I, or send list. Quinn and Lizzio, PO Box 233, Thorne Bay, AK 99919

Looking for JGB: Mpls 11/24/91 plus anything rare or unusual. Ted, 15081, Summerhill Dr, Eden Prairie, MN 55346

Waiting for a miracle: JGB Charlotte 11/10/91. Please help me roll around heaven all day. Frida Ralex, 321 King St, Mt Pleasant, SC 29464

Have/want blues, rock, reggae. Need hi-fi videos. Steve Sandler, 2104 Tadley Dr., Chapel Hill, NC 27514

Have 150 hrs (mostly 85) + 20 hrs video. Need Alpine 85, Rosemont 89. Matthew Claus, 14360 Indian Ridge Dr, Brookfield, WI 53005

Need SBDs of my favorite run: 3/18-20, 1977. Much to trade. Russ Cole, PO Box 1080, Arcata, CA 95521

Have 400 hrs prime SBDs. Need more 78s, 7/10/89 SBDs. Toyne Newton, Beach House, 23 Eirene Road, Goring-by-Sea, BN12 4DJ, West Sussex, England

Need HQ 3/17,18/91 and 9/4-6/91. 100+ hrs to trade. Darrell Crick, 2521 Kingston Pike #701, Knoxville, TN 37919

Have/want 1200+ hrs Dead/non-Dead, esp Mahavishnu, Kravitz, Bloomfield. Joe Guzzardo, 5416 Euclid, McHenry, IL 60050

Wanted: lo-gen 9/13/83. Have 4000+ hrs to trade. Pete Boeskov, PO Box 9112, Seattle, WA 98109

Still looking for crunchy copy of my 1st: Hampton 5/2/80. B.A. 10910 Hillcrest Dr, Laurel, MD 20723

Desperately seeking 90 Forum shows Will send blanks. White Bird McGuire, 3106 Canfield Ave #1, L.A., CA 90034

Want HQ SBDs only. 1600+ hrs to trade. Jeff O'Claire, 9312 Durand Ave, Sturtevant, WI 53177

DAT taper seeks smokin' SBD DATs. Will trade same. Richard Wood, 802 S. First #121, Austin, TX 78704

Reliable trader seeks lo-gen SBDs, DATs. Let's trade. Bill Lutz, 1514 Winton, Pittsburgh, PA 15221

Want Doors "Untold Story" Westwood One radio special. Jason Smoliak, 320 7th St. SE #208, Minneapolis, MN 55414

Have large eclectic collection. Seek R&B, recent GD. Corey Unger, PO Box 7, Tunbridge VT 05077

Let's trade supreme sounding non-Dead. Got 250 hrs ND, 600 GD. Dave, 25 Watch Hill Circle, Cromwell, CT 06416

Seeking GD, R. Thompson, N. Griffith, audio and video. Fast/friendly. Terry Woodburn, 735 SE 73rd St. Portland, OR 97215







Wanna listen to the music play. Send lists please. JC, 442 Quincy Ave, Langhorne, PA 19047

Desperate for Scranton 4/13/71, Lewisburg 4/14/71, JGB Moosic 8/10/84. 1500 hrs. Bruce Kaufer, PO Box 3456, Greensburg, PA 15601

Interested in Dead, JGB SBDS. Many to trade. Rusty Weller, 202 Rue Carroll, Slidell, LA 70461

400 hrs GD, 200 non-GD. Need Boston '91. Send lists. Andy Zaff, 28 Woodward St, Newton, MA 02161

Looking to trade the kind quality. GK, 2349 Betty Ln, Las Vegas, NV 89115

Have 700+ hrs, need HQ GD & JGB. Greg Weston, 17425 S. North End Rd, Oregon City, OR 97045

DAT taper seeks DAT or analog trading partners. Send lists. Paul Tumolo, 408 Taurus Ave, Oakland, CA 94611

Have 900hrs HQ. Looking for rare 70s HQ SBDs, FM. Jon Harrison, 433 W. Daton #2, Madison, WI 53703

Want 77 SBDs and recent shows. Reliable. Beginners welcome. Scott Wilson, 101 Red Mountain Dr, Ellensburg, WA 98926

Need HQ JGB. Have 500+ hrs. Ira Morris, 205 SE 16th Ave #11A, Gainesville, FL 32601

Reliable trader with 500+ hrs HQ GD. Send Lists. P.J. Lemza, 76-B Oak St, Plattsburgh, NY 12901

Wanted: HQ GD 12/31/78, JGB 11/19/91 Providence. Will send blanks. John Kaminski Jr, 17 Cider Ln, Greenville, RI 02828

We can share the music. Have 325+ hrs. Bill Jenison, PO Box 535, Mansfield, MA 02048

Will trade any 4 tapes for 7/6/90 ticket stub. 400+ hrs. Jim Cottle, 4441 Hope Dr., Middletown OH 45042

Have 900+ hrs GD SBDs. Want more + Hendrix, Derek, Dylan. Jim McDonald, 2426 Poplar St. Phila. PA 19130

Looking for my 1st show: 4/25/70. Will send blanks/postage. Don Anderson, 8830-A Evergreen Way, Everett, WA 98208

Need Meat Puppets, Robyn Hitchcock, NRBQ. 1000+ hrs to trade. J. Sherrett, 304 E. 8th, Olympia, WA 98501

Dead, Tuna, Neil, Dylan, more. Fast, reliable. Beginners Welcome. M.B., PO Box 264, Madison, WI 53701

Have 4000+ hrs GD/JGB. Seeking more pre-78. Mike Rogers, PO Box 7873, Nashua, NH 03060

Dregs, Dregs, Dregs and Wharf Rat missives coveted. Y'all come. John Hearn, 1225 Butler St, Columbia, SC 29205

Have/want blues, jazz, Dead. Joe Pinedo, 12251 Abingdon St, Norwalk, CA 90650

Serious, reliable trader with much GD/others, looking for more. Doug Bursky, 82-05 268th St #A, Floral Park, NY 11004

Vermont mother of two seeks 2nd Telluride show and Shoreline 5/12/91. S. Young, RR1, Box 61, Tunbridge, VT 05077

US/UK FM broadcasts. All band. 3500 hrs. Send lists. J. Bernhard, 29 Athens St #3, Cambridge, MA 02138

Beginner seeks help. Have King Biscuit 2/21/88 + 2/28/85 from CD to trade. William Ball, PO Box 121, Phillips, WI 54555

Seeking pre-81 SBDs. Have lots of GD/non-GD. Murray Roberts, 181-D Grove Ave, Des Plaines, IL 60016

Make my rainy day. Need SBDs 7/24/87, 12/27/89. X-blanks. Lore, 103 Rockwell C-30, Port Orchard, WA 98366

Reggae tapers/traders unite: Spear, Tosh, Itals, Culture, Bunny, Marley/Ziggy. Large selection, non-Dead too. Send list. Glenn, 228 Stonewall Ln, Fairfield, CT 06430

Who has all three sets of RCMH 10/29/80. Alan Sigman, 200 Liberty St, Hammonton, NJ 08037

## CLASSIFIEDS

GD collection for sale for price of tape. 1000 cassettes from 65-85. R.S., Box 744, Salem, NH 03079

Have you done scholarly work on the Grateful Dead or Deadheads? Send citation, abstract, how to obtain copies, and a copy (if possible) to Rebecca Adams, Dept. of Sociology, UNCG, Greensboro, NC 27412 for possible inclusion in bibliography amd archive. Especially interested in MA theses, dissertations, conference presentations and term papers.

Scotty-Wog: Keep in touch! Missing your return address on those songlist postcards. Til-u-ride again? Or Sundays at the Moon—Pely, old same place

PeeWee—Our love is real not fade away. Peace and love, Timmers

Looking for Mount Rushmore T-shirts featuring the Dead sold at the Charlotte 91 shows. Craig Johnson, Box 972, Wheatland, WY 82201

Winged heart takes flight for the Renaissance. Love to tour buds Baby Bro, Bill B.P. and transcendental jams > Black Pete Madison WI USA

Hey Babz: It'll run out even if you don't use it. You are the eyes. Eric

They love each other. Congrats Chris & Dave! Know your love will not fade away! Your lifetime California friend, Slick

Happy Birthday to Steve Jones and Jeff Carlson, March 18th! With love, Melanie/Mom

Happy Birthday Brian! I love you more than words can tell. Schmaby

Unique Dyes: Guitar, Eyes, Shroom, Bear, Butterfly, Fish, Lightning, Leaf and ordinary designs. Wholesale/retail. MC/Visa. (518) 434-1176 or send SASE to De Gennaro Designs, 250A Bender Ln, Glenmont, NY 12077

Matt & Rob in Chicago: call Barry & Margarita in Louisville

On the Road again? Get 50 percent off hundreds of hotels across the U.S.! For free info, send SASE to Eastern Hotel Express, 9129 Reistertown Rd 116G, Owings Mills, MD 21117

Did Vince Welnick get the gig you were after? Guitarist/vocalist seeks keyboard player for Dead-influenced band with Celtic and reggae overtones. A fiddler is wanted, too. Female musicians encouraged. For more info: PMH, PO Box 41982, Tucson, AZ 85717

Buffalo/Western NY Ruben waiting to meet Cherise. If you are reading The Golden Road we already have a common interest. Objective: sharing our interest with the hopes of building a relationship built to last. Response assured. P.O. Box 45, Hamburg, NY 14075

Aaron, Kirsten, Dave J., Cecilia and others—I hope I am back by the time you read this. It may not be the promised land, but it is home. Love, Terry

Love you always Deb—Dusty

Grateful thanks to Jody, Jeff and Michael for their time and generosity in helping me rebuild my tape collection. Peace & Love, Sharon

Grateful Sociologist. Thanks for responding to questionnaire. Book in process, finally. It isn't too late; send all responses by June. For copy of most recent set of questions, focusing mainly on Deadhead friendships, please write to: Rebecca Adams, Dept. of Sociology, UNCG, Greensboro, NC 27412 or Adams@uncg.bitnet

Happy 40th Cuzmos. Thanx for Thanksgiving. Miss and love all—R,D,D,S and A. Love, Matt, Hope & Jake

Buying or selling a home? Work with a realtor who understands you— a fellow Deadhead! Lynne Hageman (510) 528-2630. Specializing in the East Bay (No. Calif.), but can find you help anywhere.

Leah, I'll always Take Five with you! Brubeck, MJQ, Willie Dixon, Miles, The Grateful Dead; I will always think of you! Thank you for being my bride and friend! All my love, Dave

Great Northern Fred! Autumn's right around the corner, so let's get on with the show: tapes, agates, new speakers, dark beer & tapes! We're looking forward to this year's adventure—y' better get back to Mpls Fred. The Mississippi Half-Step Two, M&M

Jer-Bear: Sorry I missed you in Chicago. Maybe this year in St. Louie, City of Blues? Let it grow. Hugz, Di

Does anyone know the address or whereabouts of Jeff Patterson? He owes me tapes/videos from over 3 yrs ago. Chris Reading, 11728 Caminito Corriente, San Diego, CA 92128

To my taper friends Barry B., Donal, Mike (Cybin), Dave G., Karen J., Jean-Carlos and Chad: Many, many thanks for sharing the music with me. Bill Jenison

ROCK CONCERT PHOTOS: Old/new of Dead, Doors, Airplane, Nicks, Stevie Ray, Skynyrd, Zappa, Zeppelin. Most original; rare; close-up. Send SASE for list, sample. Give choices. Ralph Hulett, Box 2304, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

We rent equipment. We tape Dead shows. You share costs. We share tapes. Questions? CCDJ Co-op, 725 N. Viceroy Ave, Covina, CA 91723

GRRATFL. Let's be Wharf Rats together forever, 'cause "you know our love will not fade away." I will take you home. I love you. Dead

Arielle Chana and Leah Sheva Meadvin joyfully announce the birth of their groovy new sister, Emunah Bayla, 18 Teves 5752, December 25, 1991, 7 lb. 1 oz.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—1991 YEAR AT A GLANCE! Songlists from every show with photos on the flipside. Two versions available: 1) Garcia alone; 2) Mondrian photo montage. Just $2 each postpaid. Send your orders to: Box of Rain, 618 S. Fifth St, Philadelphia, PA 19147. (215) 925-7961. Wholesale orders welcome!

Greetings. For a free flyer of my bandanas and postcards available by mail, send to: JSTA, PO Box 5232, Eugene, OR 97405. Thanks and good wishes for a full color 1992. Judit

Hi to Jane, oh Jane hi. Thank you. No matter where we go, we are the lions of his kingdom. Fear no one in his kingdom. Life is one big road with lots of signs, so when you're ridin' through the ruts don't complicate your mind. Flee from hate, mischief and jealousy. Don't bury your thoughts, put your vision to reality. (WR, RM)

Pattie: It's just a Box of Rain, I don't who put it there. Randy

Special thanks '91 to Janice, Superman Gary, the Fenway Connection, Joe and Catherine, Wild man John A., the crew at Al's Diner and Record Run. From Row Jimmy

Louise, Sweet Angel: We love you! You're our Sunshine! Monster, Bear, Hoover & your baby

Ahoy, first mate! Can't wait to do the dashboard handjive with you again. Shall we go, you and I? Captain Lizotte

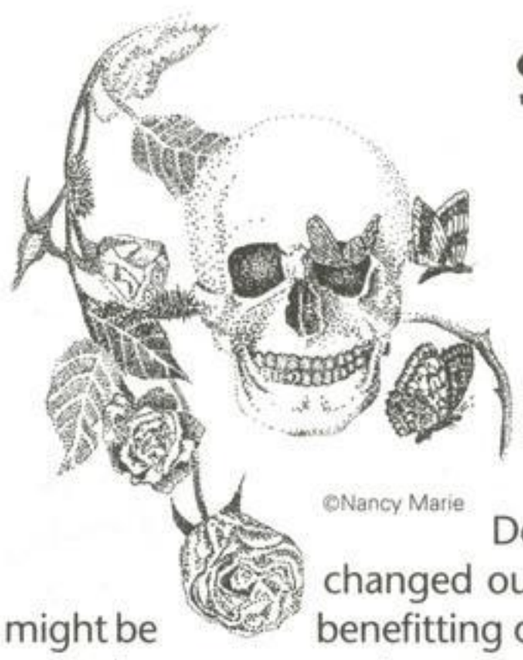
Surely I'm not the only Deadhead/realtor in the country: send me your cards! Let's start a referral network! Lynne Hageman, 816A Lexington, El Cerrito, CA 94530

I love Grateful Dead women! Will one of you marry me forever? Let's roll away the dew, even if I can't always tour. I'm kind, fun, good-looking, with beard and short hair. Ragtime, PO Box 13252, RTP, NC, 27709

"STEALS THE SUN": Limited edition serigraph prints (stock size 20" x 26") of the cover art of Golden Road #25 (Spring 1991) are still available. Prints are $80 each, plus postage, handling and insurance. All prints are shipped flat. Please send check or money order to Gary Houston, c/o Kamikaze Studios, P.O. Box 2295, Portland, OR 97208. Tel. (503) 248-9911. Thanks and keep on shinin'!

Baby Ethan — Welcome to Rancho Relaxo! Love, Kyle

Jon & Deb — It's (he's) been a long time comin'! Lots more joy to you all than my words alone could ever tell. Love, MZ


©Nancy Marie

## SONGS OF OUR OWN

### Tales of Transformation on the bus

*Did you "get the shown the light" in this strangest of places?*

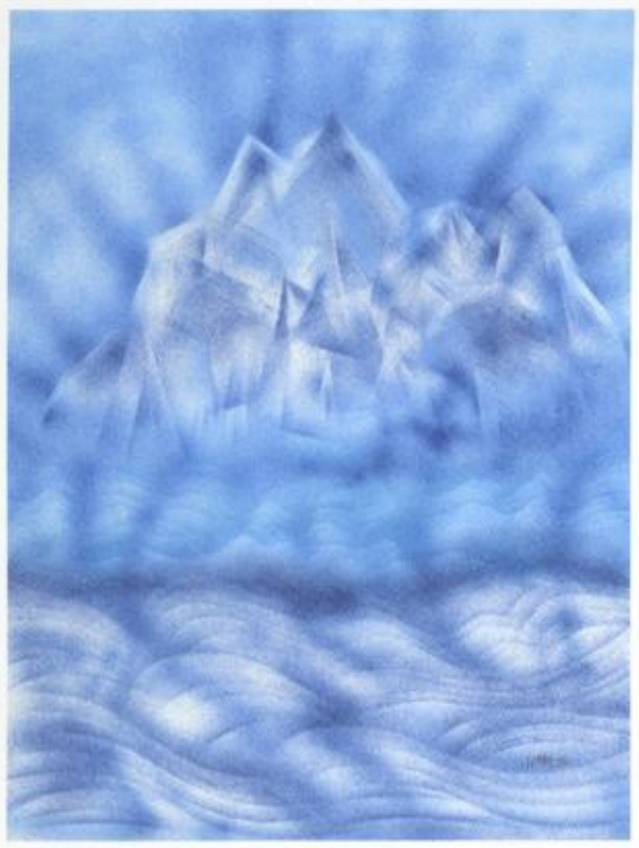
*Do you shine that lovelight on the world around you?*

Songs of Our Own is collecting stories from Deadheads about how getting "on the bus" has changed our lives and how our personal transformations might be benefitting our fellow humans and the planet at large. You can tell us your story in any combination of words, pictures or song, in any format that can be reproduced. Submissions will be assembled into a book that will be distributed on a strictly non-profit basis. (A few may also be published in the next *Golden Road*.) Please send all contributions to Songs of Our Own, P.O. Box 936, Bolinas, CA 94924.

——— HELP FURTHER THE DREAM! ———

# J. GARCIA

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OFFSET LITHOGRAPHS



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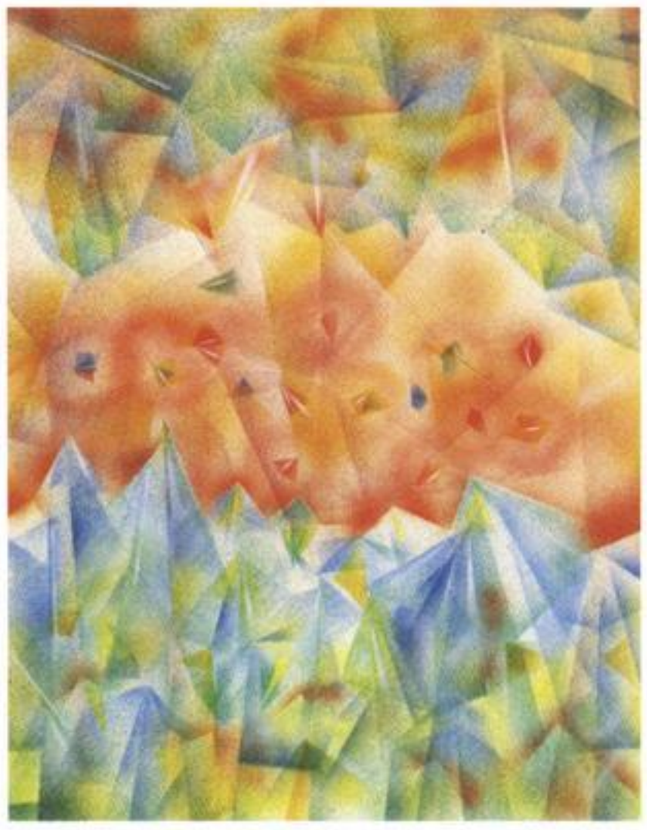
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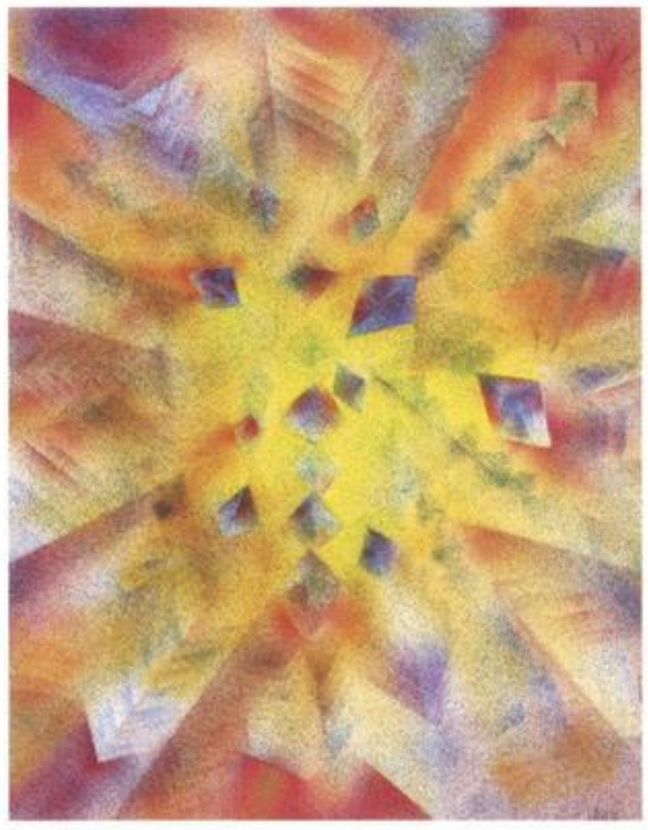
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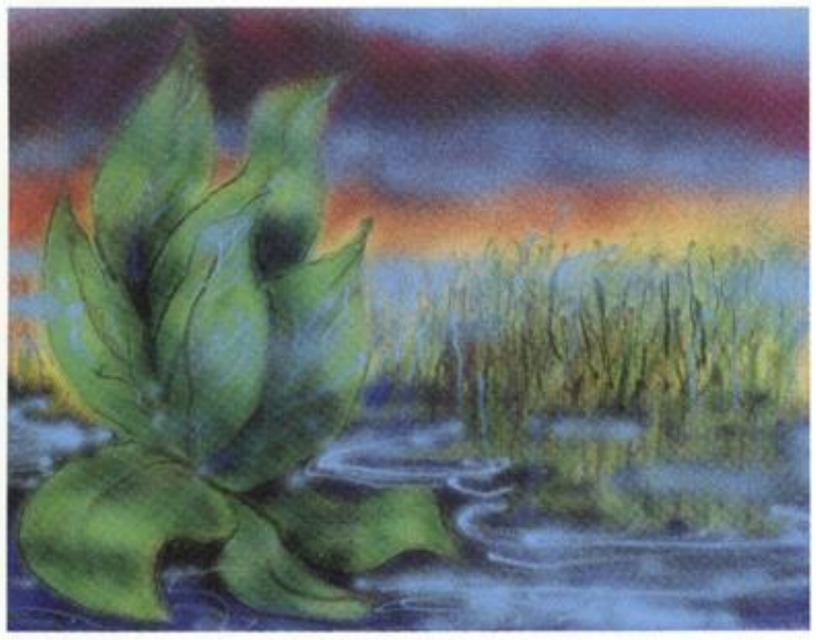
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